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VOLUME III.

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* It is erroneously stated that this Cartoon was a recent acquisition, but, though little known, it has in fact been a considerable time in the possession of the Hospital. It was at one time the property of the late Prince Hoare.

† By an accident the figures are wrong in this page, and also in page 351. Instead of 360 and 400, the numbers should be 430 and 500.

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[Existing Remains of the Conventual Buildings.]

LI.—BERMONDSEY.

THE ABBEY.

It is a curious circumstance, and one in which the history of many changes of opinion may be read, that within forty years after what remained of the magnificent ecclesiastical foundation of the Abbey of Bermondsey had been swept away, a new conventual establishment has risen up, amidst the surrounding desecration of factories and warehouses, in a large and picturesque pile, with its stately church, fitted in every way for the residence and accommodation of thirty or forty inmates—the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. We read in the records of our own immediate time, that “A Convent was built adjoining the Roman Catholic chapel, in Parker’s Row, in the year 1838, for the order of the Sisters of Mercy. On the 12th of December, 1839, the ceremony of the profession of six of the aforesaid sisters took place in the chapel adjoining. The high mass, performed by Mr. Collinwidge, was celebrated at eleven o’clock, at which the Right Rev. Dr. Griffith assisted; after which the novices were introduced.”* Subsequently “a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Maguire, and a collection made toward the funds of the convent.” When the sermon was concluded the “profession” took place. The novices, attired in the “pleni-

* From the ‘History and Antiquities of Bermondsey,’ by G. W. Phillips, p. 101.

tude of worldly ornament," declared in the usual formula that "they renounced the world, and dedicated themselves to works of charity." This ceremony over, they retired and assumed the sober garb of "Sisters of Mercy." "The assemblage of spectators was most numerous, and the collection apparently a very good one." One of the nuns "was the Lady Barbara Eyre (second sister of Francis Earl of Newburgh), who has been a liberal benefactress to the chapel and convent, and has taken the vows under the name of Sister Mary." The remaining nuns were Miss Ponsonby (a convert), now Sister Vincent; Miss Conner, now Sister Ursula; Miss Laleham, now Sister Xaiver; and Sister Theresa, and Sister Joseph, whose worldly designations are not mentioned.

With the abstract utility of such institutions we have here nothing to do, but we may observe that the building, &c., of the Sisters of Mercy, as well as the order to which they belong, are of an interesting character. The church is really a fine edifice, in the plain but noble pointed architecture of a very early period. The confessionals, the gilt altar-piece, with the tapers on each side, and the square black board on the wall in the aisle, covered with small printed papers, desiring the prayers of the faithful for the souls of the different deceased persons mentioned in them, beginning with the touching motto from Job, "Have pity on me! have pity on me! at least you, my friends;" and ending with the phrase, "Requiescat in pace," all remind you of the ancient religion, here again established on the spot where it flourished so many centuries ago.

The names of ancient places form a fruitful subject for the display of learning and ingenuity, and if the results are not generally so satisfactory as might be desired in the way of producing conviction, they are seldom destitute of interest, and are sometimes positively entertaining. In the instance of Bermondsey, the oldest known explanation of the name is, that *Beormund* was in very ancient times the Saxon proprietor of the place *ea* or *eye*, which in Saxon signifies water, and is here supposed to denote the nature of the soil. Wilkinson, in his account of the Abbey,* adds that the words *ea*, or *eye*, "are frequent in the names of places whose situation on the banks of rivers renders them insular and marshy." If true, this explanation may apply to other places in and near London as well as Bermondsey. Battersea, for instance, is very similarly situated with regard to the Thames. But a more fanciful explanation of the name is given by the writer already mentioned in a note, where he says that "in the Saxon language *beorn* signifies a nobleman or prince, and *mund* peace or security; and when to these is added the termination *ea*, water, the word Bermondsey may signify 'the prince's defence by the river.' This interpretation may probably show the original use to which the manor was applied."

Looking, then, upon the original Bermondsey as a kind of marshy island when the tide was out, and a wide expanse of water when it was in, till gradually reclaimed and made useful, one cannot help being struck with the many indications of the old state of things yet remaining, although the *present* Bermondsey be densely covered with habitations and warehouses. The descent down that long flight of steps at the foot of London Bridge tells you how low lie the terri-

* *Londina Illustrata*.

tories you are about to explore ; the numerous wharfs, and docks, and water-courses, and ditches, which bound and intersect so considerable a portion of it, seem but so many memorials of the once potent element ; the very streets have a damp *feel* about them, and in the part known as Jacob's Island the overhanging houses, and the little wooden bridges that span the stream, have, notwithstanding their forlorn look, something of a Dutch expression. In short, persons familiar with the history of the place may everywhere see that Beormund's Ea still exists, but that it has been embanked and drained—that it has grown populous, busy, commercial. Its manufacturing prosperity, however, strikingly contrasts with the general aspect of Bermondsey. Its streets generally are but dreary-looking places ; where, with the exception of a picturesque old tenement, projecting its story beyond story regularly upwards, and fast “ nodding to its fall,” or the name of a street suggestive of some agreeable reflections, there is little to gratify the delicate eye. The alleys and courts in particular with which this extensive neighbourhood abounds are of the most wretched-looking character, and inhabited by an equally wretched race, if we may judge by the squalid aspect of the shivering, half-clad, and frequently shoeless creatures we see going in and out. In this circumstance the site of the once-famous Priory of Bermondsey reminds us of the site of St. Bartholomew, which is still, to a certain extent, and was a few years ago much more so, occupied by houses and a population presenting similar aspects. It were perhaps a bold speculation to ask if there be not something of cause and effect in this ; yet, when we remember the magnificent hospitalities of the old and wealthier monasteries, there seems nothing improbable in the supposition that a large number of the poorer classes of the people would gather around them, as it were, for shelter ; and, once there, we need not wonder to find them still clinging to the place three centuries after their benefactors disappeared from it. Inhabitants of this kind are slow to move, and still slower is the process of effacing the character which they have impressed upon it, when they do leave. Noble arches here and there bestride the streets of Bermondsey, bearing up a railway, with its engines puffing like so many overworked giants, and its rapid trains of passengers ; lofty and handsome piles of warehouses are occasionally passed ; an elegant free-school enriches one part, and a picturesque church another : but they all serve by contrast to show more vividly the unpleasant features of the neighbourhood, and, whilst they cannot but command the spectator's admiration, make him at the same time wonder how they got there. The answer is at hand. There is great industry in Bermondsey, and the wretchedness is more on the surface than in the depths of this quarter of the town. What modern Bermondsey is, we shall describe in our next paper.

The earliest mention of the Priory occurs in the account of Bermondsey in Domesday ; and it is interesting to notice the comparative solitude of the place at that time, when “ woodland” could be afforded for “ hogs” so near the city. From the Conqueror's record it appears that he, the king, was then lord of the manor, as Harold had been before him. It was then rated, including Rotherhithe, to the land-tax at twelve hides, which, according to the computation usual in the midland counties, of 120 acres to a hide or carucate, would amount to above 1400 acres. The same computation would make the arable

land amount to 960 acres. There was also a *new and fair church*, with twenty acres of meadow, and as much woodland as yielded pannage for a number of hogs, the lord receiving five by way of payment from the owners. The demesne land was one carucate occupied by the lord himself, and four carucates in the tenure of twenty-five villains, and thirty-three bordars.* Thirteen burgage tenements in London were also held of this manor, at the rent of fifteen pounds, and the Earl of Moriton (Morton) possessed a hide of land, on which, it appears from another part of the record, he had a mansion-house. The "new and fair church" here mentioned was that belonging to the Priory.

In the 'Chronicles of Bermondsey' (a manuscript preserved among the Harleian collection, to which we are indebted for the greater part of what information we possess as to this once-famous monastery) we find the writer, most probably a monk of Bermondsey, before noticing the foundation of his own house, referring in the following terms to an event which had occurred five years before, in connexion with another establishment: "Anno Domini 1077, Lanzo, first prior of St. Pancras, Lewes, came into England;" and if we look into the charter of that priory we see very clearly his reasons for so doing: for we have there recorded the circumstances which brought about the introduction of the order, to which both Lewes and Bermondsey belonged, into this country; and very interesting circumstances they are. The charter in question was granted by William Earl of Warren, who came over with the Conqueror; and in it that nobleman gives us the following history. It appears that he, with the Lady Gunfreda, his wife, were going on a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome, and in their passage through France and Burgundy visited divers monasteries to make their orisons; but understanding in Burgundy that they could not in safety proceed with their purpose, on account of the war which was then carrying on between the Pope and the Emperor, they took up their abode in the great monastery of St. Peter at Cluny in that country, and there paid their devotions to the saint. The appearances of sanctity, religion, and charity which they met with in that abbey were great beyond their expectation; and these, together with the special respect shown to them by the prior, in the abbot's absence, and the whole convent, who admitted them to their fraternity, charmed them, and raised their esteem both for the order and the House of Cluny above all others. And because, long before that time, the earl and his lady had determined, by the advice of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, to found some religious house to make atonement for their sins, and for the welfare of their souls, they forthwith resolved that it should be rather of the Cluniac than of any other order. They therefore, soon after, sent over their request to Abbot Hugh, and the convent of Cluny, that they would favour them with two, three, or four monks out of their flock; and the intention was to give them a church, anciently dedicated to St. Pancras, under the castle of Lewes, and which the earl and countess purposed at the

* The original word *villains* appears to have meant simply the cultivators of the soil of a villa, or township. Their position was superior to the lowest class, the *servi* or *serfs*, for, although their lives and personal property were to a great extent at the disposal of the lord, they had a right of maintenance out of the land, from which they could not be separated; they formed, it is supposed, the origin of the present copyholders. The exact meaning of the word *bordar*, or *bordarii*, is unknown. Maitland calls them cottagers.

setting out to endow with lands and possessions sufficient for the maintenance of twelve monks. The abbot at first made great difficulty in the affair, and seemed unwilling to comply, as the proposed place of abode for his monks was to be a long way off, in another land, and especially as the sea would be between them and the parent convent; but understanding that the earl had obtained licence from King William to introduce monks of their order into England, and being satisfied of his approbation thereof, he became reconciled to the proposal, and agreed to send them four monks of his convent, *Lanzo* being chief. . . . "And thus it was," says the earl, "that I and my wife procured a convent of Cluniac monks in England."* The first difficulty got over, other establishments of Cluniacs were soon formed in England; Wenlock was founded in 1080, and Bermondsey two years later. A citizen was the chief benefactor in the present instance; his name, Aylwin Child; who, through the favour of the eminent churchman Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, obtained four Cluniac monks from another of the great Cluniac houses—the monastery of La Charité in Normandy. The Cluniacs, it may be necessary to observe, were the first offshoot of the Benedictine branch of monachism, and had their origin, like the parent tree, in the desire to improve upon the previous discipline. The reformation desired by the sterner Benedictines was begun by Bernon, abbot of Gigni, in Burgundy, but consummated by Odo, abbot of Cluny, about 912: he, therefore, is chiefly looked on as the founder of the order of Cluniacs.

A brief view of their customs may be acceptable. The following extract is from Stevens's translation of the French history of the Monastic Orders, given in his continuation of Dugdale, and transcribed in the great edition of the 'Monasticon.' "They every day sung two solemn masses, at each of which a monk of one of the choirs offered two hosts. . . . If any one would celebrate mass on Holy Thursday, before the solemn mass was sung, he made no use of light, because the new fire was not yet blessed. The preparation they used for making the bread which was to serve for the sacrifice of the altar is worthy to be observed. They first chose the wheat, grain by grain, and washed it very carefully. Being put into a bag, appointed only for that use, a servant, known to be a just man, carried it to the mill, washed the grindstones, covered them with curtains above and below, and having put on himself an alb, covered his face with a veil, nothing but his eyes appearing. The same precaution was used with the meal. It was not bouted till it had been well washed; and the warden of the church, if he were either priest or deacon, finished the rest, being assisted by two other religious men, who were in the same orders, and by a lay brother particularly appointed for that business. These four monks, when matins were ended, washed their faces and hands: the three first of them did put on albs; one of them washed the meal with pure clean water, and the other two baked the hosts in the iron moulds; so great was the veneration and respect the monks of Cluni paid to the holy Eucharist." The sites of the mill and the bakehouse of Bermondsey Abbey are both yet traceable.

The rapidity with which the new order spread was most extraordinary; before any very great length of time had elapsed there were at least two thousand religious houses looking up to the Abbot of Cluny as their spiritual head. We may

* Monasticon, vol. v. p. 1.

judge of the wealth and influence of the House of Cluny by the fact, that in 1245 it was able to entertain within its walls, and without disarranging the habits of the four hundred monks resident in it, the reigning Pope, twelve cardinals, a patriarch, three archbishops, the King of France, his mother, and three of his sons, the Emperor of Constantinople, and dukes and lords too many to enumerate. The other chief foreign houses at that time were those of St. Martin des Champs, at Paris, and La Charité. The building belonging to the latter was considered the finest in the kingdom. No doubt the Priory of Bermondsey must have been here similarly distinguished for its architectural grandeur; for although no portion of the chief feature, the church, has been preserved to us even in engravings, the long list of benefactors, occupying several folio pages of the 'Monasticon,' is of itself a sufficient testimony. Among those benefactors we find the names of William Rufus, who gave to the monks the manor and manor-house, or palace, then standing there; Robert Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, and Chancellor of England; Mary, sister to Maud (good Queen Maud), the wife of Henry I.; Henry I. himself; King Stephen; John, son of Hubert de Burgh; and a host of other distinguished persons. Some of the gifts are sufficiently curious. Thus in 1152 Alan Pirot gave six thousand herrings and one acre of land. The first Prior of Bermondsey was Peter, one of the four monks of La Charité. Among his successors we need only mention Richard, elected prior in 1210, who built an almshouse or hospital adjoining the monastery for poor children and converts, called St. Saviour's Hospital, to which Agnes, sister of Thomas à Becket, was also a benefactor; John de Causancia, during whose rule the Priory became involved in trouble, Causancia and several monks being arrested on account of their having received some rebels into their house for shelter, supposed to be adherents of the Earl of Lancaster, who had been defeated at Boroughbridge; and Richard Dunton (1372), the first English prior, the previous heads of the monastery having all been appointed by the Abbot of Cluny. This last-mentioned change was in consequence of the priory having been restored, after its sequestration with the other alien houses in the previous reign, by Richard II., who released it from its subjection to Cluny, made a *denizen* instead of an *alien* monastery of it, and at the same time raised it to the rank of an abbey. Two hundred marks was the price of this favour. This was not the only benefit conferred on the house by Prior Dunton: he rebuilt the cloister and refectory, and in 1387 covered the nave with lead, made new glass windows in the presbytery, and gilt tables for the high and morning altars. Why he did not stay to enjoy the honours of the abbacy, so peculiarly his own, we know not; just at the period in question he resigned, and John Attilburg was created abbot by Pope Boniface IX., at the request of Richard II.

The few brief and incidental notices of the conventual buildings, included in the foregoing pages, are in effect all that have been preserved. The records of incidents connected with the history of the monastery, are not much more numerous; but what may be wanting in this respect through the loss of the records, &c. in the general wreck at the dissolution, is more than compensated for by the interest which attaches to those which do exist. The least important we shall dismiss first. Provincial Chapters it appears were frequently held here; and the King occasionally used it for important state councils. Thus during the

Christmas of 1154, Henry II., immediately after his coronation, held an important meeting here of his nobles, to consult with them on the general state of the country, and the measures it was advisable to adopt. In the reign of Henry III., many of the nobility having determined upon an expedition to the Holy Land, met at Bermondsey, to arrange the order of their journey. Many eminent and noticeable persons were buried in the church; among whom may be mentioned Mary, sister of good Queen Maud, before mentioned; Leofstane, provost, shrive (sheriff), or domesman of London, 1115; and Margaret de la Pole, 1473. In 1397 the body of the murdered Duke of Gloucester, (murdered at Calais, there is little doubt, by the order of Richard II., his nephew,) was brought to Bermondsey, and placed in the church, where it remained till the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Hospitality was one of the duties enjoined upon the inmates of religious houses, and to the last it appears to have been the duty they most constantly and willingly fulfilled. In the cases of persons of high rank the reception of visitors was an affair of great ceremony and importance. Bermondsey had at different times two visitors, to whom we may be sure every possible honour was done: the first of these was Katherine, the wife of Henry V., the French Princess whom Shakspeare has made so familiar to us in connexion with the blunt wooing of her gallant lover, and by her own pleasant attempts as a student of the English language, and who alone perhaps of all her country's children could have so quickly reconquered France from the conqueror, as she now did, by throwing around him the nuptial tie. Few marriages promising so much of state convenience have ended in giving so much individual happiness, as Henry enjoyed with his young and beautiful bride. His early death was grieved by all; his courtiers and nobles wept and sobbed round his death-bed: what, then, must have been *her* feelings at his loss? Fortunately, perhaps, Katherine was not present at the last moment, nor did she learn the dreadful tidings for some days afterwards. It was to receive this distinguished visitor that some years later the monks of Bermondsey were suddenly summoned from all parts of the monastery by the stroke on one of the great bells, twice repeated, who, hurrying into the church, robed themselves, and prepared everything for the reception of the new comer. Upon the Queen's near approach, two of the great bells would ring out a peal of welcome, and then the abbot would advance to meet her, saluting her with his blessing, and sprinkling holy water over her. The procession then entered the church, and made a stand before the crucifix, where the visitor prayed. Service in honour of the Saviour as the patron saint followed; the singing-boys in the choir sang, the organ played, and at the termination of the whole the Queen would find the best accommodation the Abbey could furnish provided for her use. She appears to have found all she desired, for she remained at Bermondsey till her death. One little incident has been recorded on the subject of her residence here, which is supposed to have been caused in some way by the dissatisfaction of the court at her second marriage, with Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Wales, and, through this match, the founder of the Tudor dynasty. On the 1st of January, 1437, her son, the young Henry VI., sent to her at Bermondsey a token of his affectionate remembrance, in the shape of a tablet of gold, weighing thirteen ounces, on which was a crucifix set with sapphires and pearls. She was then, no doubt, very ill,

for two days later she died. There is a striking connexion between this and the next distinguished visitor, Elizabeth of York, a lady who, if not one of the most interesting of female characters in herself, is unquestionably so from the circumstances of her strange and eventful history. She came to Bermondsey quite as much a prisoner as a visitor, and she owed that imprisonment to the man whom she herself had been to a considerable extent the means of placing on the throne,



[Queen Elizabeth Woodville.]

Henry VII., the grandson of the widow of Henry V., and of her second husband, Owen Tudor. That two such women should meet in the same place, to spend the last years of their lives, forms, in our opinion, no ordinary coincidence. The history of Elizabeth of York, though but an episode of that of Bermondsey, is so full of romance, and so closely connected with it, by her imprisonment and death within its walls, that the ancient priory may not improbably be freshly remembered through those circumstances, when all others might have else failed to preserve more than the barest and driest recollections of the great house of the Chuniacs. Her history is, indeed, from first to last a romance, but a romance of a stern and melancholy nature; not destitute of sweet passages on which the imagination would love to rest but cannot, for there is always to be seen, through the opening vista of the future, ghastly and monstrous shapes, from which there is no averting the eye. It was on a visit to Jaquenetta, Duchess of Bedford, then married to a second husband, Sir Richard Woodville, that Edward IV., the handsomest, most accomplished, and most licentious man of his time, first beheld the duchess's daughter, Elizabeth Gray, the widow of Sir John Gray, a Lancastrian, slain at the second battle of St. Alban's. The knight's estates had been forfeited to Edward, and the young widow, who is said to have been as eloquent as she

was beautiful, availing herself of the opportunity, threw herself at the king's feet, and implored him, for the sake of her innocent and helpless children, to reverse the attainder. The irresistible petitioner rose with more than the grant of what she had asked—the king's heart was hers. Edward, perhaps for the first time, was seriously touched; and, to the astonishment of the nation generally, and to the rage of no small portion of the King's own partisans, the Yorkists, the King, some months after, at a solemn assembly of prelates and nobles, in the ancient abbey of Reading, announced his marriage with the widow of the fallen Lancastrian knight; and, amid the surprise which prevailed throughout the assemblage, the King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, and the Earl of Warwick, led the *Queen* into the hall, and caused her in that character to be welcomed by all present. Thus ends one phase of her history. In the next we behold her again as a widow: but this time her widowhood has brought her new and more anxious public duties; she is not merely a mother, but the mother of the young King Edward V. and of his brother the Duke of York. Into the particulars of the momentous period which includes the death of the young princes in the Tower, of course we are not about to enter; but it may be permitted to us to observe, that few parents ever have endured keener agonies for their children than this unfortunate lady. The wild rumours that so quickly floated about as to the intentions of the Duke of Gloucester, the sudden shedding of the blood of her son and brother at Pomfret (Lords Gray and Rivers), the messages and deputations to and fro between the Protector and the Sanctuary at Westminster,



[Sanctuary, Westminster, from a sketch by Dr. Stukeley, before its destruction in 1773.]

where she had taken refuge with her youngest son, distracting her with conflicting thoughts—one moment fearing to give the young prince up to destruction, the next fearing to bring that destruction on him by indiscreet jealousy, or by thwarting Gloucester's views—all this must have been terrible to the lately-made

widow, had nothing remained behind. But when at last, calling for her child, she delivered him up to the Cardinal Archbishop; and, as soon as she had done so, burst into an uncontrollable fit of anguish, she but too rightly felt she had lost both her children.

In the interval between the death of the princes and that of their murderer, Richard, occurs the most unromantic, and in every way most unsatisfactory, part of the history of one whose misfortunes, so unexampled for their severity, make us regret to meet with any incidents that tend to deprive her of our sympathy through the lessening of our respect. Suffice it to say, that whilst at one period we find her eagerly engaging in the scheme proposed of marrying the Earl of Richmond to her daughter Elizabeth; at another, when the prospect looked less bright for the exile, she appears to have listened to Richard's overtures, first of marrying her daughter Elizabeth to his son, and when that son died, of giving her to himself. Whether there may not have been some dissimulation practised, in the hope of silencing the fears of Richard, who was aware of the project with regard to Richmond, cannot now be known, but the circumstances render such a supposition not improbable. Whatever her conduct at this period, there is, unhappily, no doubt as to her subsequent misfortunes. The king, Henry VII., certainly did redeem the promise as to the marriage made by the Earl of Richmond, but it was done so tardily and so ungraciously, that the very people were disgusted at his conduct; and by their sentiments we may judge of the mother's. But this was not all. In the month of November, 1486, an extensive insurrection broke out in Ireland, at the head of which was, nominally, a youth who it was pretended was the Earl of Warwick (then in reality confined in the Tower), the son of the late Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. A great council was immediately held at the Charter House near Richmond, where, first, a general pardon was resolved on, free from all exceptions, and the second resolution was (a curious commentary on the first) to arrest Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen Dowager. This is altogether one of the most inexplicable of those many and subtle strokes of policy that mark the history of the English king, whose "life," it has been well observed, "produces much the same effect on the mind as the perusal of the celebrated manual of Machiavelli, most of whose notions he anticipated and put into practice."* The queen was immediately arrested, deprived of all her property, and placed a close prisoner in the monastery of Bermondsey. Henry's historian, Bacon, may well observe, "whereat there was much wondering that a weak woman, for the yielding to the menaces and promises of a tyrant, [he is alluding to her transactions with Richard III.] after such a distance of time wherein the king had showed no displeasure or alteration, but much more after so happy a marriage between the king and her daughter, blest with issue male, [only two or three weeks before,] should upon a sudden mutability or disclosure of the king's mind be so severely handled:" for such it appears was the motive for this arrest set forth by the king. No one, however, believed in the truth of the allegation; and Bacon, following the chronicles Hall, gives a remarkable explanation of the affair. Having observed that the prompter of the young counterfeit of the Earl of Warwick, a priest, had never seen the latter, he continues, "so it cannot be, but that some *great* person,

* 'Pictorial England,' vol. ii. p. 318.

that knew particularly and familiarly Edward Plantagenet, had a hand in the business, from whom the priest might take aim. That which is most probable, out of the precedent and subsequent acts, is, that it was the Queen Dowager from whom this action had the principal source and motion. For certain it is she was a busy, negotiating woman, *and in her withdrawing chamber had the fortunate conspiracy for the king against King Richard III. been hatched, which the king knew, and remembered perhaps but too well*; and was at this time extremely discontent with the king, thinking her daughter, as the king handled the matter, not advanced but depressed; and none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could." In the words of the old proverb, misfortunes never came single to the unhappy queen: the Marquis of Dorset, her son by her first husband, was arrested soon after and thrown into the Tower. At the coronation of the queen, his half-sister, in the following year, he was however released; and was, we believe, present at the ceremony. The mother appears to have been still left to pine away in her enforced solitude at Bermondsey, where she lingered till 1492, when a fatal illness seized her. On her death-bed she dictated the following pathetic will, which is of itself a decisive answer as to the doubts that have been raised concerning the penury of her latest days. It is dated Bermondsey, April 10, 1492:—"I, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, late wife to the most victorious prince of blessed memory Edward the Fourth, being of whole mind, seeing the world so transitory, and no creature certain when they shall depart from hence, having Almighty God fresh in mind, in whom is all mercy and grace, bequeath my soul into his hands, beseeching him of the same mercy to accept it graciously, and our blessed lady queen of comfort, and all the holy company of heaven, to be good means (or mediators) for me. Item, I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pomps entering or costly expenses done thereabout. Item, *whereas I have no worldly goods to do the Queen's Grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children, according to my heart and mind*, I beseech Almighty God to bless her Grace, with all her noble issue; and with as good heart and mind as is to me possible, I give her Grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children. Item, I will that *such small stuff and goods that I have* be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts and for the health of my soul as far as they will extend. Item, if any of my blood will any of the said stuff or goods to me pertaining, I will that they have the preferment before any other. And of this my present testament I make and ordain mine executors, that is to say, John Ingleby, Prior of the Charter-house at Shene, William Sutton and Thomas Brente, Doctors; and I beseech my said dearest daughter, the Queen's Grace, and my son Thomas Marquis Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament." And thus closes the eventful life of Elizabeth of York. Some thirty years ago, when the workmen were busy in the vaults of Windsor, preparing a place of sepulture for the family of George III., they lighted upon a stone coffin buried fifteen feet below the surface. It contained the remains of Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

Bermondsey has yet another memory in connexion with this unfortunate queen's persecutor, Henry VII., and one that illustrates another remarkable trait of his

character—his superstitious piety. If we could trace the secret springs of action that were here at work, we should no doubt find a close and striking connexion between the King's religious and political character; the one, indeed, being perhaps cherished as a kind of expiation for the other. His masterly policy was not often a very upright and honourable policy; so, this stroke was followed by the erection of a chapel, that, by the founding of masses to be said evermore for his soul, he might keep a tolerably fair reckoning in the great account-book of his conscience. He is not the only monarch who has endeavoured to keep an "even mind" by the adoption of a similar kind of offset. Henry was in both the chief features of his character a not unworthy follower of the French Louis XI.; it was fortunate that he did not superadd the cruelty of his crafty original. It appears that an indenture was executed between the King, the city of London, and the abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey, some time after the death of his queen, the daughter of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, by which the abbot and monks of Westminster were to pay 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* annually to those of Bermondsey, for the holding of an anniversary in the church on the 6th of February in every year, to pray for the good and prosperous estate of the King during his life and the prosperity of his kingdom, also for the souls of his late queen and of their children, of his father, the Earl of Richmond, and his progenitors, and of his mother, the Countess of Richmond, after her decease. Full directions are contained in the indenture as to the mode of performing the ceremony. As a glimpse of what was sometimes doing in the old church, as well as of the old custom itself, the following extract will be found interesting:—"The abbot and convent of St. Saviour of Bermondsey shall provide at every such anniversary a hearse, to be set in the midst of the high chancel of the same monastery before the high altar, covered and appareled with the best and most honourable stuff in the same monastery convenient for the same. And also four tapers of wax, each of them weighing eight pounds, to be set about the same hearse, that is to say, on either side thereof one taper, and at either end of the same hearse another taper, and all the same four tapers to be lighted and burning continually during all the time of every such Placebo, Dirige, with nine lessons, lauds, and mass of Requiem, with the prayers and obeisances above rehearsed." Why Bermondsey, with its reminiscences of his wife's mother, whose soul, be it observed, is not included in the list of souls to be prayed for, should have been chosen by Henry VII. for the solemnization of the anniversary, were a curious problem to solve.

At the dissolution, the Abbot of Bermondsey had no tender scruples about conscience or principle, like so many of his brethren, but arranged everything in the pleasantest possible manner for the King; and he had his reward. While the poor monks had pensions varying from 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a-year to 10*l.* each allotted them, his amounted to 336*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The revenue of the abbey then amounted to 548*l.* 2*s.* 5½*d.* The monastery itself, with the manor, demesnes, &c., the "court-leet, the view of frank-pledge, and the free warren," were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Robert Southwell, knight, Master of the Rolls, who sold them to Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. It is to this gentleman that the antiquary's maledictions on the destroyer of the fine old Abbey of Bermondsey legitimately belong. He pulled down the conventual church and most of the other buildings, and erected a mansion on the site; and

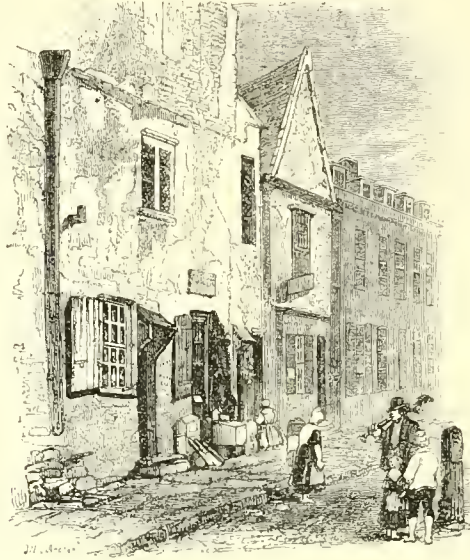
then, as if satisfied with what he had done, re-conveyed the mansion with the orchards, gardens, &c., to Sir Robert. The manor he subsequently sold to a "citizen and goldsmith" of London. In the mansion built by Sir Thomas Pope afterwards resided the Earl of Sussex, Elizabeth's chamberlain; and here also, it appears from Stow, he died. The old chronicler's account of his funeral is picturesque, as usual. "On the ninth of June (1583), deceased Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, lord chamberlain to her majesty, a knight of the garter, at Bermondsey, beside London; and was on the eighth of July following conveyed through the same city of London toward Newhall, in Essex, there to be buried. First went before him forty-five poor men in black gowns, then on horseback one hundred and twenty serving-men in black coats, then twenty-five in black gowns or cloaks, besides the heralds at arms; then the deceased Earl in a chariot covered with black velvet, drawn by four goodly geldings; next after was led the Earl's steed, covered with black velvet; then Sir Henry Ratcliffe, the succeeding Earl, chief mourner, and eight other lords, all in black; then the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London riding in murrey (dark-red or purple); and then on foot the gentlemen of Gray's Inn; and last of all the Merchant Tailors in their livery, for that the said Earl was a brother of their company, as many noblemen and famous princes, kings of this realm, before him, had been." According to the earl's directions, his executors kept open house, as we should now say, for twenty days after his interment. Altogether, this was a tolerably expensive funeral; the burial charges amounting to above 1600*l.*, and the housekeeping to 15*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*

A walk over the site of the great Abbey of the Cluniacs can now afford little gratification, either to the lover of antiquities or to the man of taste generally. The remains spared till the present century have now mostly disappeared, including the gateway represented in our engraving at the end of this paper. The entire site is pretty well covered with modern houses and dirty streets and courts. The Long Walk, once perhaps a fine shady avenue, where the abbot or his monks were accustomed to wile away the summer afternoon, is about one of the last places that would now tempt the wandering footsteps of the stranger; the Grange Walk no longer leads to the pleasant farm or park of the abbey, and is in itself but a painful mockery of the associations roused by the name; the great or Base Court Yard is changed into Bermondsey Square, flanked on all sides by small tenements, the handiwork of the builders who completed a few years ago what Sir Thomas Pope began; and though some trees are yet there, of so ancient appearance that for aught we know they may have witnessed the destruction of the very conventual church, yet they are dwindling and dwindling away, as though they felt themselves a part of the old Abbey, and had no business to survive its destruction. They will not have much longer to wait; little remains to be destroyed. In the Grange Walk is a part of the gate-house of the east gateway, with a portion of the rusted hinge of the monastic doors. In Long Walk, on the right, is a small and filthy quadrangle (once called, from some tradition connected with the visits of the early English monarchs to Bermondsey, King John's Court, now Bear Yard), in which are the houses represented on our commencing page, where the stone-work, and form and antiquity of the windows, afford abundant evidence of their connexion with the monastery. Lastly, in the



churchyard of the present church of St. Mary Magdalen are some pieces of the wall that surrounded the gardens and church of the Cluniacs.

But there are two other memorials of the Abbey, which are not likely to



[Remains of the Eastern Gate-house of the Abbey.]

perish with the establishment to which they belonged. In the church of St. Mary, a handsome edifice, built on the site of a smaller one erected by the monks at a very early period (it is supposed for the use of their servants and tenants), is a very curious ancient salver, of silver, now used for the collection of alms. On the centre is a beautifully chased representation of the gate of a castle or town, with two figures, a knight kneeling before a lady, who is about to place his helmet on his head. The long-pointed solleretts of the feet, the ornaments of the arm-pits, and the form of the helmet, are supposed to mark the date of the salver as that of Edward II. The other memorial to which we have referred is of a much more interesting character. In the Chronicle of Bermondsey before mentioned we read at one part as follows:—

“Anno Domini 1117. The cross of St. Saviour is found near the Thames.” And again, under the date of 1118, “William Earl of Morton was miraculously liberated from the Tower of London through the power of the *holy cross*.” This Earl of Morton was a son of the nobleman mentioned in Domesday. It appears he had as much faith as the monks could have desired in the truth of the miracle, for the Chronicle subsequently states, “In the year 1140 William Earl of Morton came to Bermondsey, and assumed the monastic habit.” Before we pursue the history of this Holy Cross, which we have no doubt was the Saxon cross found in the manner commemorated, we may observe that pilgrimages to churches and shrines were, according to Fosbroke, the most ancient and universal of all pilgrimages. If the Saxon cross had not been set up at Ber-

mondsey before Earl Morton's release, it would assuredly have been raised immediately after. These pilgrimages were remarkably profitable things to a monastery. Sir David Lindsay, the old Scottish poet and church reformer, has given us an agreeable account of the feelings and customs once universally prevalent with regard to this kind of idolatrous worship of "imagery," which, says the poet finely,—of the

" ——— *unlearned be the books ;*
 For when the laicks on them looks
 It brings them to remembrance
 Of Saintes lives the circumstance ;
 How, the faith for to fortify,
 They suffered pain right patiently.
 Seeing the image on the rood,
 Men should remember on the blood
 Which Christ into his passion
 Did shed for our salvation ;
 Or when thou seest the portraiture
 Of blessed Virgin Mary pure,
 A pleasant babe upon her knee,
 Then in thy mind remember thee
 The worde which the prophet said,
 How she should be both mother and maid.
 But who that sitteth on their knees,
 Praying to many imageries
 With oration and offerands,
 Kneeling with cup into their hands,
 No difference be I say to thee
 From the Gentile's idolatry."

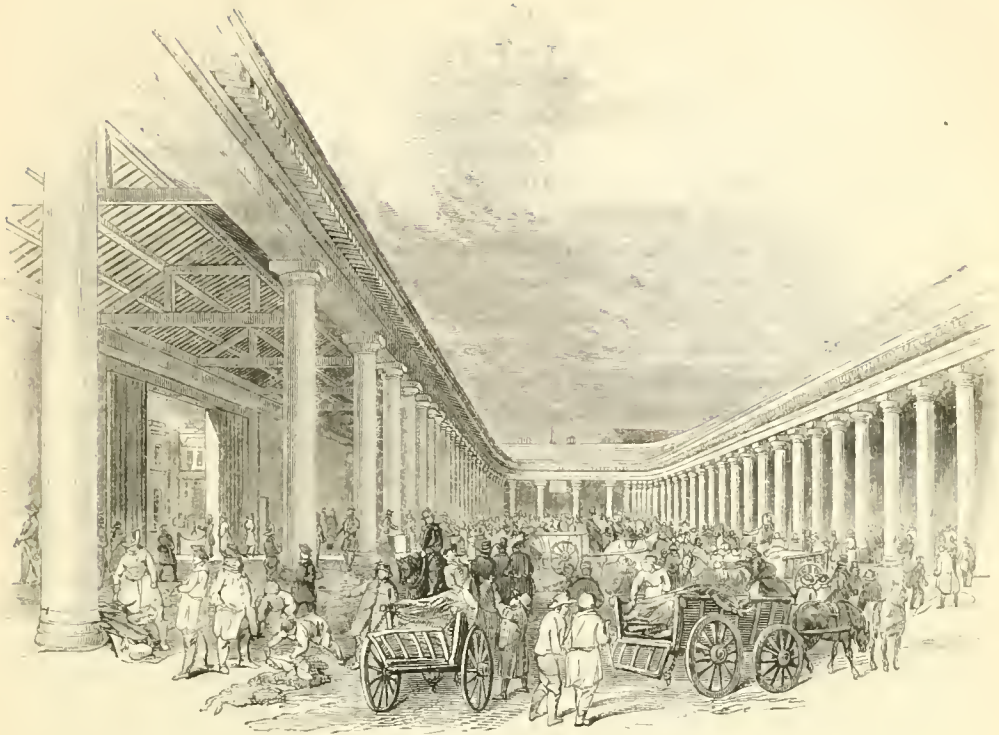
Sir David's doctrine obtained wide acceptance ; and one of the earliest popular manifestations of Protestant feeling was the destruction of all these "imageries," including, no doubt, many an exquisite and matchless piece of workmanship that the Protestant world of the present day could well wish to have been spared. In the account of St. Paul's Cross is given a description of the striking circumstances that attended the destruction of the Rood of Grace from Kent. The degradation of the Rood of Bermondsey was, it appears, an appendix to that day's proceedings. In an ancient diary of a citizen, preserved among the Cottonian MSS., under the date of 1558, occurs the following passage:—"M. Gresham, mayor. On Saint Matthew's day, the apostle, the 24th day of February, Sunday, did the Bishop of Rochester preach at Paul's Cross, and had standing afore him all his sermon-time the picture* of Rood of Grace in Kent, and was [*i. e.* which had been] greatly sought with pilgrims, and when he had made an end of his sermon, was torn all in pieces ; then was the picture of Saint Saviour, that had stood in Barnsey Abbey many years, in Southwark, taken down." "Taken down" are the words, not "destroyed." If the reader will turn to the engraving at the end of this paper, he will see, in the front of the building attached to the chief or north gate, the rude representation of a small cross, with some zigzag, *Saxon*-like ornaments, the whole being evidently something placed upon or let into the wall, not a part of the original building ; and there it

* This word was often used to express an image, or statue.

remained till the comparatively recent destruction of the pile. Going further back, we find the same cross in the same situation in 1679, when a drawing was made of the remains of the Abbey, which was afterwards engraved by Wilkinson. There can then, we think, be no doubt, apart from the corroborative evidence of tradition, that this is the old Saxon cross found near the Thames, or that it is a part of the "picture" before which pilgrims used to congregate in the old conventual church.



[Remains of the Abbey, from a drawing made immediately before their demolition.]



[New Leather and Skin Market, Bermondsey.]

LII.—MODERN BERMONDSEY.

It is a bold act to take up arms against old proverbs—those condensed epitomes of worldly wisdom, which charm by their brevity quite as much as by their truth: yet to the dictum that “two of a trade can never agree” we feel impelled to reply by pointing to BERMONDSEY. The inhabitants of that land of leather, that region of skins and pelts, afford a significant contradiction to the proverb: there are many “of one trade” here congregated, and we have reason for knowing that they “agree” very well. Why it is that the bazaar-system of the East is thus acted on in many parts of London—why it is that we find the watchmakers in one locality, the silkweavers in another, the sugar-refiners in a third—need not here be discussed; but there appears reason for believing, as we shall endeavour to explain farther on, that the selection of Bermondsey as a “local habitation” for the leather-manufacturers is greatly dependent on a series of *tide-streams* which intersect the district, and which afford that abundant supply of water so indispensably necessary in the manufacture. Be the cause what it may, however, the fact is certain, that almost the whole circle of operations connected with this manufacture, so far as the metropolis is concerned, are met with in Bermondsey:

indeed it is scarcely too much to say that the history of a sheep's-skin and of an ox-hide forms the staple material for a description of this spot.

There are, however, other features which render modern Bermondsey a remarkable spot. It has been said that "there is a greater variety of trades and manufactures carried on in this parish than in any one parish besides throughout the kingdom;" and although we doubt whether the means exist for making this determination, or, if existing, whether they have been properly estimated, yet the great diversity of operations is observable at a glance. Like as the Eastern Counties Railway forms a point of sight from which the dwellings of the Spitalfields weavers may be conveniently seen,* so will a trip on the Greenwich Railway reveal to us many of the characteristic features of Bermondsey, which it intersects from north-west to south-east. No sooner do we mount one of the railway carriages (and let all who would look about them select an *open* carriage) than we find ourselves in close vicinage to manufactories and tanneries. Chimneys innumerable shoot up at intervals of a few yards, towering above a very maze of red roofs, and furnishing their contribution to the smoky atmosphere of the neighbourhood. It is chiefly on the south-western side of the railway, and within a mile of London Bridge, that these factory-chimneys are met with. A closer glance will detect other general features in the district; we shall see vacant spaces or yards, surrounding or connected with many of the buildings, and exhibiting evidences of the tanners', the fell-mongers', the leather-dressers', or the parchment-makers' operations. We shall see that many of the buildings are so constructed as to allow free access of air to all parts of the interior: these are tanners' drying-lofts. We shall see long, low, tile-covered buildings, principally north-eastward of the railway: these are rope-walks. We shall see large areas of ground in which low sheds or open boxes are ranged by dozens in parallel rows: these are glue-factories. We shall see many lofty warehouses, with cranes and doors at various parts of their height: these are wool-warehouses. But the railway traveller soon observes a remarkable change in the appearance of the district which he is traversing; he finds himself suddenly transferred to a neighbourhood of nursery-grounds and market-gardens—speckled here and there, it is true, with tanneries and other factories—but exhibiting the general features of open country; and this is the character of the district from thence to Deptford and Greenwich.

It would not perhaps be far from the truth to say that Bermondsey may be regarded as a region of manufacturers, a region of market-gardeners, a region of wholesale dealers, and a maritime region, according to the quarter where we take our stand. Were we indeed to confine ourselves strictly to the parochial limits, the features would include little of the two latter; but we are not so strictly limited, and shall perhaps include a little of St. Olave's, and of one or two other parishes, in our remarks on Bermondsey generally.

To the dwellers north of the Thames it is perhaps generally known that Bermondsey lies south-east of London Bridge, while the burghers of Southwark can define the spot more closely. The parochial boundary embraces a portion of the banks of the Thames eastward of Dockhead; extends from thence in an irregu-

* London—No. XLIX, 'Spitalfields,' p. 345.

lar line towards the Dover Road, separating Bermondsey from Rotherhithe and Deptford parishes; skirts along the rear of the houses in the Kent Road and the Borough High Street; enters Bermondsey Street by Snow's Fields; and proceeds thence to St. Saviour's (once called Savory) Dock. Let us, however, take a ramble over the bridge, and commence our observations at its south-eastern corner, proceeding thence in the direction of Rotherhithe.

Perhaps no part of the metropolis has suffered greater changes of appearance in modern times than that at which we begin the survey of Bermondsey. The southern approaches to the new London Bridge required such a large increase to be made in the elevation of the roadways, that the west end of Tooley Street would have been sunk in a valley, had not a reconstruction of that part been made. The only mode of carrying the roadway continuously from the High Street towards Dockhead was by an inclined plane; and on the northern side of this plane the houses have been rebuilt in an elegant and substantial manner, forming a striking contrast, both in appearance and in elevation, to the houses which previously occupied that portion of Tooley Street. A still greater change has occurred on the southern side: for here we meet with the terminus to the Greenwich Railway, which is also the terminus to the Croydon and the Brighton Railways. At present, the chief feature which this terminus presents is that of a large, scantily occupied, and somewhat inelegant area of ground, rendered busy and bustling by those peculiar scenes which distinguish the terminus of a Railway; but it is not improbable that this spot may be more diversified by buildings in a few years.

After passing two or three large wharfs, and the high building on which the London station of Watson's telegraphic line is erected, we enter fairly upon the old and unaltered portion of Tooley Street, whose name is a strange corruption of the former appellation, St. Olave's Street, and whose shops exhibit a singular mixture of the features which are found separate in other parts of the district:—wharfingers, merchants, salesmen, factors, and agents; store-shippers, biscuit-bakers, outfitters, ship-chandlers, slop-sellers, block-makers, and rope-makers; engineers and other manufacturers; together with the usual varieties of retail tradesmen—all point to the diversified, and no less busy than diversified, traffic of this street. "Here," it has been said truly, "the crane and the pulley seem never to be idle."

If we turn out of this leading thoroughfare into any of the narrow streets which bend towards the river, we find still greater indications of the warehousing and wharfing system; and singular indeed are the contrasts which some of these streets have exhibited at different times. Mill Lane, for example, which leads down to Battlebridge Stairs, occupies the site of the London manor-house, or "inn," of the abbots of Battle—the "Maze" (now an assemblage of small streets on the opposite side of Tooley Street) having once been the garden attached to the manor-house. From Morgan's Lane to St. Saviour's Dock there is a line of street—called in one part Pickle-herring Street, and in another Shad Thames—which exhibits an uninterrupted series of wharfs, warehouses, mills, and factories, on both sides of a narrow and crowded roadway. The buildings on the northern side are contiguous to the river; and through gateways and openings in these we witness the busy scenes and the mazes of shipping which

pertain to such a spot. We see the handiwork of Commerce, who, to use the words of Thomson,—

“ the big warehouse built,
Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods!
Chose for his grac'd resort !”

In advancing towards St. Saviour's Dock, a short inlet between the river and Dockhead, we leave on the right a few streets which collectively form what is termed HORSLEYDOWN—once “ Horse-down,” a grazing-ground for horses; and after passing several large granaries we arrive at the southern end of St. Saviour's Dock. Here commences the parish of Bermondsey; and a little farther progress brings us to a district as remarkable for its appearance as for its importance, in past times at least, to the manufactures of Bermondsey. All Londoners have heard of the “ Rookery,” or, more irreverently, the “ Holy Land” of St. Giles's; but far less is known of “ Jacob's Island” in Bermondsey, though it has been rendered familiar to many by the most successful of living novelists. The first street beyond St. Saviour's Dock is Mill Street; and as we pass down it a glance will detect, on the right hand, several openings leading to small, crazy, and very primitive wooden bridges. If we cross one of these bridges, and examine the spot to which it leads, we find that a stream, about twenty feet wide, entirely encircles a cluster of mean and dilapidated houses, to which access is gained by about a dozen wooden bridges from the “ terra firma” on the other side of the stream. This stream is bounded on the four sides by Mill Street, Bermondsey Wall, Nutkin's Court, and London Street; and from the east end of the latter “ Jacob's Island” can be seen in all its ragged glory. The ditch becomes filled with water at every high tide. In one of Mr. Dickens's most popular works,* the features which this spot presents are described so vividly, and with such close accuracy, that we cannot do better than quote the passage. He first speaks of the ditch itself and the houses exterior to the island. “ A stranger, standing on one of the wooden bridges thrown across this ditch in Mill Street, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering, from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails and domestic utensils in which to haul the water up; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries, common to the backs of half a dozen houses, with holes from whence to look on the slime beneath; windows, broken and patched, with poles thrust out on which to dry the linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it, as some of them have done; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations—all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.” This is the scene in the narrow passages near the Island, two of which are known by the humble names of Halfpenny Alley and Farthing Alley. In Jacob's Island itself the “ warehouses are roofless and empty, the walls are crumbling down, the windows are now no windows, the

* “ Oliver Twist,” vol. iii. p. 240.

doors are falling into the street, the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke; and, through losses and Chancery suits, it is made quite a desolate island indeed."

Rough and wild as the spot appears when the ditch is filled at high tide, yet, if we visit it six hours afterwards, when mud usurps the place of water, more than one organ of sense is strongly and unpleasantly appealed to. Wilkinson gave a view of this spot in the '*Londina Illustrata*' more than twenty years ago; and the interval of time does not seem to have produced much change in the appearance of the scene. In the plate here alluded to, the artist (and spectator likewise) is supposed to be standing on Jacob's Island, and looking across the Folly Ditch to the crazy, ancient houses of London Street.

The history of this ditch or tide-stream is connected, in a remarkable way, with the manufacturing features of Bermondsey. When the Abbey was at the height of its glory, and formed a nucleus to which all else in the neighbourhood was subordinate, the supply of water for its inmates was obtained from the Thames through the medium of this tide. Bermondsey was probably at one time very little better than a morass, the whole being low and level: indeed, at the present time, manufacturers in that locality find the utmost difficulty in obtaining a firm foundation for their buildings, such is the spongy nature of the ground. In the early period just alluded to, the spot, besides being low, was almost entirely unencumbered with buildings; and thus a channel from the Thames, although not many feet in depth, was filled throughout the entire district at every high tide. There was a mill at the river-side, at which the corn for the granary of the Abbey was ground; and this mill was turned by the flux and reflux of the water along the channel. When the Abbey was destroyed, and the ground passed into the possession of others, the houses which were built on the site still received a supply of water from this water-course. In process of time tanneries were established on the spot, most probably on account of the valuable supply of fresh water obtainable every twelve hours from the river. This seems to be an opinion entertained by many of the principal manufacturers of the place. There appears reason to believe that the Neckinger, the name which the ditch formerly held, was by degrees made to supply other ditches, or small water-courses cut in different directions, and placed in communication with it; for, provided they were all nearly on a level, each high tide would as easily fill a dozen as a single one. Had there been no mill at the mouth of the channel, the supply might have gone on continuously; but the mill continued to be moved by the stream, and to be held by parties who neither had nor felt any interest in the affairs of the Neckinger manufacturers. Disagreements thence arose; and we find that, about fifty years ago, the tanners in the central parts of Bermondsey instituted a suit against the owner of the mill for shutting off the tide when it suited his own purpose so to do, to the detriment of the leather-manufacturers. The ancient usages of the district were brought forward in evidence; and the result was, that the right of the inhabitants to a supply of water from the river, at every high tide, was confirmed to the discomfiture of the mill-owner. Since that period there have been occasional disagreements between the manufacturers and the owners of the mill (now a lead-mill), respecting the closing of sluice-gates, the repair and cleansing of the ditch, and the construction of wooden bridges across it; but

the tide has, with few exceptions, flowed to and fro daily from the Thames to the neighbourhood of the Grange and Neekinger Roads. We have visited three or four of the largest establishments in Bermondsey, and find that they are still dependent on the tide-stream for the water—very abundant in quantity—required in the manufacture of leather. Other manufacturers have, however, now constructed Artesian wells on their premises, while the mill at the mouth of the stream is worked by steam-power, so that the channel itself is much less important than in former times. It is anything but a “New River” in cleanliness and neatness of appearance. At present it is under the management of Commissioners, consisting of the principal manufacturers, who are empowered to levy a small rate for its maintenance and repair.

This stream has somewhat detained us in our circuit walk, but it is so closely connected with the establishment and advancement of the staple manufacture of the district that we have felt it proper not to omit these details. The interest which the older inhabitants of the parish still take in the decision of 1786 indicates the importance attached to it.

When we have passed St. Saviour’s Dock, in our ramble eastward, we see that the region of wharfs and granaries, of warehouses and factories, has in part given place to features of a more maritime character. We are approaching towards Rotherhithe. We meet seamen—sauntering, jovial, careless, light-hearted seamen—in the streets. We meet with rope-walks, anchor-smitheries, boat-builders; with outfitters, slopsellers, sea-biscuit bakers; with dealers in all the knick-knacks to which “Jack” is so much attached. The opposite side of the river presents these features in a more marked degree, but the eastern parts of Bermondsey are not without them. The same picture, but painted in stronger colours, presents itself through the greater part of Rotherhithe, past the entrance to the Thames Tunnel—past the Surrey Dock—to the Greenland Dock, that “profitable nuisance,” as Pennant once termed it, when the whale-fishery was at its height. But it is not of Rotherhithe that we have here to speak: we will, therefore, bend our steps southward.

The belt of houses which skirts the Thames at the junction of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe does not extend far from its banks before we obtain glimpses of the nursery-grounds and market-gardens—the third feature in this district. Here, too, we meet with another of those streams which seem at one time to have been so plentiful in this locality. Contiguous to a narrow street called West Lane, which we believe separates the two parishes, is a stream, or ditch, communicating with the Thames, and sending out a number of minor branches, which, turning and winding, and commingling with each other, form a number of little islands in the open fields of Rotherhithe. These islands were formerly used as bleaching-grounds; but they now present rather a desolate appearance, and the streams are muddy and ill ordered.

Such a curious intermixture of agricultural and manufacturing labour, of nature and art, of open ground and close factories, we do not know in any other part of London, as in the district intersected by the Greenwich Railway in the second mile of its length. We may go to many parts of the metropolis and see groups of black chimneys and large buildings, symbols of the operations conducted within; we may visit many other districts in which the nurseryman or the

market-gardener pursues his labours in an atmosphere (for London) tolerably free from smoke; but here the two characteristics present themselves in common. The market-gardens are very extensive; and between them, at various isolated spots, are the factories: here, white-lead works; a little farther on, a rope-walk; then chemical-works, oil-cloth works, paper-mills, glue-manufactories, engine-factories; and farther westward, the thickly-congregated leather-manufactories. In most of these instances each factory is isolated, having gardens within a few yards of it on all sides. A lover of the pastoral and the picturesque might not think the gardens improved, in rural association or in appearance, by the presence of these busy scenes of industry; but it is only one instance of that which overgrown London exhibits on every side—the gradual absorption of green fields in the labyrinth of brick and mortar, a process by which Greenwich and Hampstead, Clapham and Hammersmith, bid fair to be eventually as much *in* London as Pimlico, Bermondsey, and Mile End now are. The market-gardens between Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Deptford, and the Kent Road still exist, however, and we are indebted to them for no small portion of our daily supply of culinary vegetables. On market mornings, at two or three o'clock, the market-gardener's waggon is receiving its store, and setting out for Covent Garden Market, where the greater part of the produce is sold; and on the same day all may buy just as much of this food as they may require, and in any corner of London. This is not the place to dwell on the wonderful yet simple machinery by which a large city is supplied with its daily store of food; but such thoughts naturally occur to the mind when a district of market-gardens is spread out before us.

The Roman Catholic Convent, noticed in our last Chapter, is situated at the spot where the maritime and the agricultural districts may be said to meet. It is at the corner of a street called Parker's Row, the north end of which belongs to the former, and the south to the latter. Nay, the Convent is associated with another circumstance which still more disturbs those notions of seclusion and romance which we in England are accustomed to entertain in respect to such establishments: the site on which it is erected was previously a tan-yard, supplied with water from the tide-stream, which passes close to the Convent in its progress from the Folly to the neighbourhood of the Neckinger Mills. At a short distance from this Convent is the pleasantly-situated New Church of Bermondsey.

In proceeding southward from the "water-side division" of Bermondsey (as that part is called which is nearest to the Thames), we may select among many tolerably pleasant roads and pathways, passing through, or rather dividing, the nursery-grounds, and leading to the manufacturing establishments which speckle the scene. One of the prettiest of these is Blue Anchor Lane, passing beneath one of the arches of the railway, and having extensive market-gardens stretching out on either side of it. Another is Blue Anchor Road, exhibiting, among more agreeable features of the spot, many shapeless and inelegant masses of building: these consist of rope-walks, paper-mills, an engine-factory, a glue-factory, &c. Manor Lane and Corbett's Lane, Grange Road and Willow Walk, all present sufficient that is green and pleasant to induce a ramble through them, interspersed with features more interesting to the manufacturer than to the gardener.

or to the lover of country scenery. In a road called the Spa Road, leading eastward to Bermondsey New Church, we meet with the Spa from which the road derived its name. A chalybeate spring was discovered here about seventy years ago; and the place was converted into a sort of tea-garden by an ingenious man, who had exhibited some talent for painting, and who decorated his house of entertainment with subjects from his own pencil. The following description from Hughson, compared with the "Mount Heclas" and "Mount Vesuviuses" of modern exhibitions, will make us doubt whether there is really anything new "under the sun." Mr. Keyse, the proprietor, established a sort of Vauxhall at the Bermondsey Spa, and, finding this to succeed, his ingenuity "suggested various improvements, and among others he entertained the public with an excellent representation of the siege of Gibraltar, consisting of transparencies and fireworks, constructed and arranged by Mr. Keyse himself; the height of the rock was fifty, and the length two hundred feet; the whole of the apparatus covering about four acres of ground."

On the east of the nursery-grounds are the docks, ponds, and reservoirs belonging to the Commercial, the Greenland, and the Grand Surry Docks; and also the buildings which constitute the town of Deptford. These collectively separate the Bermondsey nurseries from that bend or "reach" of the Thames which bounds the western side of the Isle of Dogs.

If we draw a line from Bermondsey New Church to the intersection of the Grange Road with the Old Kent Road, we shall find to the west, or rather the north-west, of that line nearly the whole of the factories connected with the leather and wool trade of London. A circle one mile in diameter, having its centre at the spot where the Abbey once stood, will include within its limits most of the tanners, the curriers, the fellmongers, the woolstaplers, the leather-factors, the leather-dressers, the leather-dyers, the parchment-makers, and the glue-makers, for which this district is so remarkable. There is scarcely a street, a road, a lane, into which we can turn without seeing evidences of one or other of these occupations. One narrow road—leading from the Grange Road to the Kent Road—is particularly distinguishable for the number of leather-factories which it exhibits on either side; some time-worn and mean, others newly and skilfully erected. Another street, known as Long Lane, and lying westward of the church, exhibits nearly twenty distinct establishments where skins or hides undergo some of the many processes to which they are subjected. In Snow's Fields, in Bermondsey New Road, in Russell Street, upper and lower, in Willow Walk, and Page's Walk, and Grange Walk, and others whose names we cannot now remember—in all of these, leather, skins, and wool seem to be the commodities out of which the wealth of the inhabitants has been created. Even the public-houses give note of these peculiarities, by the signs chosen for them, such as the "Woolpack," the "Fellmongers' Arms," "Simon the Tanner," and others of like import. If there is any district in London whose inhabitants might be excused for supporting the proposition that "there is nothing like leather," surely Bermondsey is that place!

It might at first seem that the connexion between leather and wool is not very apparent, the nature, uses, and preparation of the two being so very dissimilar; but when we remember that both are taken from those animals whose flesh sup-

plies us with one portion of our daily food, and in part from other animals, we perceive a reason why the cleansing and preparation of them are conveniently effected in one spot. The ox yields hide for stout leather; the sheep yields wool and skin for thin leather and parchment; the horse yields hide and valuable hair; and from the following enumeration of some of the manufacturers in Bermondsey Street alone it will be seen how many branches of trade spring from these sources:—hide-sellers, tanners, leather-dressers, morocco-leather dressers, leather sellers and cutters, curriers, parchment-makers, wool-agents, wool-staplers, horse-hair manufacturers, hair and flock manufacturers, patent hair-felt manufacturers. There are, besides these, skin and hide salesmen, fellmongers, leather-dyers, and glue-makers, in other parts of the vicinity.

The extent to which these branches of manufacture are carried on at Bermondsey has never, as far as we are aware, been ascertained; but it must be enormous. The following remarks of Mr. McCulloch ('Statistical Account of the British Empire') will illustrate the national importance of the manufacture of leather. After alluding to the large scale in which the manufacture is carried on at Bermondsey, that gentleman states, that, besides the hides and skins of animals slaughtered in this country, vast quantities are imported from abroad, to be tanned or dressed in England. "At an average of the years 1833 and 1834, no fewer than 304,279 cwt., or 34,079,248 lbs., of foreign cow, ox, and buffalo hides were entered for home consumption, exclusive of vast quantities of lamb-skins, goat-skins, &c. The total quantity of all sorts of leather, tawed, tanned, dressed, and curried in Great Britain may at present be estimated at about 65,000,000; which, at 1s. 6d. per pound, gives 4,875,000*l.* as the value of the leather alone." He proceeds to estimate the value of this leather, when manufactured into shoes, harness, gloves, and other saleable articles, at nearly three times this amount, or at 13,000,000*l.* per annum. This sum he divides into three portions, viz., 4,875,000*l.* for the raw material; 2,031,000*l.* for profits, rent of workshops, and capital invested; and 6,094,000*l.* for wages. The distribution of this large amount of wages he thus conjectures:—"Supposing those employed as shoemakers, saddlers, glovers, &c., to make, one with another, 30*l.* a-year, the total number of such persons will be 203,000. This, however, does not give the total number of persons employed in the leather-trade, inasmuch as it excludes the tanners, curriers, &c., employed in dressing and preparing the leather. But if, from the value of the prepared leather, 4,875,000*l.*, we deduct 1,500,000*l.* for the value of the hides and skins, and 2,300,000*l.* for tanners' and curriers' profits, including the expense of bark, lime, pits, &c., we have 1,075,000*l.* left as wages. Now, as the wages of tanners, curriers, leather-dressers, &c., may, we believe, be taken at 35*l.* a-year at an average, we shall have 30,700 as the number employed in these departments; and, adding these to the persons employed in manufacturing the leather, we have a grand total of 233,700 employed in the various departments of the business."

These are high numbers, and point to the vast importance of this department of manufacture. The nature of our publication does not admit details of manufacturing processes, nor descriptions of particular factories; but the topography and general features of Bermondsey are so dependent on the subdivision of em-

ployments arising out of the leather-manufacture, that we deem it right to glance rapidly at them.

In the Chapter relating to "Smithfield," the career of the ox and the sheep is traced down to the point when the drovers consign the animals to the hands of the butcher. Let us take up the thread of the story from that point. The animals are slaughtered, the flesh is retailed for the tables of rich and poor, and the skins and hides pass into other hands. Who is there that has not, at some time or other, had his ears dinned and tormented in the London streets by a cart, rattling and rumbling over the rough stones, and laden with sheep-skins? Neither the sound, nor the sight, nor the odour is a pleasant one; yet is there the germ of much wealth in those carts. They do not belong to the butcher, nor to the tanner, nor to the leather-dresser, nor to the wool-dealer; they are owned by "skin-salesmen," who act as agents between buyer and seller. As the Smithfield salesman transacts the dealings between the country grazier and the London butcher, receiving a small per centage on the purchase price of the animals; as the Mark Lane corn-factor sells the corn of the country farmer to the miller, the mealman, or the corn-chandler of London, receiving in like manner a small payment for his services; so does the skin-salesman act as agent for the butcher, disposing of the skins to the "fell-monger," and receiving a few pence on the purchase-money of each. There are some fell-mongers in Bermondsey who purchase their sheep-skins directly from the butchers, without the intervention of a salesman; but the general system is as we have stated.

It may next be asked whether these skins, thus taken away in carts from the butchers and slaughterers, are conveyed to factories, to storchouses, or to markets? If the "fell-monger" is the purchaser, the skins are conveyed to his yard; but if, as is more common, the salesman is employed as an intermediate party, the skins are conveyed to the Skin Market in Bermondsey. Until within the last few years, there were two places used as skin-markets on the Southwark side of the water; one near Blackfriars Road, and the other near the Southwark Bridge Road: but the tanners and leather-dressers, deeming it desirable to concentrate the whole routine of operations, made arrangements for building the present Leather and Skin Market. They formed a company, subscribed a joint stock, and purchased a large piece of ground a little to the north of Long Lane, Bermondsey; and by about the year 1833 the whole was completed, at an expense of nearly fifty thousand pounds. On passing into New Weston Street from Long Lane we see the front portion of this building on the right-hand side. It is a long series of brick warehouses, lighted by a range of windows, and having an arched entrance gateway at either end. These entrances open into a quadrangle or court, covered for the most part with grass, and surrounded by warehouses. In the warehouses is transacted the business of a class of persons who are termed "leather-factors," who sell to the curriers or leather-sellers leather belonging to the tanners; or sell London-tanned leather to country purchasers, or country-tanned leather to London purchasers: in short, they are middlemen in the traffic in leather, as skin-salesmen are in the traffic in skins. Beyond this first quadrangle is a second, called the "Skin Depository," and having four entrances, two from the larger quadrangle, and two from a street leading into

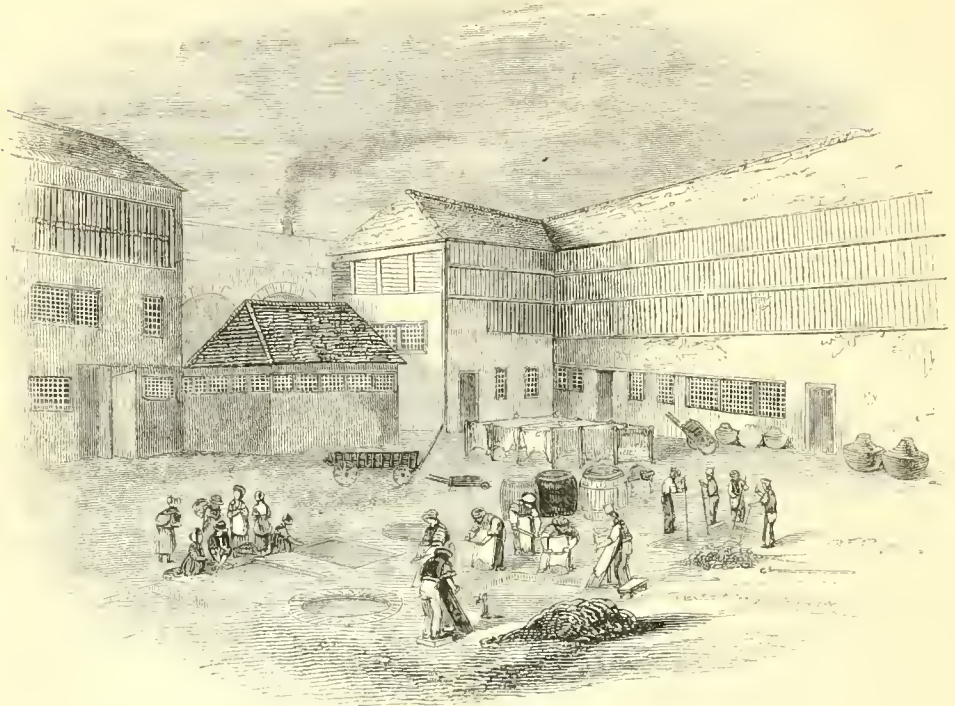
Bermondsey Street. This depository is an oblong plot of ground terminated by semicircular ends: it is pitched with common road-stones along the middle, and flagged round with a broad foot-pavement. Over the pavement, through its whole extent, is an arcade supported by pillars; and the portion of pavement included between every two contiguous pillars is called a "bay." There are about fifty of these "bays," which are let out to skin-salesmen at about twelve pounds per annum each; and on the pavement of his bay the salesman exposes the skins which he is commissioned to sell. Here on market-days may be seen a busy scene of traffic between the salesmen on the one hand and the fellmongers on the other. The carts, laden with sheep-skins, come rattling into the place, and draw up in the road-way of the depository; the skins are taken out, and ranged on the pavement of the bays; the sellers and buyers make their bargains; the purchase-money is paid into the hands of the salesman, and by him transmitted to the butcher; and the skins are removed to the yards of the fellmongers. Our frontispiece presents a sketch of the scene here described.

It is necessary here to mention a distinction which is made between *hides* and *skins*. The transactions alluded to above relate to skins only, that is, the coverings of sheep and calves, whereas the skins of oxen and horses are known in the trade as *hides*. It was supposed, when the New Skin-Market was built, that the dealings in hides would, in part at least, be carried on there as well as that in skins. But nearly all the ox-hides, from which the thicker kinds of leather are made, are still sold at Leadenhall Market, which has long been the centre of this trade. It is not difficult to see why this is the case, for cattle are generally slaughtered, not on the premises of the butcher, but in slaughter-houses near the flesh-markets, and therefore in the vicinity of Leadenhall hide-market. The grass-plot now existing in the area of the larger quadrangle of the Skin-Market is intended to be covered with additional warehouses or depositories, whenever the traffic may render such a step desirable. Nearly all the leather manufacturers in Bermondsey are proprietors in this Market.

There is, then, this difference between the earlier operations of the fellmongers and the tanners of Bermondsey, that the former purchase sheepskins at the Bermondsey Market from salesmen who act as agents to the London butchers, and then prepare the skins for the leather-dressers and parchment-makers; whereas the tanners purchase ox, cow, and calf skins at Leadenhall Market, from the hide-salesmen, as also horse-hides from the persons known as "knackers," and then tan these hides. There are many points of similarity between the two departments; but there are also differences which make a broad line of distinction between them.

All the tanneries in London, with, we believe, one exception, are situated in Bermondsey; and all present nearly the same features. Whoever has resolution enough to brave the appeals to his organ of smell, and visit one of these places, will see a large area of ground—sometimes open above, and in other cases covered by a roof—intersected by pits or oblong cisterns, whose upper edges are level with the ground: these cisterns are the tan-pits, in which hides are exposed to the action of liquor containing oak-bark. He will see, perhaps, in one corner of the premises, a heap of ox and cow horns, just removed from the hide, and about to be sold to the comb-makers, the knife-handle-makers, and other manu-

facturers of horn. He will see in another corner a heap of refuse matter about to be consigned to the glue-manufacturer. In a covered building he will find a



[Neckinger Mills Leather Manufactory, Bermondsey.]

heap of hides exposed to the action of lime, for loosening the hair with which the pelt is covered; and in an adjoining building he will probably see a number of men scraping the surfaces of the hides, to prepare them for the tan-pits. In many of the tanneries, though not all, he will see stacks of spent tan, no longer useful in the tannery, but destined for fuel or manure, or gardeners' hot-beds. In airy buildings he will see the tanned leather hanging up to dry, disposed in long ranges of rooms or galleries. Such are the features which all the tanneries, with some minor differences, exhibit.

In the Willow Walk, and one or two other places in the vicinity, may be seen instances of one of the purposes to which tan is appropriated. A large plot of ground contains, in addition to heaps of tan, skeleton frames about five or six feet in height, consisting of a range of shelves one above another; and on these shelves are placed the oblong rectangular pieces of "tan-turf," with which the middle classes have not much to do, but which are extensively purchased for fuel, at "ten or twelve for a penny," by the humbler classes. This is one of the numerous branches of trade arising out of the leather-manufacture, and giving to Bermondsey so many of its peculiar characteristics.

The whole of the fell-mongers belonging to the metropolis are congregated within a small circle around the Skin-Market in Weston Street. It forms no part

of the occupation of these persons to convert the sheepskins into leather. The skins pass into their hands with the wool on, just as they are taken from the sheep; and the fellmonger then proceeds to remove the wool from the pelt, and to cleanse the latter from some of the impurities with which it is coated. This occupation is extremely dirty and disagreeable, and offers few inducements to a visit from a stranger.

The produce of the fellmongers' labours passes into the hands of two or three other classes of manufacturers, such as the wool-stapler, the leather-dresser, and the parchment-maker. The wool-staplers, thirty or forty in number, are, like the fell-mongers, located almost without a single exception in Bermondsey. They are wool-dealers, who purchase the commodity as taken from the skins, and sell it to the hatters, the woollen and worsted manufacturers, and others. They are scarcely to be denominated manufacturers, since the wool passes through their hands without undergoing any particular change or preparation; it is sorted into various qualities, and, like the foreign wool, packed in bags for the market. In a street called Russell Street, intersecting Bermondsey Street, the large warehouses of these wool-staplers may be seen in great number; tiers of ware or store rooms, with cranes over them; waggons in the yard beneath; huge bags filled with wool—some arriving and others departing—these are the appearances which a wool-warehouse presents. It may, perhaps, not be wholly unnecessary to observe, that the sheep's wool here spoken of is only that portion which is taken from the pelt or skin of the slaughtered animal, and which is known by the name of skin-wool. The portion which is taken from the animal during life, and which is called "shear-wool," possesses qualities in some respects different from the former, and passes through various hands. As very few sheep are sheared near London, the shear-wool is not, generally speaking, brought into the London market, except that which comes from abroad.

The leather-dresser, to whom the pelts (the name applied to skins when the wool has been removed from them) are consigned by the fell-monger, undertakes the preparation of all the thinner kinds of leather, whether from the sheep-pelts just alluded to, or from goat, kid, deer, dog, or other thin skins. The leather for gloves, for women's shoes, for bookbinders, for coach-trimmings, and for ornamental purposes, is mostly prepared by the leather-dresser, who differs from the tanner in this, that the latter prepares the thicker hides, which require the process of tanning; whereas the former manufactures those thinner kinds of leather which are prepared with alum, with oil, and with other substances, but not by tanning. The same remark may be applied to the leather-dressers of the metropolis as to the tanners, the fell-mongers, and the wool-staplers—Bermondsey contains them all, with few exceptions. A leather-dresser's manufactory presents many of the features observable in a tannery. There are the pits or cisterns in which the skins and pelts are steeped; there are the blocks on which the skins are placed while being scraped; there are the drying-rooms in which the prepared leather is hung. But there are points in which the two kinds of factories differ. When the tanner has tanned his leather, any staining, softening, or farther preparation which it may require is performed by the currier; whereas the leather-dresser brings the thinner kinds of leather to a completion, carrying

on within his own establishment all the processes, from the cleaning of the pelt to the consignment of the leather to the glove-maker, the shoemaker, or the bookbinder. The dyeing of coloured leather, the "tawing" of white leather, the "shammoying" of wash-leather—all are done, to a greater or less extent, by the leather-dresser. There is one extensive establishment at Bermondsey, known as the Neckinger Mills, at which, in addition to other varieties of leather, a very large proportion of all the "morocco-leather" made in England is produced. The stores of prepared leather kept at an establishment of this kind are immense. The mills here spoken of were built sixty or eighty years ago by a company who attempted the manufacture of paper from straw; but this failing, the premises passed into the hands of others, who established the leather-manufacture. In illustration of what was formerly stated respecting the tide-streams, we may remark that this is one of the factories which still obtain their supply of water from this source. We have thought that a wood-cut representation, given in a previous page, of a leather-manufacturer's establishment, will convey a general idea of the appearance which Bermondsey derives from the numerous examples of them.

Glue-manufactories form another item in the list for which Bermondsey is so remarkable, and which, so far as the metropolis is concerned, is confined almost wholly to that locality. Here, as in the leather-manufacture, both buildings and open ground are required. The small erections which we have spoken of as being visible in the glue-manufactories from the Greenwich Railway are covered stages, or tiers of frames, each frame having a net-work stretched across it, for the reception of thin cakes of glue, which are thus dried by the access of air. In passing one of these factories more closely, the eye of a stranger is attracted by the appearance of thousands of small white substances, either suspended under roofs or lying on stages exposed to the open air. These are scraps and parings of hides and skins, useless to the leather-manufacturer, but valuable to the glue-maker, as the substance whence his glue is produced: they are thus exposed for the purpose of being dried before the gelatine is extracted from them. After all this has been done—after the tanner and the fellmonger, the leather-dresser and the glue-maker, have derived from the hides and skins all that is valuable to them, and have coined gold out of these rude substances—the refuse still possesses a value as manure, for which purpose it is sold to agriculturists and gardeners.

There was a time when the manufacture of hats formed one of the characteristics of this neighbourhood; but this branch of manufacture, from some cause with which we are not well acquainted, has suffered a curious migration. At about the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, the "Maze" (a district between Bermondsey Street and the Borough High Street), Tooley Street, the northern end of Bermondsey Street, and other streets in the immediate vicinity, formed the grand centre of the hat-manufacture of London; but since then some commercial motive-power has exerted a leverage which has transferred nearly the whole assemblage farther westward. If we wish to find the centre of this manufacture, with its subordinate branches of hat-block makers, hat-dyers, hat-lining and leather cutters, hat-shag makers, hat-tip makers, hat-bowstring

makers, hat-furriers, hat-trimming makers, &c., we must visit the district included between the Borough High Street and Blackfriars Road. A glance at that curious record of statistical facts, a 'London Directory,' will show to what an extent this manufacture is carried on in the district just marked out. It is true that Bermondsey still contains one hat-factory which has been characterised as the largest in the world, and that Tooley Street still exhibits a sprinkling of smaller firms; but the manufacture is no longer a feature to be numbered among the peculiarities of Bermondsey.

The connexion between fur, hair, wool, and skin—all being portions of the coating of animals—might raise a supposition that the manufacture or rather preparation of the first, like that of the other three, is carried on at Bermondsey. But this is the case only to a small extent. The fur for hatters is cut from the pelts of the beaver, the neutria, the rabbit, and other fur-bearing animals, by a class of tradesmen called "hatters' furriers," residing principally in the hat-making district; while the furs which are left on the pelts such as are used for muffs and tippetts are slightly dressed by persons residing in various parts of London.

A walk through the streets of Bermondsey shows us that everybody is busy and active. Scarcely any houses are shut up—scarcely any loiterers or idlers are looking about for a leaning-post. Unlike Spitalfields, which experiences great and frequent depressions in trade—thus bearing heavily on the resources and the comforts of the weaver—the staple manufacture of Bermondsey seems always more or less flourishing. We seldom hear of petitions, and subscriptions, and appeals, for the "poor tanners;" and long may it be before such are heard!

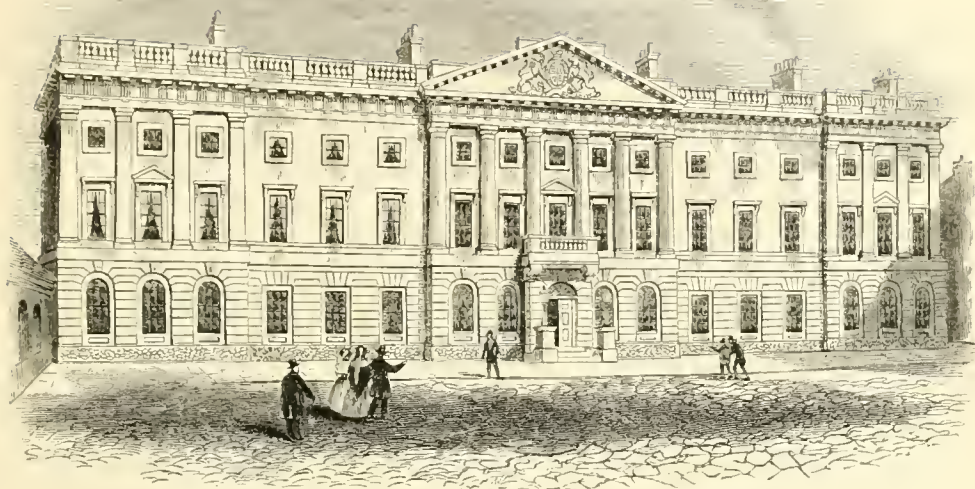
If this article should fall into the hands of any who are accustomed to cross London Bridge daily in the course of their regular avocations, they will probably understand to whom we allude when we speak of the sack and bag women of Bermondsey. Not more regular are the "short stages" and omnibuses in their daily arrival from the villages south of the Thames, than the women whom we see bustling along to and fro over London Bridge. Their features show them to be generally natives of the "Emerald Isle;" their garb shows that they move in a humble, a very humble, station in life; but their light and rapid walk or run, or—perhaps more correctly—trot, indicates the happy activity of persons having "something to do" by which an honest living may be gained. These women carry on their heads bundles of coarse canvas, either made up into bags and sacks, or about so to be. The corn-trade of Mark-Lane, the wool-trade of Bermondsey, and other branches of commercial dealings, require a very large supply of coarse bags and sacks. There are many firms whose sole or principal occupation is to manufacture these bags, while other persons keep "sack and bag hire-warehouses."

The women to whom we allude are the persons who make these bags and sacks. They go to the warehouses, principally on the northern side of the water, receive each a bundle of coarse canvas or other woven material sufficient to make a certain number of bags, place the bundles on their heads, and—braving weather and crowds and interruptions right merrily—hasten to their own poor

dwellings, which are principally in the lower parts of Bermondsey. They receive, as may be supposed, an extremely low price for the labour which they bestow. As soon as the bags are made they are wrapped up into a bundle and carried home to the warehouses. The morning is the time when these busy journeyings to and fro are principally made; and they form one among the many "moving pictures" which London Bridge presents.



[Bermondsey Sack and Bag Women, London Bridge.]



[The Mint.]

LIII.—THE MINT.

A STRIKING illustration of the magnitude of the transactions of the British Empire may be drawn from the recent records of the Mint. Between the years 1816 and 1836 the money coined in it amounted in round numbers to a quarter of a million of copper, twelve millions of silver, and considerably above fifty-five millions of gold, making a total of between sixty-seven and sixty-eight millions of money sent into circulation within twenty years. Whilst we are dealing with figures, we may add that the charge for coining this enormous amount of precious metal was nearly four hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds, and the actual cost about two hundred and fourteen thousand pounds, leaving a profit to the Company of Moneyers not much less in amount. Any one may send bullion to be coined, but for many years the Bank of England alone has been the medium between the foreign importer and the Mint. During the lapse of time the sources of our supplies of bullion have been frequently changed. Time was when even England itself added silver to the other inexhaustible stores which it was for ever pouring forth from its bosom; Edward I., for instance, received no

less than seven hundred and four pounds *weight* of silver during the year 1296 from Devonshire, and down to the reign of George I. silver money has been coined from the proceeds of the Welsh and other native mines. The principal sources of supply at present are the mines of Peru and Mexico for both silver and gold; and from the mines comparatively recently discovered in the Russian Ural mountains a large quantity of gold is also received. The Bank buys silver at the market price, which fluctuates; gold at 3*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* per ounce; but it will make no purchases of gold without having first sent specimens for assay to the king's assay-master of the Mint. This is the simple history of our uncoined money generally. But there are some notable exceptions. A few weeks since the newspapers of the day informed us that considerable interest was excited by the arrival in the Borough of the first portion of the ransom payable by the Chinese nation to the British Government, which amounted to two millions of dollars. It was packed in wooden chests, and filled ten waggons and carts, forming a train of considerable length; and was escorted by a detachment of the 32nd regiment. The whole passed over London Bridge, and was conveyed to the Bank. This money, which weighs upwards of sixty-five tons, was brought from China by Her Majesty's ship 'Conway.' It will, no doubt, ultimately be coined into British money, and we shall be circulating our shillings and sixpences to and fro without the slightest notion of their having once formed a part of the price of Canton—nay, for aught we know, some of them may in their state of transformation find their way back again to the Celestial Empire, to gladden, possibly, for a second time the eyes of some unconscious Chinese, and be treasured for their novelty in the same cabinet where they had previously been hoarded for their intrinsic value. In 1804 a somewhat similar convoy passed through the streets, which had been taken under no less memorable circumstances. Political considerations having determined our Government to commence war with Spain, a bright notion occurred to it before making a formal declaration of its purposes. Some Spanish vessels with treasure were then expected home; accordingly Captain Moore, with four vessels, was despatched to intercept them. He was successful, but did not obtain possession of the prize till the Spanish admiral's vessel had blown up, and some hundreds of persons had gone to their last account. To the honour of the British people, their indignation was all but universal. There was one incident that did much to deepen the general impression of the affair. A Spanish gentleman was on board one of the ships, who, after twenty-five years' industry and economy in America, had realised a fortune, and was now returning to his native country, contented in its possession, and blessed with a numerous and beautiful family to share it. Before the action commenced, he, with one of his sons, went on board one of the largest ships, the better perhaps to assist in repelling so unexpected an attack; and in a few minutes beheld the one in which he had left his wife and his other children surrounded with flames. This was the admiral's ship already mentioned.

None of the humiliating and painful reflections attached to this case belonged to the one preceding it by some forty years, and which accordingly seems to have been marked by a very joyous sort of procession. The day was a remarkable one, being that on which the young sovereign George the Third's first son and successor was born. "Just after Her Majesty was safely in her bed, the waggons with the

treasure of the 'Hermione' entered St. James's Street; on which His Majesty and the nobility went to the windows over the palace-gate to see them, and joined their acclamations on two such joyful occasions; from whence the procession proceeded to the Tower in the following order, viz.:—A company of light horse, attended with kettle-drums, French horns, trumpets, and hautboys. A covered waggon, decorated with an English jack, and a Spanish flag underneath, hanging behind the waggon. Two more covered waggons. Seven waggons uncovered. And, lastly, a covered waggon, decorated with an English jack and a Spanish flag. In the whole twenty waggons. The procession was concluded with an officer on horseback, carrying an English ensign, attended by another holding a drawn cutlass. The escort to each waggon consisted of four marines with their bayonets fixed. The whole cavalcade was saluted by the people with acclamations of joy. On opening some of the chests at the Bank they were greatly surprised to find a bag full of gold instead of silver in one of them; several have since been found of the same kind."* The treasure weighed sixty-five tons, and was valued at nearly a million sterling. In the last incident of this kind we shall mention, which occurred just a century before, the money was obtained without violence of any kind from its owners, yet not the less disgraceful was its possession. It was the purchase-money of Dunkirk, acquired by Cromwell, and so much valued by the English people, that just before the sale was concluded the merchants of London offered through the Lord Mayor any sum of money to Charles rather than it should be lost. The offer, however, was declined. We have already, in our account of the Tower, noticed Charles's visit there to see the wealth he had so dearly purchased. Pepys had a hope of getting some portion of the treasure to pay off the naval arrears, but the king knew better how to dispose of it than on such merely national purposes.

These passages refer to one of the extraordinary modes of supplying the Mint with bullion. Another proposed method, which has engaged a great deal of attention, is of a very interesting, though, unfortunately for its projectors, not of a very practical character. The name of Raymond Lully, the alchemist, is well known. He was the chief of those who, in the middle ages, helped to spread abroad through Europe a belief in the possibility of transmuting the baser metals into gold. He appears to have been a simple-minded, enthusiastic man, who in this matter probably imposed upon himself by his discoveries in the then wonderful science of chemistry. His chief object, to which he adhered with the most exemplary fortitude through all kinds of difficulties and dangers, was the conversion of the Mohammedans; and when he came to England, during the reign of Edward I., it was to engage that monarch in some new holy war. Edward had, however, plenty of business on hand with the Scotch and Welsh patriots; but the temptation held out by Lully was irresistible, being no less than that of filling his treasury on the cheapest possible terms. The alchemist set to work in "the chamber of St. Katherine" in the Tower; and Ashmole says, "gold is affirmed, by an unwritten verity, to have been made . . . and, besides the tradition, the inscription is some proof, for upon the reverse is a cross fleury, with *lioneux*, inscribed, *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*, that is, as Jesus passed invisible and in the most secret manner by the midst of the Pharisees, so

* Gent. Mag. Aug. 12, 1762.

that gold was made by invisible and secret art amidst the ignorant.”* Ashmole here refers to an inscription first seen on the gold noble of Edward III., and continued on various coins down to the period of Elizabeth. Much speculation has been excited by it, but to little purpose. The reader may wonder why the work did not proceed, since the great secret was discovered. It appears that, after a time, Edward refused to keep his promise, and Lully, on his part, declined any longer making the King rich. He was, in consequence, confined in one of the Tower dungeons. Such is the story; and it does not seem very difficult to extract from it the essential truth, that alchemy was yet to be ranked amongst the undiscovered secrets of science. Not such was the conclusion of the government. One of the most curious parts of the history of the Mint is the continual faith our sovereigns have had in being able to supply it with cheap gold and silver. The patent roll of the third year of Edward III.’s reign states that the King had been given to understand that John le Rous and Master William de Dalby could make silver by art of *alkemony*; that they had heretofore made it, and still did make it; and that by such making of that metal they could greatly profit the realm. He therefore commanded Thomas Carey to find them out, and to bring them before the King, with all the instruments, &c., belonging to the said art. If they would come willingly, they were to be brought safely and honourably; but if not, they were to be seized and brought before the King, wherever he might be. All sheriffs, &c., were commanded to assist the said Thomas Carey. Either rumour had a little enhanced the skill of “John le Rous and Master William de Dalby,” or they had themselves assumed too readily their “blushing honours,” for no alchemic money poured into the Mint in consequence of the mandate. In the reign of Henry VI. the tempting cup of wealth seemed again brought to the royal lips. In that monarch’s twenty-second year John Cobbe presented a petition to the King, stating that he was desirous of operating upon certain materials by art philosophical, viz., to transubstantiate the inferior metals, by the said art, into perfect gold and silver, so as to endure every trial; but that certain persons had suspected this to be done by art unlawful, and therefore had power to hinder and disturb him in giving proof of it. The King, in answer, granted a special licence of protection, and, hoping at least to find among a multitude of alchemists the treasure he desired, soon after bestowed a similar mark of his grace on several other persons. Growing more and more impatient for some tangible result, in his thirty-fifth year he appointed a commission to inquire into the truth of the art, the professors of it having promised him wealth enough to pay all his debts in gold and silver, to the great advantage of the kingdom. The members consisted of Augustine and Preaching friars, the Queen’s physician, the master of St. Laurence Pontigny College, an alderman of London, a fishmonger, two grocers, and a mercer—certainly one of the oddest mixtures of persons for a tribunal of judgment on a scientific question we ever remember to have read of. The result must have been, we should suppose, partially favourable, for two years later we find the King again granting a licence for the pursuit. The people’s faith in alchemy, during all this period, seems to have been no less earnest than that of their sovereign, but it was a faith of a

* Ashmole’s *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*. The translation of the inscription is, however, a very loose paraphrase. Literally it is—“Jesus passing over went through the midst of them.”

very different nature. They appear to have believed that gold and silver might be made, but only by the assistance of the Evil One. An alchemist was a wiser, subtler, and infinitely more mischievous sort of witch, one who would soar above the vulgar desire of sticking pins into people, and preventing butter from being churned, in order to play at ducks and drakes with the national money. Many and many a time, no doubt, has the rustic (and perhaps even higher than he), when he has heard some of the marvellous tales of the alchemists and the Mint, blessed himself as the thought crossed him that his little hoard might be of money made in the mysterious way, and gone to look at it once more to be sure that it had not disappeared. We have already seen that John Cobbe was obliged to petition the King for a licence, on the ground of having been disturbed by persons who suspected him to practise by *art unlawful*; another evidence of a similar kind, and in connexion with a new instance of the royal hankering after this "new way to pay old debts," occurs in the Leet Book of the corporation of Coventry, under the date of the 6th of January, in the seventeenth year of the reign of Henry's conqueror and successor, Edward IV. "The mayor received a privy signet by the hands of a servant of the King, the tenor whereof after ensueth: 'By the King.—Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well, and let you wite (know) that it hath been showed unto us that our well-beloved John French, our servant, com'inyng [*query*, coming in] and commonly abiding in our city there, intendeth by his labour to practise a true and a profitable conclusion in the cunning of transmutation of metals, to our profit and pleasure; and for to make a clear showing of the same before certain our council and servants by us therefore appointed, is required a certain time to prepare his materials: we, not willing therefore our said servant to be troubled in that he shall so work or prepare for our pleasure and profit, will and charge you that ye ne suffer him in any wise by person or persons to be letted, troubled, or vexed of his said labour and practice, to the intent that he at his good liberty may shew unto us, and such as be by us therefore appointed, the clear effect of his said conclusion. Given under our signet, at our palace of Westminster, the 29th day of December.'"

The excessive courteousness of tone perceptible in this epistle will not escape observation. From this time, if the art of alchemy still continued for a time to find believers, the sovereigns of England appear to have grown too wise by experience to rank themselves publicly among the number.

The establishment of the Mint in London must date from the remotest periods of the known history of the latter. There can be no doubt some of the Roman emperors coined money here, and specimens bearing the name of London in an abbreviated form still exist. In the Saxon period, also, we know not only that London had a Mint, but that it was the chief one in the kingdom. There were eight moneyers (as the chief officers were called, to whom the coining of money was intrusted in early times) in London in the reign of Athelstan, and six at Winchester, the next place in rank. The Mint in the Tower is as old as the erection; and it has been worked in every reign from the Conquest to the present time, with one or two unimportant exceptions. In treating of the "Mint" through the remainder of this article, we propose to direct our attention chiefly to the *growth of our national coinage*, as illustrated by the introduction of the most important new coins from time to time into it. The engravings introduced will at the same time show the nature and extent of its artistical progress, from

the earliest period up to that of the Commonwealth; for since then, if there has been progress at all, it has been in the wrong direction. This is no place to enter into disquisitions on the uncertain subject of the money of the ancient Britons, of the Roman-British, or of the Saxons: suffice it, therefore, to observe that to the period of the first are assigned the ring coins of the character here represented; to that of the second the rude coins, bearing some—incriptions



[Ring Coins.]

supposed to refer to Boadicea, and others to Cunobelin, a British king of the time of Augustus; whilst to the third may be assigned the first real coin having a direct connexion with our present system. The silver *penny* is first mentioned in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons, who reigned from 689 to 726. It most probably derived its name from the word *pendo*, to weigh, being then, as now, the 240th part of a pound. Its weight was $22\frac{1}{2}$ grains, and would now be worth $2\frac{3}{4}d$. This coin was for several centuries the chief circulating medium. “The silver penny of Alfred,” says Ruding (to whom we must express our obligations), “is the first authentic coin yet discovered which can with certainty be appropriated to the London Mint.” The history of the silver penny offers a good illustration of the disgraceful as well as foolish system adopted by our older sovereigns of depreciating the real value of coin, in the hope of preserving at the same time the original current value. From $22\frac{1}{2}$ grains, in the Anglo-Saxon period, it had fallen to 18 grains by the reign of the third Edward, to 12 grains

SILVER PENNIES.



[William I.]



[Edward I.]



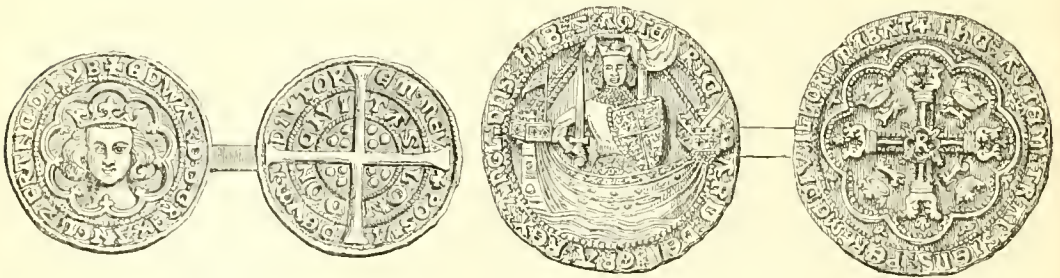
[Richard II.]

by the reign of the fourth Edward, to 8 grains by the reign of the sixth Edward, and during the reign of Elizabeth was fixed at $7\frac{2}{3}$ grains, its present weight. The silver halfpenny and farthing are both mentioned in the translation of the Saxon gospels; they would now be worth respectively about $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ and $\frac{3}{4}d.$: these also continued for several centuries in circulation. The last halfpenny was struck during the Commonwealth; the last farthing in the reign of Edward VI. Next in antiquity to the Saxon penny is the styca, or copper money of the kings of Northumberland, and which appear to have been confined to that kingdom. Their date is from 670 to about the close of the ninth century. The styca would now be worth about a third of a farthing.

The rudeness of the money during these early times, and of the system under which they were coined, offered a wide field for knavery; and the consequence was that the currency was at all times in a deplorable state. Punishments more and more severe were tried on the great offenders, who were the moneyers themselves, but with only the most temporary benefit. We learn that in the reign of Edgar the penny had become at one time scarcely equal to a halfpenny in weight; and on one Whit Sunday, St. Dunstan, who had become very indignant at this state of things on the part of the public officers, refused to celebrate mass till three moneyers had received immediate punishment. Accordingly their right hands were struck off. A more frightful instance of the kind occurred in the reign of Henry I., the "Lion of Justice" as he has been called, who had a very significant testimony of the baseness of his money in the refusal of dealers to take it in the market. He was then in Normandy, but, determined upon swift and sweeping vengeance, he sent over his mandate to Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, to summon the moneyers throughout England to appear at Winchester against Christmas Day. As they arrived, they were taken apart singly, and underwent the most cruel and disgraceful mutilations. They were afterwards driven into banishment. Three alone out of ninety-four persons escaped punishment, and to them was committed the charge of making a new coinage to supply the whole kingdom. The rudeness of the money offered, of course, facilities to others beside moneyers for living upon the coinage. Makers and utterers of false coin flourished. In a curious anecdote of King John and Pandulph, we see that even learned ecclesiastics occasionally were to be found in their ranks. Immediately after sentence of excommunication was pronounced on John by Pandulph at Northampton in 1212, the King, doubtless with the view of intimidating Pandulph for continuing the interdict he had promulgated, ordered the sheriff to bring before him all the prisoners then in his custody. Some of these he caused to be hung, some to have their eyes torn out, and some their feet cut off. Among the prisoners was a priest, a clerk, who had counterfeited money, whom the King ordered to be hanged. Pandulph at once stepped forward, and threatened to excommunicate whoever should touch the priest, and went himself in search of a candle to fulfil his determination. John was now frightened, and, following the legate, delivered the prisoner into his hands that he might himself execute justice upon him. The latter, however, was immediately set at liberty. The chief offenders against the King's coin, if history has not belied them, were the Jews, of whom no less than 280 persons of both sexes were hung in London alone by Edward I. His bigotry against them, coupled with his

rapacity, which their wealth was so well able to gratify, may account for a great part of these horrible proceedings, without taking it for granted that his Jewish were so infinitely worse than his Christian subjects. But Edward did not punish only. He was too much of the statesman to allow all the evils of his monetary system to remain unchecked, save by the irregular operation of such influences: to him the Company of Moneyers are indebted for a confirmation of the privileges they still enjoy (including the great one of being the only national coiners), and most probably also for a general consolidation and improvement of their body, so as to make it more responsible; for we find that by the following reign the reformation of the Mint may be said to have been essentially completed: then an officer called the Comptroller was appointed, who, like the Warden and the Master, was to send in his accounts separately. From this time no fraud could take place without the conjunction of the three officers. The Company now consists of seven senior and junior members and a provost, who undertake the coinage at fixed prices.

The improvements carried into effect among the coiners appear very wisely to have been closely connected with a similar reformation of the coinage. From the reign of Henry III. English money begins to improve in appearance, as well as to exhibit more variety. According to a manuscript chronicle in the archives of the city of London, the King, in 1257, made a penny of the finest gold, which weighed two sterlings, and willed that it should be current for twenty pence. This was the first English coinage of gold. Under the date of Edward I's reign, our old writers speak of a coinage of silver halfpennies and farthings, then for the first time made round, instead as of old, square. These new coins were issued in 1279, and are connected with an interesting story. An old prophecy of Merlin had declared that whenever the money of England should be round, the Prince of Wales should be crowned in London. Llewellyn, the last prince, was slain by Edward in 1282: his head was cut off and sent to London, where it was placed in the Tower, crowned with willows, in mockery either of its late unhappy owner's pretensions or of the prophecy.



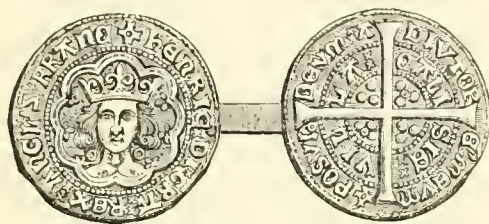
[Silver Groat of Edward III.]

[Gold Noble of Richard II.]

Edward III. introduced several new coins into circulation, namely, the gold florin, with its half and quarter; the gold noble, also with its divisions; the groat and the half-groat. The gold florin, intended to pass for six shillings, now worth about nineteen, was found an inconvenient sum, and also, it is said, priced beyond its real value: so it soon gave place to the gold noble, or rose noble, as it was sometimes called, of the value of 6s. 8d., or half a mark. On this coin we per-

ceive Edward, completely armed, in a ship—a reference most probably to his great naval victory over the French at Sluys in 1340, when the latter lost from ten to fifteen thousand men. This is the coin bearing the extraordinary legend before mentioned, and which was supposed in ancient times to have been made of Lully's wondrous gold. The noble of Richard II. (shown above) is almost an exact fac simile of this famous coin, which was subsequently (temp. Henry VI.) raised to the value of ten shillings, and called the rial. The silver groat borrowed its name from the French word *gros*, and was no doubt so designated from its being the largest piece then known.

No new coins appeared from this time until the reign of Edward IV.; but a story of a remarkable kind is told by Speed, Hollinshed, and other writers, of which, according to a high authority, the silver coins of Henry V. probably present a permanent memorial. In the coin here shown the reader will perceive

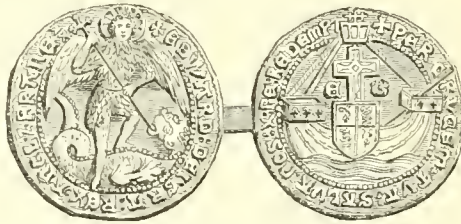


[Silver Groat of Henry V.]

below the flowing hair small round circles. These are the only distinguishing features of Henry V.'s coin from his father's, and are, it is supposed, "intended for eyelet holes, from an odd stratagem when he was prince." * The following account of the "odd stratagem" is from Speed. The period referred to is the latter part of Henry IV.'s reign, when the King being "somewhat crazy, and keeping his chamber, hearing news daily of his son's loose exercises, too mean for a prince, and their constructions—(ever made to aim at his crown), he began both to withdraw his fatherly affection, and to fear some violence against his own person; which, when Prince Henry heard of, by some that favoured him of the King's council, in a strange disguise he repaired to his court, accompanied with many lords and noblemen's sons. His garment was a gown of blue satin, wrought full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle left hanging by the silk it was wrought with. About his arm he wore a dog's collar, set full of SS of gold, the trets thereof being most fine gold. Thus coming to Westminster and the court of his father, having commanded his followers to advance no farther than the fire in the hall, himself, accompanied with some of the King's household, passed on to his presence, and, after his duty and obeisance done, offered to make known the cause of his coming. The King, weak then with sickness, and supposing the worst, commanded himself to be borne into a withdrawing chamber, some of his lords attending upon him, before whose feet Prince Henry fell, and with all reverent obeisance spake to him as followeth:—"Most gracious sovereign and renowned father, the suspicion of disloyalty and divulged reports of my dangerous intendments towards your royal person and crown hath enforced at this time and in this manner to present myself and life at your Majesty's dispose. Some

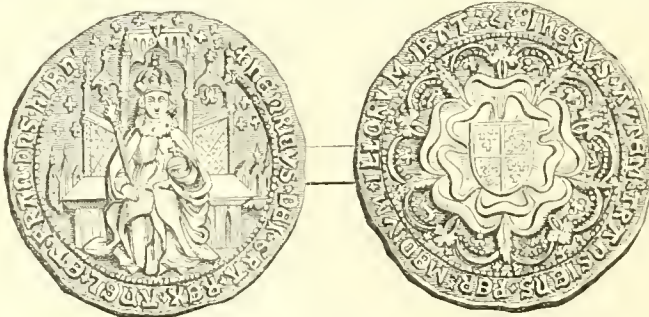
* Leake's History of British Money.

faults and misspent time (with blushes I may speak it) my youth hath committed, yet those made much more by such fleeing pickthanks that blow them stronger into your unwilling and distasteful ears. The name of sovereign ties allegiance to all; but of a father, to a further feeling of nature's obedience: so that my sins were double if such suggestions possessed my heart: for the law of God ordaineth that he which doth presumptuously against the ruler of his people shall not live, and the child that smiteth his father shall die the death. So far therefore am I from any disloyal attempts against the person of you, my father and the Lord's anointed, that if I knew any of whom you stood in the least danger or fear, my hand, according to duty, should be the first to free your suspicion. Yea, I will most gladly suffer death to ease your perplexed heart; and to that end I have this day prepared myself, both by confession of my offences past, and receiving the blessed sacrament. Wherefore I humbly beseech your Grace to free your suspicion from all fear conceived against me with this dagger, the stab whereof I will willingly receive here at your Majesty's hand, and so doing, in the presence of these lords, and before God at the day of judgment, I clearly forgive my death.' But the King, melting into tears, cast down the naked dagger (which the prince delivered him), and raising his prostrate son, embraced and kissed him, confessing his ears to have been over-credulous that way, and promising never to open them again against him. But the prince, unsatisfied, instantly desired that at least his accusers might be produced, and, if convicted, to receive punishment, though not to the full of their demerits: to which request the King replied that, as the offence was capital, so should it be examined by the peers, and therefore willed him to rest contented until the next parliament. Thus by his great wisdom he satisfied his father from further suspicion, and recovered his love that nearly was lost.'*



[Angel of Edward IV.]

The gold angel, and angelet or half-angel, were first struck by Edward IV. in 1466, and were intended to pass in the room and at the value of the noble and



[Sovereign of Henry VII.]

* Speed's History of Great Britain, ed. 1632, p. 767.

half-noble, but were considerably inferior in intrinsic value. The next new coins issued from the Mint during the reign of Henry VII.: these were the sovereign, with its double and half, of gold, and the testoon or shilling of silver. The term shilling is, at least, as old as the Saxon period, when, however, it expressed money of account only: it now became a coin of currency. The name testoon



[Groat or Shilling of Henry VII.]



[The George Noble of Henry VIII.]

was derived from the French word *teste* or *tête*, a head, the royal portrait being stamped in the novel form of a profile. The coin itself was often called a groat. The testoon in the course of a reign or two obtained a bad reputation, having become greatly debased. Heywood has several epigrams on the subject. Here is one of them:—

“These testoons look red; how like you the same?

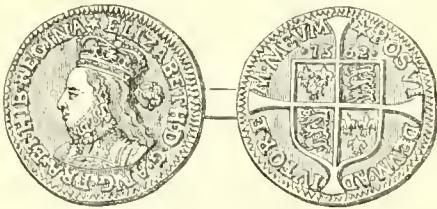
’Tis a token of grace: they blush for shame.”

The debasement here referred to commenced with the reign of Henry VIII., who, to the other characteristics of his reign, added the feature that he was the first English sovereign who corrupted the sterling quality of his coin. His predecessors had often tried the effect of making a small piece of silver or gold pass for the value of larger ones; but in some cases this may have arisen from erroneous notions as to the laws which govern the value of money, and, at the worst, it was a sort of frank dishonesty: it was reserved for “bluff King Hal” to try to cheat the nation; to keep the coin of promise to the eye, but break it to the hope; to place, in a word, the British Government on the level of the poor wretches who were being continually strung up for the same crime, without having the same excuse for its commission. Among the coins struck by Henry VIII. may be mentioned the George noble, so called from the representation of St. George and the Dragon stamped on the reverse. A specimen of a silver crown-piece was coined by Henry, but that coin was first issued for currency by his son Edward, with the half-crown, sixpence, and threepence.

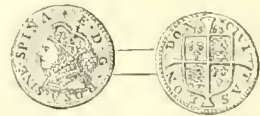


[Crown of Edward VI.]

During this reign the corruption of the coin was carried even still further. Henry had reduced the proportions of his silver from eleven ounces two pennyweights of the pure metal and eighteen pennyweights of alloy, to four ounces of silver and eight of alloy. Edward's government now left only three ounces of silver in the pound of mixed metal. Old Latimer, in one of his sermons (1548), complains bitterly of the interference of the ecclesiastics of his day in the affairs of government: "Some," he says, "are ambassadors, some of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some are lords of the Parliament, some are presidents, and some *comptrollers of Mints*. Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the church to be comptrollers of the Mint? . . . I would fain know who comptrolleth the devil at home at his parish while he comptrolleth the Mint?" The honest bishop was also very probably thinking at the same time *how* the Mint was comptrolled by them, but left that part of the business untouched, as being beyond his sphere. All this evil was now to be remedied, and, above most other features, the reformation of the coinage is the one perhaps that adds the greatest lustre to the reign of the virgin queen. In our account of the Exchange, we have had occasion to show that Sir Thomas Gresham was one of the most strenuous promoters of this reformation, if indeed he was not its chief originator. The silver was now restored to its original proportions of eighteen pennyweights of alloy in the pound of standard metal, which are also the proportions observed to this day. In making this alteration it was necessary to recall the corrupt coin of her brother and father, and melt it down for re-casting. The real value of what was received at the Mint for this purpose was about 244,000*l.*, *its current value having actually been* 638,000*l.* Whilst the process of reformation was going on, Elizabeth went publicly to the Tower, where she coined several pieces with her own hand, and distributed them among her suite. This queen added silver three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces to the money of England; and during her reign the first milled money appeared; the "mill-sixpences" of which Master Slender was robbed.



[Milled Sixpence of Elizabeth.]



[Three-farthlings of Elizabeth.]

During the period commencing with the reign of Charles I. and ending with that of his son, the history of the Mint is highly interesting; we can here only notice in the fewest words its chief points. One of Charles's most despotic acts in the contest with the Parliament was the seizing the money placed in the Mint by the merchants of London (a custom with them at that time) to the amount of 200,000*l.*, and, like most of his other acts of a similar nature, recoiled terribly upon himself: some of the most influential moneyed men of the empire were made hostile to him. The coins of Charles I. are in themselves a history of his

subsequent life, showing in the variety of their shape and the places of their coinage the troubled character of the period, and the shifts to which he was continually reduced. We have them lozenge-shaped, round, and octangular; and others again are small bits of silver plate, an inch and a half long, with a scarcely legible drawing of a castle. Among the places of mintage we find Oxford, York, Shrewsbury, Newark, Carlisle, Pontefract, &c. Silver ten and twenty shilling pieces were struck by Charles. In marked contrast with the money current during the war appears that of the Commonwealth when the contest was over. Unquestionably the finest coins we can boast of belong to the period in most other respects so unfavourable to the arts. Prior to the war Nicholas Briot, a French engraver, had produced for Charles I. the most beautiful money then known: it was a pupil of Briot's, Thomas Simon, who, in the service of Cromwell, outstripped his master, and produced the coins here shown, in which the bust of the great Protector is considered to be, with few exceptions, the most masterly



[Silver Crown of Cromwell.]

production of any modern artist who has exhibited his genius in this mode. It is probable that Simon's very excellence in connexion with such a subject was his dire offence when Charles II. came to the throne. How else are we to account for the treatment he then received? He was superseded; and although in a generous spirit of emulation he prepared a crown-piece, esteemed to this day one of the noblest specimens of medalling known, and presented it to the King, with a petition for his restoration, the application was unsuccessful. We must not quit the subject of the Commonwealth money till we have referred to the coins which so long furnished a standing joke for the Cavaliers. These appeared before Cromwell's appointment as Protector, and presented on the one side the English arms, and on the other the arms of England and Ireland, with the inscription "God with us." One Royalist jest was, that it appeared from their own coin that God and the Commonwealth were on different sides; another, that the two shields were the breeches of the Rump Parliament: this last was a prolific source of amusement. So late as 1731, we read in a prologue, spoken in Bury School, of

"A silver pair of breeches neatly wrought,
Such as you see upon an old Rump groat,
Which emblem our good grandsires chose to boast
To all the world, the tail was uppermost." *

* Gent.'s Mag., 1731.

We may now dismiss rapidly the only remaining coins that require notice. The guinea was coined by Charles II., and was so called as being made from the gold brought over by the African Company from Guinea, whose stamp, the elephant, appears upon all the coins made from their bullion. Accompanying the guinea were struck in the same reign the five-guinea piece, the two-guinea, and the half-guinea. The present copper coinage of halfpennies and farthings also dates from Charles's reign; and the figure of Britannia, still preserved, was modelled after the celebrated Miss Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. Charles II. also coined a tin farthing, with a stud of copper in the centre. James, and William and Mary, continued that coin, and added a halfpenny of the same kind. This tin coinage was recalled in 1693. The reign of William and Mary is memorable in the history of the Mint, from another great reformation of the coinage, which had become so much depreciated by clipping, that 572 bags of silver coins brought into the Mint in 1695, which ought to have weighed above 18,450 lbs., did actually weigh but a little more than half, or 9,480 lbs. This single re-coinage must have cost the Government nearly two millions. Anne's reign is chiefly noticeable to the connoisseur in coins for the famous farthings, about which there has been so much misunderstanding. A complete set of this Queen's farthings comprise no less than six different coins, though these are all more or less rare, but in particular the one here



[Queen Anne's Farthing.]

engraved, which is consequently valuable. The gold quarter-guinea was coined by George I., and is remarkable as bearing for the first time the letters F. D. (Fidei Defensor). Gold seven-shilling pieces and copper pennies and twopences first appeared during the reign of George III.; both the first and the last have since been withdrawn. The guinea and half-guinea were withdrawn in 1815, when they were replaced by the present sovereign and its half. The last new piece added to our coinage was the fourpenny-piece by William IV. in 1836, which is of a different type from the existing groat.

Till the present century the Mint remained in the Tower. But about 1806 the Government, finding the military department had greatly encroached upon the buildings originally used for coining, intrusted to Sir Robert Smirke the erection of a new edifice upon Tower Hill. It was completed about 1811, at an expense of above a quarter of a million of money. This immense sum, however, included Boulton's expensive machinery, which, by successive improvements, has been brought to such a surprising degree of perfection, as, in conjunction with the other admirable arrangements of the establishment, places a power at the disposal of the Moneyers that will enable them, if required, to receive fifty thousand pounds worth of gold one morning in bullion, and return it the next in coin. It is amusing to contrast this rapidity with the state of things existing when every

piece was struck by hand, or when the entire process of coining could be carried on in a single room, as we see it in the engraving at the end of this paper, which evidently agrees in its essentials with the old English methods. In the present interesting process of coining the ingots are first melted in pots, when the alloy, of copper, is added (to gold, one part in twelve; to silver, eighteen pennyweights to a pound weight), and the mixed metal cast into small bars. And now begin the operations of the stupendous machinery, which is unequalled in the Mint of any other country, and is in every way a triumph of mechanical skill. The bars, in a heated state, are first passed through the breaking-down rollers, which, by their tremendous crushing power, reduce them to only one-third their former thickness, and increase them proportionally in their length. They are now passed through the cold rollers, which bring them nearly to the thickness of the coin required, when the last operation of this nature is performed by the draw-bench—a machine peculiar to our Mint, and which secures an extraordinary degree of accuracy and uniformity in the surface of the metal, and leaves it of the exact thickness desired. The cutting-out machines now begin their work. There are twelve of these engines in the elegant room set apart for them, all mounted on the same basement, and forming a circular range. Here the bars or strips are cut into pieces of the proper shape and weight for the coining-press, and then taken to the sizing-room to be separately weighed, as well as sounded on a circular piece of iron, to detect any flaws. The protecting rim is next raised in the marking-room, and the pieces after blanching and annealing are ready for stamping. The coining-room is a magnificent-looking place, with its columns and its great iron beams, and the presses ranging along the solid stone basement. There are eight presses, each of them making, when required, sixty or seventy (or even more) strokes a minute; and as at each stroke a blank is made a perfect coin—that is to say, stamped on both sides, and milled at the edge—each press will coin between four and five thousand pieces in the hour, or the whole eight between thirty and forty thousand. And to accomplish these mighty results the attention of one little boy alone is required, who stands in a sunken place before the press, supplying it with blanks. The bullion is now money, and ready for the trial of the Pix, which, at the Mint, is a kind of tribunal of judgment between the actual coiners and the owners, as the greater trial known by the same name in the Court of Exchequer is to test the quality of the money as between the Master of the Mint and the people. This trial generally takes place on the appointment of a new master before the members of the Privy Council and a certain number of the Goldsmiths' Company; from the latter a jury of twelve persons is sworn. The Lord High Chancellor, or, in his absence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, presides. Ruding was present at the trial of the Pix in 1799, when, after a variety of minute experiments, it was found that a certain quantity of gold which should have weighed 190 pounds, 9 ounces, 9 pennyweights, and 15 grains, did weigh just 1 pennyweight and the 15 grains less: a closeness of approximation sufficient, no doubt, to satisfy the nicest tribunal.

At the time at which we are writing it has been announced that some change or re-coinage of our gold money is in meditation. It may be worth while therefore to recall an idea put forth by Swift on a somewhat similar occasion. In 1712 he delivered to the Lord Treasurer a plan for the improvement of the British

coinage, which, among other matters, proposed that they should *bear devices and inscriptions, alluding to all the more remarkable parts of the sovereign's reign.* "By this means," he says, "medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, not confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions."*

* Guardian, No. 96.



[Process of Coining.]



[View in the Tunnel.]

LIV.—THE THAMES TUNNEL.

WHATEVER Wapping may appear to the eyes of landmen, to the British sailor it is, without doubt, a region of romance; a place to think about when—having been long tossed on some “still vexed” sea, or, more intolerable annoyance, becalmed on some far-stretching dead waste of waters—his heart yearns towards home; and the spot, made so familiar to him by the songs and stories he most delights in,—the spot where he has so often first touched English ground after many months’ absence,—rises to his imagination decked in fairer and more glowing hues than poet or painter ever lavished on places a hundred times more beautiful. *We* go through its long and narrow streets thinking nothing of all this, and turning up our noses at its dirt, and age, and squalor; but the sailor’s respect for us is not so remarkable as to make that circumstance trouble him: we verily believe, if he told

the truth, he would acknowledge he liked Wapping the better for its disagreeables. And after all, it may be questioned whether he does not love as “wisely” as “well.” See the attention every one here pays to him. From the moment we pass Tower Hill, and those immense warehouses to the right—rising story upon story, and large enough, apparently, to be the storehouses of an empire rather than of a single metropolitan dock (St. Katherine’s)—every other shop is in some way or other devoted to *his* wants, *his* instruction, *his* recreations; or to the wants of what he is quite as anxious about as his own, those of his good ship. Here we have the wholesale slopseller occasionally condescending to throw a half-unpacked bundle of jackets or shirts into his window, and who can at the briefest notice rig out a ship’s crew: there the retail dealer, who is not too proud to exhibit nearly his whole substance to the light of common day, and covers his entire front, from the pavement to the first floor, with snow-white ducks, and rough pilot coats, oil-skin overalls, and every variety of hat, from the small jaunty round to the coal-heaver fashioned, with the long descending piece behind. Then there are the ship-joiners, and ship-carpenters, and ship sail-makers—each a numerous race. The aristocratical shop-keeper of Wapping we take to be the mathematical instrument-maker, whose windows, so full of neatly-finished and highly-polished brass articles, in so many varieties of form, might even cut a figure in Bond Street: sea-charts and sounding-machines, telescopes, compasses, and quadrants,—these are his staple commodities. The book-stall is equally characteristic of its customers and the place. A glance over its literature will at once show you your precise latitude and longitude. Side-by-side you see ‘Azimuth Tables’ and ‘Falconer’s Shipwreck,’ ‘The Little Sea Torch, or the Guide for Coasting Pilots,’ and ‘The New Naval Song Book,’ ready to tempt some Incedon of the deck with a promise of a fresh accession of strength for the next trip.

But the general visitor may find much in Wapping to excite his attention, without having a sailor’s sympathies. The London Docks, for instance, occupying above twenty acres, with their truly vast tobacco and other warehouses, are here. And the historical memories are not destitute of interest. It was in Wapping that the infamous Jeffreys, when James II. abdicated the throne, sought to shelter himself from the popular indignation, but in vain: he was detected in spite of his disguise as a common seaman, cudgelled, and hurried off to the Tower, where he died a few days after. The name of one of the outlets to the Thames preserves the memory of many a terrible tale of murder and piracy on the high seas: it was at Execution Dock, still known by that name, that all pirates used to be executed; and it appears, from an anecdote recorded by Maitland in his History,* not pirates only, but sailors found guilty of any of the greater crimes committed on ship-board. He states that, “on the 20th of December, 1738, one James Buchanan, condemned at the late Admiralty Sessions at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mr. Smith, fourth mate of the ‘Royal Guardian’ Indiaman, in Canton River, in the East Indies, was carried from Newgate to Execution Dock in Wapping, to suffer for the same. But before he had hung five minutes a gang of sailors cut him down, and carried him off alive in triumph down the water. He afterwards escaped to France, as was commonly reported.” The pirates were

* Vol. i. p. 591.

formerly hung about low-water mark, and left till three tides had overflowed them. This custom is of old date, for Stow mentions it as usual in his time. The same writer adds that "there was never a house standing" till within fifty years of the period at which he wrote, the close of the sixteenth century; "but since," he continues, "a continuous street, or filthy straight passage, with alleys of small tenements or cottages, is builded, inhabited by sailors and victuallers, along by the river of Thames, almost to Radeliffe, a good mile from the Tower."* The cause of the building of the first part of Wapping (that near the river) is curious. The manor being continually overflowed with water, the Commissioners of Sewers originated the idea of building houses on the banks, on the principle that the tenants would be sure to take effective measures for the preservation of their lives and property. The idea was good, and, being carried into practice, successful. This was the commencement of Wapping. And thus may be explained a circumstance that excited some surprise in sinking the Wapping shaft of the great work which forms the subject of this paper. Houses previously stood on the spot, which were removed for the shaft; and at some distance below their foundation were found the relics of a ship-builder's yard, including part of a slip, a ship's figure-head, and a great quantity of oak.

Such is Wapping, the place at one extremity of the Thames Tunnel; to reach the other, Rotherhithe, we must yet for a brief space avail ourselves of the boatman and his graceful wherry. As we are crossing, let us recall a few recollections of the early subaqueous excavations attempted or accomplished in England. Beneath the Tyne and Wear are passages made by the coal-miners, extending from one side to the other; and at Whitehaven an excavation made by these men extends for upwards of a mile under the sea. Mr. Dodd believes the first of these in point of time to be that in the Wylan Colliery, crossing below the bottom of the Tyne.† These works were of course very simple and easy, or they would not have been attempted. It was towards the close of the last century that something much more arduous was proposed by the gentleman we have mentioned, an engineer of reputation. He says, "From the importance of a communication between the towns of North and South Shields, which were under my constant view, and where no bridge could possibly be constructed, my mind happily thought upon the scheme of making a subterranean and (I may say) subaqueous passage to accomplish this desirable purpose." Circumstances caused the abandonment of the scheme. He next proposed a Tunnel from Gravesend to Tilbury; and it is interesting to observe how similar its chief features were to have been to those of the present Tunnel. Like that, its form was to be cylindrical, with a drain beneath, and a dip of the whole work in the centre of the river. The plan was much approved, public meetings were held, a government survey made with a favourable result, a subscription-book opened which rapidly filled, and at last operations commenced by the sinking of a well on one side; when so much water was found, that the whole affair was aban-

* Survey, 1633, p. 461.

† He mentions an amusing story connected with this passage. A cow was grazing near the air-shaft built on one side of the river, when she accidentally slipped into it, and fell or rather rolled from side to side downward to a depth of a hundred and ninety-two feet, without serious injury. We may imagine the amazement of the colliers at work at the bottom. They drove the animal through the passage to the other side of the river, where she was taken up by the usual means of ascent to the top, and immediately swam back to her own meadow.

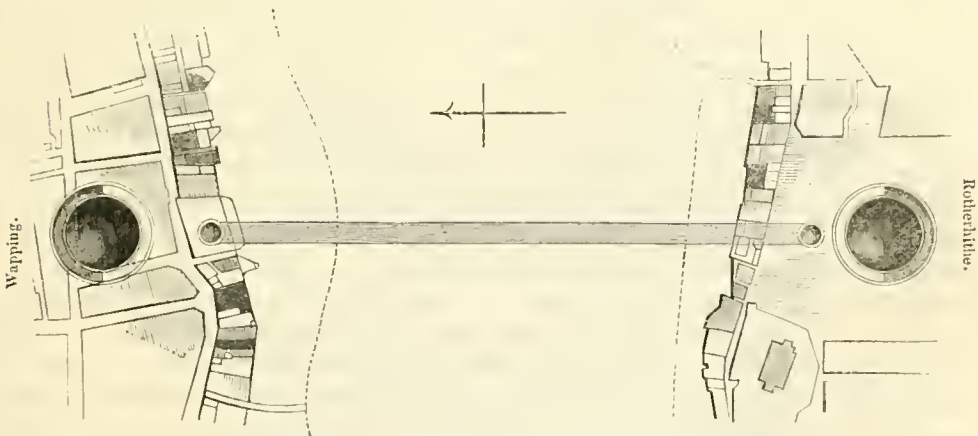
doned as impracticable.* Two or three years after this an attempt was made, only a mile below the present Tunnel, to connect Rotherhithe and Limehouse, by an experienced Cornish miner of the name of Vesey. A company was formed under the title of the Thames Archway Company, an act of parliament obtained, and the work begun. A shaft of eleven feet in diameter was sunk to the depth of forty-two feet : to avoid certain difficulties, it was then contracted to eight feet, and thus continued to the depth of seventy-six feet. The horizontal excavation was there begun, in the form of a driftway, to be afterwards widened into the required dimensions for a passage, and carried to within one hundred and fifty feet of the Middlesex shore, when the engineer of this second attempt had also to report that further progress was impracticable. Five or six years were thus expended, during which the talents of three different engineers had been put in requisition, and rewards offered for plans, which brought in communications from all quarters. It was under the remembrance of these discouraging circumstances that Mr. (now Sir M. L.) Brunel appeared before the public with a new proposal in 1823, which it was stated had received the sanction of many eminent persons, in particular of the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Wollaston. The mere idea of a Tunnel below rivers is of course a matter of little moment, whoever the originator—the doing it everything. The novelty of Mr. Brunel's proposed mode of operation, therefore, was rightly judged of great importance. That gentleman has himself explained the origin of his idea. The writer of the article 'Tunnel' in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia' states that he was informed by Mr. Brunel "that the idea upon which his new plan of tunnelling is founded was suggested to him by the operations of the teredo, a testaceous worm, covered with a cylindrical shell, which eats its way through the hardest wood; and has on this account been called by Linnæus *Calamitas narium*. The same happy observation of the wisdom of nature led our celebrated countryman Mr. Watt to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main from the mechanism of the lobster's tail." To the practical form which the idea thus given assumed we shall revert presently.

Rotherhithe in this, as in the preceding instance, was chosen as the starting-place of the Tunnel, though the precise spot was a mile nearer to the city. Unlike Wapping, Rotherhithe (or Redriff, as it is often corruptly called) is of great antiquity; and, were it from one circumstance only, of considerable historical interest. It was here that the famous trench or canal of Canute was commenced, in order that the invader might avoid London Bridge, an account of which has been given in our notice of that structure.† In the reign of Edward III. a great navy was fitted out at Rotherhithe, under the care of the Black Prince, for the invasion of France. And, lastly, it was off Rotherhithe that Richard II. was so alarmed at the shouts and the array of the malecontents whom he came to appease, that he returned hastily to the Tower; whilst the infuriate people, led by one kind of wrong from which they suffered, into the commission of another of which they were the inflictors, swept on to the Marshalsea and Lambeth, and committed the excesses already frequently referred to. Rotherhithe, like Wapping, has its numerous docks, a similar population, and presents generally the

* Reports, with Plan, Sections, &c., of the proposed Dry Tunnel, or Passage from Gravesend, in Kent, to Tilbury, in Essex, by R. Dodd, Engineer. 1798.

† Vol. i. p. 77.

same features. But there are some circumstances which distinguish the Surrey from the Middlesex side: we may instance its numerous flour-mills, the various manufactories, and the wharfs for the coasting-trade of England which are all to be found between the Tunnel and London Bridge. The importance of a new mode of communication between two such places, only some twelve hundred feet apart geographically, but four miles by the way of London Bridge, will be at once apparent. But it is still more so, if we consider for a moment the peculiar connection between the two great interests which belong to the different sides of the river. An immense amount of the foreign goods brought into the West India, the London, and St. Katherine's Docks, on the north side, is absorbed by this coasting-trade on the south; and, it appears, is almost entirely conveyed from one to the other by land carriage. During the year 1829, of 887 waggons and 3241 carts which passed over London Bridge southwards, no less than 480 of the first, and 1700 of the second, turned down Tooley Street—one-half of which are supposed to be engaged in the traffic mentioned. The accommodation a Tunnel may afford to passengers receives a striking illustration from the returns made to Parliament of the watermen engaged at the different ferries in the neighbourhood, who were 350 in number, and calculated to take, on an average, not less than 3700 passengers daily. An important consideration is deducible from the position of the Tunnel: it will have no expensive approaches to form. On the north it is connected, through Old Gravel Lane, with Ratcliffe Highway, and a new road is projected in continuation of the former to the Commercial Road and Whitechapel. On the south it is close to the Deptford Lower Road. All these places will, of course, assume a new character when the influence of the new traffic shall reach them.



[Plan of the Thames Tunnel and its Approaches.]₂

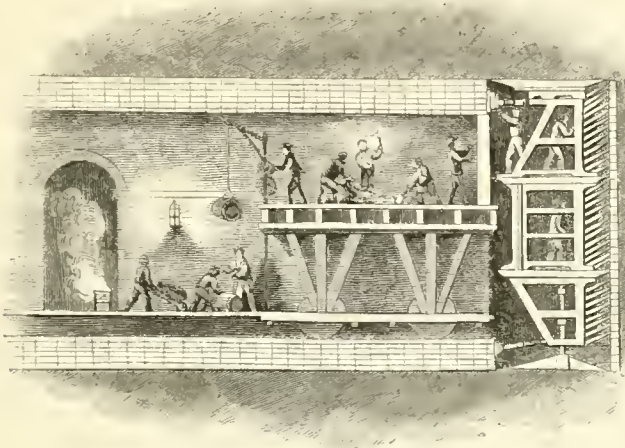
In the beginning of 1824 Mr. Brunel had the satisfaction to see the first and least arduous, but still indispensable, step secured, the formation of a Company with the express object of carrying his designs into execution, and by whom an Act of Parliament was obtained. The Company took the preliminary precaution of having three parallel borings made beneath the bed of the Thames in the direction of the proposed Tunnel, when the report was so very favourable that,

in consequence, Mr. Brunel went to work in a somewhat bolder way than he had otherwise intended. The soil was the great object of deliberation, for upon it depended at what level the Tunnel should be commenced. The assistance of some eminent geologists was here of great moment. These informed the engineer that below a certain depth the soil would be a kind of quicksand, and therefore advised him to keep above it, and as close as possible to the stratum of clay forming the bed of the river. We shall presently see that the geologists were right.

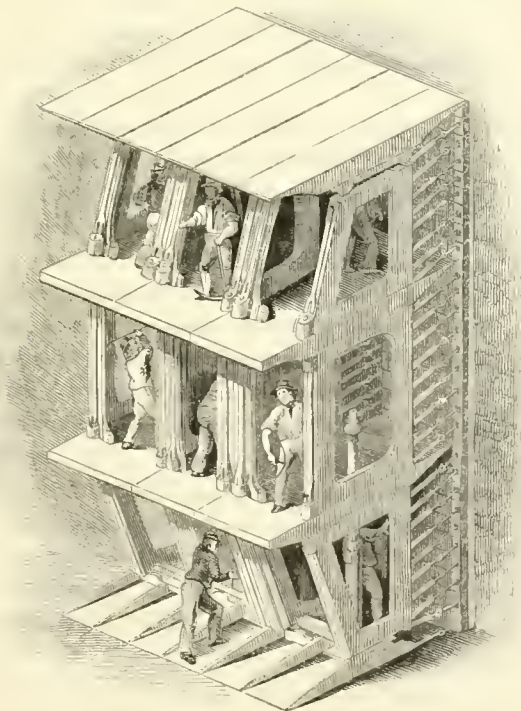
We are not about to give a technical description of the progress of the works of the Tunnel, which could be interesting alone to the professional or scientific man; but we must notice at some length two or three of their chief points, not only because the success of the work has depended upon them, but because in their admirable simplicity, as well as their wonderful fitness to the purposes designed, they cannot fail to be universally understood and appreciated.

And first of the construction of the shaft with which the Tunnel was commenced in March, 1825. This seems to our eyes, uninitiated in the wonders of engineering, not one of the least marvels of this altogether marvellous work. A space being marked out a hundred and fifty feet distant from the river, the bricklayers began raising a round frame, or cylinder, three feet thick and one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. This was strengthened in various ways, by iron rods, &c., passing up the centre of the thickness; and was continued to the height of forty-two feet. The excavators now commenced their work on the inside, cutting away the ground, which was raised to the top of the shaft by a steam-engine there placed, and which also relieved them from the water that occasionally impeded their descent. We may imagine the wonder with which a person unacquainted with the object of these preparations must have beheld that enormous mass of masonry at last beginning to descend regularly and peacefully after the busy pigmies who were carving the way for it, and at the same time, as it were, accommodating itself to the convenience of the bricklayers, who, in order to give it the additional height required, had merely to keep adding to the top as it descended. This is the history of the great circular opening into which the visitor passes from the little lobby, and where he beholds, in the centre, an elaborate machinery of pumps, connected with a steam-engine, raising its four hundred gallons per minute, and, as though that was really too trifling for an engine of its respectability of power, performing into the bargain the duties of drawing carriages along the railway, which as yet occupies one of the two arches of the Tunnel, and that of hoisting and letting down all the heavier articles passing between the upper and lower world. We must not omit to observe, with regard to the shaft, that by its means the bed of gravel and sand twenty-six feet deep, full of land-water, in which the drift-makers of the earlier attempt had been compelled to narrow the dimensions of their already small shaft, was passed without inconvenience. We may add also that, when the shaft was sunk to its present depth of sixty-five feet, another shaft, of twenty-five feet diameter, was sunk still lower, till, at the depth of eighty feet, the ground suddenly gave way, sinking several feet, whilst sand and water were blown up with some violence. This confirmed the statement of the geologists, and satisfied the engineer as to the propriety of the level he had chosen.

The shaft accomplished, the Tunnel itself was begun at the depth of sixty-three feet. The excavation Mr. Brunel proposed to make from bank to bank was to be about thirty-eight feet broad and twenty-two and a half high, which, being defended by strong walls, was to leave room within for a double archway, each fifteen feet high, and wide enough for a single carriage-way and a footpath. The mode in which this great excavation was accomplished has been the wonder and admiration of the most experienced engineers, and will for ever remain a monument of the genius of its author. The engravings before us represent two



[Longitudinal Section of the Tunnel, showing the Shield and the mode of working it.]



[Three Divisions of the Shield of the Thames Tunnel.]

views of the working of the *shield*, by means of which the weight of the superincumbent bottom of the river has been supported, whilst the men who were undermining it were sheltered in its little cells below. This mighty instrument—one in idea and object, but consisting of twelve separate parts or divisions, each containing three cells, one above the other—is thus used. We will suppose that, the work being finished in its rear, an advance is desired, and that the divisions are in their usual position—the alternate ones a little before the others. These last have now to be moved. The men in their cells pull down the top poling-board, one of those small defences with which the entire front of the shield is covered, and immediately cut away the ground for about six inches. That done, the poling-board is replaced, and the one below removed, and so on till the entire space in front of these divisions has been excavated to the depth of six inches. Each of the divisions is now advanced by the application of two screws—one at its head, and one at its foot—which, resting against the finished brickwork, and turned, impel it forward into the vacant space. The other set of divisions then advance. As the miners are at work at one end of the cells, so the bricklayers are no less actively employed at the other, forming the brick walls of the top, sides, and bottom—the superincumbent earth of the top being still held up by the shield till the bricklayers have finished. This is but a rude description of an engine almost as remarkable for its elaborate organization as for its vast strength. Beneath those great iron ribs a kind of mechanical soul really seems to have been created. It has its shoes and its legs, and uses them too with good effect. It raises and depresses its head at pleasure; it presents invincible buttresses in its front to whatever danger may there threaten, and, when the danger is past, again opens its breast for the further advances of the indefatigable host. In a word, to the shield the successful formation of the Tunnel is entirely owing. We may add that following the shield was a stage in each archway for the assistance of the men in the upper cells.

But, great as was the confidence of Mr. Brunel in his shield, and the resources which he must have felt he had within himself, ready for every difficulty, it is impossible that he could have ever anticipated the all but overwhelming amount of obstacles that he has actually experienced, principally from the character of the soil, and the extraordinary influence which the tides exercised even at the Tunnel's depth. The first nine feet of the Tunnel (commenced with the new year, 1826) were passed through firm clay; then came a loose watery sand, where every movement was made with imminent hazard. Thirty-two anxious days passed in this part. Substantial ground again reached about the 14th of March, matters went on prosperously till September following, by which time two hundred and sixty feet had been completed. On the 14th of that month the engineer startled the Directors with the information that he expected the bottom of the river, just beyond the shield, would break down with the coming tide. It appears he had discovered a cavity above the top of the shield. Exactly at high tide the miners heard the uproar of the falling soil upon the head of their good shield, and saw bursts of water follow; but so complete were the precautions taken that no injury ensued, and the cavity was soon filled by the river itself. Another month, and a similar occurrence took place. By the 2nd of January, 1827, three hundred and fifty feet were accomplished, when the tide, during the removal of one of the poling-boards,

forced through the shield a quantity of loose clay ; but still no irruption of the river itself followed—the fear of which, from the commencement to the termination of the work, was continually upon every one's mind. From January to April the Tunnel proceeded at an excellent rate, although the ground continued so very moist that, in the latter month, an inspection, by means of a diving-bell, of the bed of the river became necessary. Some depressions were observed, and filled up by the usual means—bags of clay. A shovel and hammer, being accidentally left on this occasion in the river, were afterwards found during an influx of loose ground through the shield, having descended some eighteen feet. This little circumstance shows the nature of the ground above, and the all but invincible difficulties through which the engineer had to make his way. But the more important incidents of the work—those which were to put his ability and fortitude to the severest tests—were now coming on. About the middle of May, some vessels, coming in at a late tide, moored just over the head of the Tunnel. The consequence was, that the obstruction they presented to the water caused a great washing away of the soil beneath. What followed may be best described in the words of Mr. Beamish, the then resident assistant-engineer, with whose Report of this, the first irruption of the river, we have been favoured among other interesting matter, and which we give as a perfectly dramatic view of the scene, the actors, and the event.

“May 18, 1827. Some of the faces cut down without difficulty. As the water rose with the tide, it increased in the frames very considerably between Nos. 5 and 6, forcing its way at the front, then the back : Ball and Compton (the occupants) most active. About a quarter before six o'clock No. 11 (division) went forward. Clay appeared at the back. Had it closed up immediately. While this was going forward my attention was again drawn to No. 6, where I found gravel forcing itself with the water. It was with the utmost difficulty that Ball could keep anything against the opening. Fearing that the pumpers would now become alarmed, as they had been once or twice before, and leave their post, I went upon the east stage to encourage them, and to chase more shoring for Ball. Goodwin, who was engaged at No. 11, where indications of a run appeared, called to Rogers, who was in the act of working down No. 9, to come to his assistance. But Rogers, having his second poling (board) down, could not. Goodwin again called. I then said to Rogers, ‘Don't you hear?’ Upon which he left his poling for the purpose of assisting Goodwin ; but before he could get to him, and before I could get fairly into the frames, there poured such an overwhelming volume of water and sludge as to force them out of the frames. William Carps, a bricklayer, who had gone to Goodwin's assistance, was knocked down, and literally rolled out of the frames on the stage as though he had come through a mill-sluice ; and would undoubtedly have fallen off the stage had I not caught hold of him, and with Rogers's assistance helped him down the ladder. I again made an attempt to get into the frames, calling upon the miners to follow ; but all was dark (the lights at the frames and stage being all blown out), and I was only answered by the hoarse and angry sounds of Father Thames's roarings. Rogers (an old sergeant of the Guards), the only man left upon the stage, now caught my arm, and, gently drawing me from the frames, said, ‘Come away, pray sir, come away ; 'tis no use, the water is rising fast.’ I turned once more ; but,

hearing an increased rush at No. 6, and finding the column of water at Nos. 11 and 12 to be augmenting, I reluctantly descended. The cement-casks, compo-boxes, pieces of timber, were floating around me. I turned into the west arch, where the enemy had not yet advanced so rapidly, and again looked towards the frames, lest some one might have been overtaken; but the cement-casks, &c., striking my legs, threatened seriously to obstruct my retreat, and it was with some difficulty that I reached the visitors' bar,* where Mayo, Bertram, and others, were anxiously waiting to receive me. . . . I was glad of their assistance; indeed, Mayo fairly dragged me over it. Not bearing the idea of so precipitate a retreat, I turned once more; but vain was the hope! The wave rolled onward and onward. The men retreated, and I followed. Met Gravatt coming down. Short was the question, and brief was the answer. As we approached I met I. Brunel. We turned round: the effect was splendid beyond description. The water as it rose became more and more vivid, from the reflected lights of the gas. . . . As we reached the staircase a crash was heard, and then a rush of air at once extinguished all the lights. . . . Now it was that I experienced something like dread. I looked up the shaft and saw both stairs crowded; I looked below, and beheld the overwhelming wave appearing to move with accumulated velocity. Dreading the effect of the reaction of this wave from the back of the shaft upon our staircase, I exclaimed to Mr. Gravatt, 'The staircase will blow up!' I. Brunel ordered the men to get up with all expedition; and our feet were scarcely off the bottom stairs, when the first flight, which we had just left, was swept away. Upon our reaching the top, a bustling noise assailed our ears, some calling for a raft, others a boat, and others again a rope; from which it was evident that some unfortunate individual was in the water. I. Brunel instantly, with that presence of mind to which I have been more than once witness, slid down one of the iron ties, and after him Mr. Gravatt, each making a rope fast to old Tillet's waist, who, having been looking after the packing of the pumps below the shaft, was overtaken by the flood. He was soon placed out of danger. The roll was immediately called—*not one absent!*"

The diving-bell being again employed, and the hole or chasm discovered, some three thousand bags of clay, armed with small hazel rods, were expended before it was effectually closed. On the 21st of the next month the water in the Tunnel was got under; but it was not till the middle of August that the soil forced in was completely cleared away, and the engineer able to examine the effect of the irruption on his work. The structure was found perfectly sound, even whilst a part of the brick-work close to the shield was reduced to nearly half its original thickness by the tremendous violence of the rushing waters, whilst the chain which held the divisions of the shield together had been snapped like a twig, and whilst various heavy pieces of iron belonging to the shield were found driven into the ground as if by a battering-ram. Progress was now recommenced; and here we would pause a moment to pay a just tribute of admiration to the men, as well as to their directors, for the courage they have so constantly evinced. Even now, as they resumed their labours with the impression of the recent event fresh upon their minds, something or other was constantly occurring to excite fresh alarm. Now a report would take place in the frames like a cannon-shot, some part having

* A bar so placed as to keep the visitors at some little distance from the shield and the unfinished works.

been suddenly ruptured; now alarming cries were heard, as some irruption of earth or water impetuously poured in. With the bursts of soil and water would be felt large quantities of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, which, presently igniting with an explosion, would wrap the place in a sheet of flame. Beautiful at such times to those who had coolness to admire it was the appearance of the mingling fire and water, the flame appearing to dance along the surface of the liquid. And to what may we not get accustomed? Those philosophers, the miners and bricklayers, used to look quietly on at the cry of "Fire and water;" or, if they did make any observation, it was nothing more important than a prudent piece of advice, such as "Light your pipes, my boys." But perhaps, of all the difficulties overcome or endured, none have been more serious to the men than the impurity of the air; especially in summer, when the most powerful labourers had frequently to be carried out in a state of insensibility. Headaches, sickness, eruptions on the skin, were matters of too common occurrence to be noticed. Such a combination of circumstances must have given a strange colour to the lives of these labourers. An accurate description of the feelings and thoughts of the more imaginative would no doubt be as interesting as a romance. They have felt, and rightly, that a part of the true glory which belongs to such a work was theirs; and such feelings elevate even ordinary men. They have served also a kind and thoughtful master. It was touching to hear the terms in which one of the miners spoke to us of him. As in their waking hours these men could have had no thought but of the Tunnel, so no doubt did the eternal subject constantly mingle with their dreams, and harass them with unreal dangers. One amusing instance may be mentioned. Whilst Mr. Brunel, jun., was engaged one midnight superintending the progress of the work, he and those with him were alarmed by a sudden cry of "The water! the water! Wedges and straw here!" followed by an appalling silence. Mr. Brunel hastened to the spot, where the men were found perfectly safe. They had fallen fast asleep from fatigue; and one of them had been evidently dreaming of a new irruption.

By January, 1828, the middle of the river had been reached; and, whatever the dangers and difficulties experienced up to that time, there was the gratification arising from their having been completely overcome without the loss of a single life. That gratification was to exist no longer. Even the very completion of the Tunnel was now to become a grave matter of doubt, and its projector to be left for long years in the sickening suspense of hope deferred on a matter wherein he had risked his professional reputation, and to which he devoted his entire energies—we might almost say, without exaggeration, his life. "I had been in the frames," says Mr. Brunel, junior, in a letter written to the Directors on the fatal Saturday, August 12, 1828, "with the workmen throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at ten o'clock. During the workings through the night no symptoms of insecurity appeared. At six o'clock this morning (the usual time for shifting the men) a fresh set came on to work. We began to work the ground at the west top corner of the frame. The tide had just then begun to flow; and, finding the ground tolerably quiet, we proceeded by beginning at the top, and had worked about a foot downwards, when, on exposing the next six inches, the ground swelled suddenly, and a large quantity burst through the opening thus made. This was followed instantly by a large body of

water. The rush was so violent as to force the man on the spot where the burst took place out of the frame (or cell) on to the timber stage behind the frames. I was in the frame with the man; but upon the rush of the water I went into the next box, in order to command a better view of the irruption, and, seeing there was no possibility of their opposing the water, I ordered all the men in the frames to retire. All were retiring, except the three men who were with me, and they retreated with me. I did not leave the stage until those three men were down the ladder of the frames, when they and I proceeded about twenty feet along the west arch of the Tunnel. At this moment the agitation of the air by the rush of the water was such as to extinguish all the lights, and the water had gained the height of the middle of our waists. I was at that moment giving directions to the three men in what manner they ought to proceed in the dark to effect their escape, when they and I were knocked down and covered by a part of the timber stage. I struggled under water for some time, and at length extricated myself from the stage; and by swimming, and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little, in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavoured to do by calling to them. Before I reached the shaft the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and therefore swam to the visitors' stairs—the stairs of the workmen being occupied by those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim or get up the stairs, but *the rush of the water carried me up the shaft*. The three men who had been knocked down with me were unable to extricate themselves, and I am grieved to say they are lost; and, I believe, also two old men and one young man in other parts of the work." The scene at the shaft was truly deplorable. At one period there were no less than eighteen men immersed, all of whom, with the exception of the unfortunates who perished, were taken out in an exhausted state, and some of them fainting. The noise in the shaft, created by the influx of the water, is described as having been absolutely deafening. The news rapidly spread about the neighbourhood of the Tunnel; and before it was known who were lost and who saved, the wives and relations of the workmen were rushing in, and adding to the confusion and distress of the scene by their wild gestures and exclamations. The water, as we have seen, actually bore Mr. Brunel up to the top of the shaft, and then still rising, flowed over even to the visitors' lodge. It was then evident that all who were still below had perished.

This calamity occurred at a critical time. The funds of the Company were exhausted: their confidence, in some measure, now failed too. After two descents in the bell, the rent was discovered, and most formidable were its dimensions. It was of oblong shape, quite perpendicular, and measuring about seven feet in its longest direction, from east to west. The measures so often before and afterwards resorted to with success were adopted. *Four thousand tons* of soil, principally clay in bags, were laid in the place. When they re-entered the Tunnel there was the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the work as substantial as ever, but there was but too much reason to fear it was of little consequence—the completion might now never take place. What with the accident, and what with its consequences, we need not wonder to find it stated that the engineer appeared

almost in a state of frenzy. For seven years from that time all was silence and darkness beneath those hollow roofs; and had the matter thus ended, what would have been the judgment of posterity? The plan had failed; and many of that immense array of projectors, *hundreds in number*, who now poured in their plans upon the Directors, would have lamented, with delightful self-forgetfulness, that Mr. Brunel had not adopted their schemes. But the Tunnel *was* to be completed—he *was* to be the man.

In January, 1835, the arches of the Tunnel were at last unclosed. Government, after repeated applications, agreed to make advances for the continuation of the work, which was accordingly once more carried forward with renewed energy. Very slow, however, was the progress made. Of sixty-six weeks, two feet four inches only per week were accomplished during the first eighteen, three feet nine inches per week during the second eighteen, one foot per week during the third eighteen, and during the last twelve weeks only three feet four inches altogether. This will excite little surprise when we know that the ground in front of the shield was, from excessive saturation, almost constantly in little better than a fluid state, that an entire new and artificial bed had to be formed in the river in advance, and brought down by ingenious contrivances till it was deep enough to occupy the place of the natural soil where the excavation was to be made, and that then there must be time allowed for its settlement, whenever the warning rush of sand and water was heard in the shield. Lastly, owing to the excavation being so much below that of any other works around the Tunnel, it formed a drain and receptacle for all the water of the neighbourhood. This was ultimately remedied by the sinking of the shaft on the Wapping side. Yet it was under such circumstances that the old shield injured by the last irruption was taken away and replaced by a new one. If our readers consider for a moment the first and most important office executed by this engine, that it alone bore up above and kept back in front the incalculable pressure of the river and its bed, we may appreciate the opinions of engineers when the idea was first started: "It was impracticable," was their common remark; yet it was done without the slightest derangement of the ground, or the loss of a single man. The most serious evil attending these delays and difficulties was the extra expenditure they involved, which became so great that the Lords of the Treasury declined further advances without the sanction of Parliament. A Committee was in consequence appointed, and witnesses examined, including of course the chief and assistant engineers. The result was favourable, and the work proceeded. On Wednesday, August 23, 1837, a third irruption occurred, but happily without any fatal consequences, or without materially retarding the works. An interesting escape marks this event. The water had gradually increased in quantity at the east corner since two p.m., rushing into the shield with a hollow roar as though it fell through a cavity. A boat was taken out of the river and sent down into the Tunnel for the purpose of conveying materials (for blocking up the frames) down to the shield. Notwithstanding all that could be done by the men, the water gained upon them and rapidly rose in the Tunnel. About four o'clock, the water having risen to within seven feet of the crown of the arch, and everything having been done that could be effected for the security of the work, it was thought most prudent for the men to retire, which they did in a very orderly

manner along a platform which had been most judiciously and providentially constructed for that purpose in the east arch only a few weeks before by Sir I. Brunel's orders. After the men had retired, and as the water continued rising gradually, Mr. Page, the acting engineer, accompanied by Mr. Francis, Mr. Mason, and two of the men, got into the boat for the purpose of reaching the stages to see if any change had taken place; and, after passing the six hundred feet mark in the Tunnel, the line attached to the boat ran out, and they returned to lengthen it. To this accident they were indebted for their lives; for while they were preparing the rope the water surged, running up the arch ten or twelve feet. Every one made his way to the shaft, and Mr. Page, fearing that the men would be jammed in the staircase, called to them to go up steadily; but they, misunderstanding him, returned, and it was with some difficulty that they could be prevailed upon to go up. Had the rope been long enough, all the persons who were in the boat (which was in a sinking condition when they grounded) must inevitably have perished in the surge, for now not less than a million gallons of water burst into the Tunnel in the course of a single minute. The lower gas-lights were then under water; and the pipes being but partially filled, the remainder burnt first very irregularly, leaving the Tunnel almost in darkness, and then, flaming up to the top of the glasses, threw a blaze of light over the west arch and the water. When the water had risen to within fifty feet of the entrance to the Tunnel, it came forward in a wave; and Mr. Page, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Francis, who were at the bottom of the visitors' stairs, ran up to the second landing, but were so rapidly followed that one of the party was up to his knees before he reached the top. Two other irruptions of the Thames complete this part of the history of the Tunnel. The first occurred on the 2nd of November, 1837, when the water burst in about four in the morning, and speedily filled the Tunnel. The excellent arrangements provided for escape secured the safety of the seventy or more persons in it at the time, with one exception. When the roll was called there was no answer to one name. Inquiry being made, some one it appeared had seen a miner returning towards the shield when all else were leaving it, and that was all that was known of him.

The fifth and last irruption occurred on the morning of the 6th of March, 1838, and was remarkable for the noise resembling thunder with which it was accompanied. Happily no loss of life occurred. All this while the Tunnel was every week approaching nearer and nearer to the goal of the engineer's hopes—the opposite shore; and all parties began to feel the buoyancy of assured success inspiring them as they found the difficulties grow less and less formidable. They were, however, still sufficient to have paralysed any less energetic spirits than those who had brought the whole to that point. Here is an incident of so late date as 1840:—On the 4th of April, about eight o'clock in the morning, being then about low water, the top face of No. 12 was attempted; but no sooner was the poling-board removed than the second one canted over, and a quantity of gravel and water rushed into the frame, forcing out another of the boards. At the hole thus left unprotected, the ground rushed in with such impetuosity as to knock the men out of the shield; and they, being panic-struck, ran away, but, finding that the water did not follow, they returned to the scene of action, and after immense exertions succeeded in stopping the run, when upwards of six

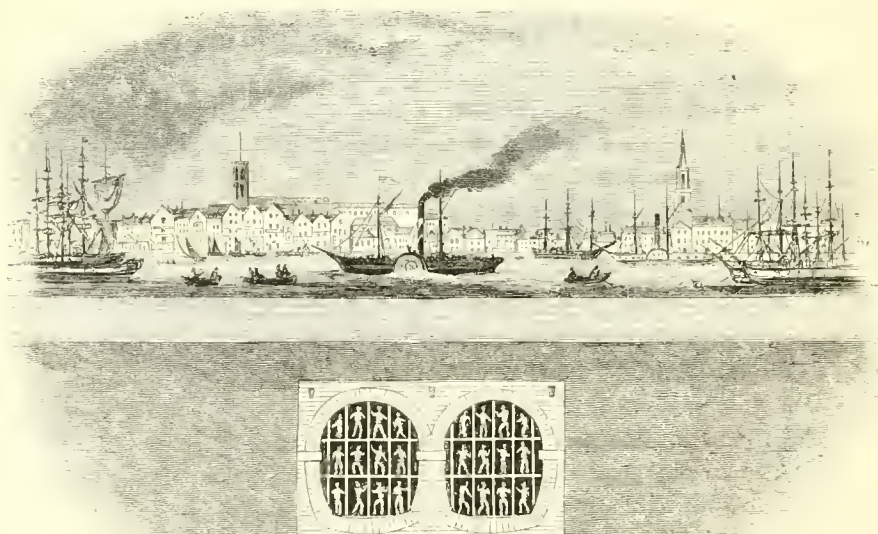
thousand cubic feet of ground had fallen into the Tunnel. The rush of the ground was attended with a very great noise, resembling the bursting of a thunder-cloud, and a general extinguishing of the lights. While this was taking place in the Tunnel, a still more unusual phenomenon was occurring on the shore at Wapping, where, to the astonishment and dismay of the neighbourhood, the ground commenced sinking gradually over an area of upwards of seven hundred feet, leaving a cavity on the shore of about thirty feet in diameter and thirteen in depth. It was most fortunate that this occurred at low water, for at high water an irruption of the river would have been the inevitable consequence. A number of men were sent over, and the hole was filled with bags of clay and gravel, and everything rendered perfectly secure by the return of the tide.

With another incident of the same year of a somewhat similar nature, we conclude these notices of the "hair-breadth 'scapes," the "accidents by flood," and, in a sense, by "field," which have marked almost every few months of the lives of the labourers in this great and hazardous undertaking. It appears that frequently the sand, mixing with water, so as to be quite in a fluid state, would ooze through the minute cracks between the small poling-boards, leaving immense cavities in the ground in front. A remarkable instance occurred upon the 24th of July. The sand had been running in this way the whole of the night, and had completely filled the bottom of the shield. In the morning, on opening one of the faces, a hollow was discovered extending upwards of eighteen feet along the front of the faces, projecting six feet into the ground, and being about the same in height. This enormous cavity was filled with brickbats and lumps of clay, one of the miners being obliged to lay himself the whole length of his body into the faces for the purpose of filling the farther end; and of course at the hazard, every moment he continued in his position, of being buried beneath fallen masses of earth, now left without any support from below.

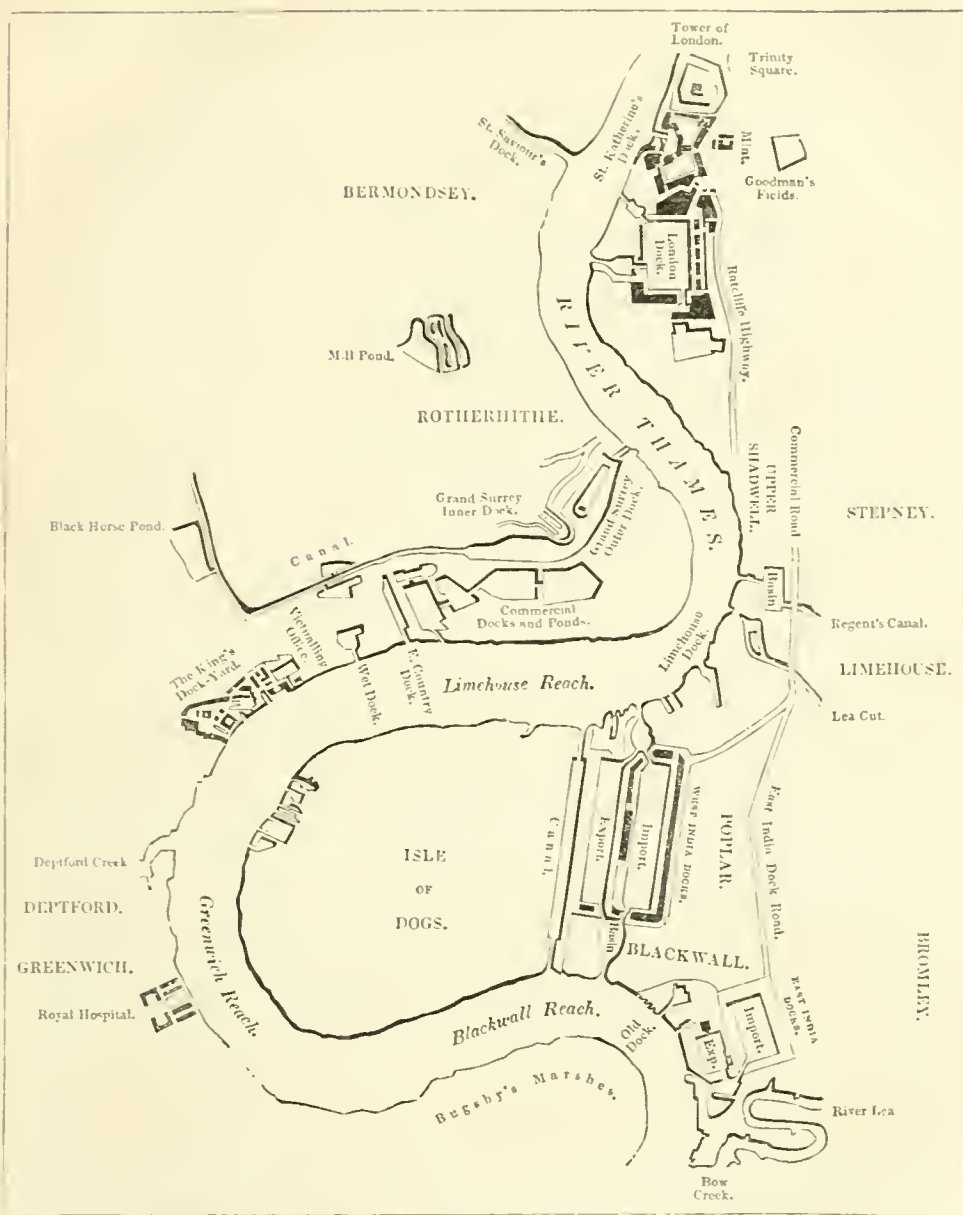
The reward for every difficulty, anxiety, or suffering, was at last obtained. It is pleasant even to have to record that, on the 13th of August, 1841, Sir Isambert Brunel passed down the shaft recently erected on the Wapping side of the river, and thence by a small driftway through the shield into the Tunnel. Under what a new aspect that beautiful double archway must have thence appeared even to him, whose eyes had not for a single day forgotten to look upon it for many years! And, as he turned, what power must have been felt in that little beam of light struggling through the driftway! The world must have appeared brighter from that moment. Nor should the labourers be forgotten, who, whilst expressing their admiration of him who had given method, firmness, and prosperity to their labours, in the cheering with which they greeted his appearance in the Tunnel from the opposite shore, deserve their meed of respect and applause.

The Tunnel is now entirely completed (measuring twelve hundred feet), and it is in order to make the necessary preparations for opening it to the public for use that it is now closed against more visitors. The great circular shafts are being provided with handsome staircases for the accommodation of foot-passengers. The carriage-ways have yet to be constructed, and will be costly works. Their plan is marked with the inventive ability that so eminently characterizes the whole history of the Tunnel. They will consist each of an immense spiral road, winding twice round a circular excavation fifty-seven feet deep, in order to

reach the proper level. The extreme diameter of the spiral road will be no less than two hundred feet. The side of the road next to the interior, or excavation, will be defended with substantial walls relieved by open arches ; and on the other will be built warehouses at the top, and cellars at the bottom. The road itself will be forty feet wide, and the descent very moderate. The expenses of the Tunnel have been, of course, very much greater than were contemplated, and that circumstance has not been one of the least of the engineer's difficulties : in one sense, indeed, it was his greatest, since it did not rest with himself to conquer it. Yet, strange to say, in spite of such an accumulation of hindrances and obstructions as no man could have ever conceived could have been met with—and overcome, the expenses of the Tunnel forms one of its advantageous features, when we contrast its cost with the only other mode of communication (impracticable here from the size and number of the shipping passing to and fro)—a bridge. We do not know the exact expenditure up to this moment, but we do know that the entire expense will not materially exceed the estimate presented to Government in 1837 by Mr. Walker, the engineer it had appointed to examine from time to time the state of the work, and its probable cost. At that period 180,000*l.* of the Company's capital had been expended, and 84,000*l.* worth of Exchequer bills advanced by Government, making together 264,000*l.* The estimate for the future consisted of two items, one of 150,000*l.* to complete the Tunnel, and the other of 200,000*l.* for the shaft on the Wapping side, the great circular approaches, &c., forming a grand total of 614,000*l.* And this, we are informed, will be about the actual expense. By the side of this we may place the cost of the latest in erection of the great metropolitan bridges, London, with its expenditure of two millions ; or, if the disparity between the positive utility of the two works be objected, we may mention Waterloo, which has cost above a million.



[Relative Positions of the Tunnel and the Thames.]



[Map of the Port of London]

LV.—THE DOCKS.

WE may trace the vastness of London, the varied character of its external features, and the wonderful diversity which its social aspects present, to three distinct causes. First, its official supremacy, as the residence of the sovereign, the seat of the government and legislature, and all the most important departments of the state; secondly, its manufacturing industry: and, thirdly, its commercial

importance as a port. Any one of these elements would nourish a large amount of population; but without the two latter it would be kept within moderate limits, and it is chiefly in consequence of their influence that London is twice as large as Paris.

That portion of London connected with the port and shipping differs so much from the districts appropriated to manufactures, and from all others possessing a special character of their own, as to constitute one of the most distinct divisions of the metropolis. It embraces, on the northern side of the river, a district extending eastward from Tower Hill, and comprising Wapping and Ratcliffe Highway, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, and Blackwall; and, on the other side, commences with Tooley Street, and comprehends Rotherhithe and all along the river to Deptford. The general characteristics of the district have already been noticed;* and we shall, therefore, devote the present number to an account of one of its great features—the Docks.

The stranger, especially from an inland county, who takes a passage by one of the steamers which leave London Bridge every quarter of an hour for Greenwich, will be astonished at the apparently interminable forests of masts which extend on both sides of the channel, where a width of three hundred feet *should* be kept for the purposes of safe navigation, but which the crowd of ships from all quarters of the globe, of colliers, coasters, steam-boats, and river-craft, renders it difficult for the harbour-masters to maintain. If the tide be running upward, laden coal-barges are thronging the channel, proceeding to the wharfs in the upper part of the river; and colliers at their moorings are at all times discharging their cargoes into barges alongside. By the regulations of the coal-trade only a certain number of coal-ships are allowed to unload at the same time, the others remaining lower down the river until their turn arrives; and the coal-meters, who are appointed by the City, are also limited in number. But for these restrictions the river would present a still more crowded appearance, as it has happened that above three hundred colliers have arrived in the Lower Pool in one day; and even now a very large portion of the river is occupied by this one branch of commerce. Forty years ago, not only coal-ships, but vessels of every other kind, discharged their cargoes into lighters while at anchor in the stream; but such a practice would now be impossible, so great has been the increase of commerce. East Indiamen generally came only as far as Blackwall, where they discharged their cargoes into decked lighters of from fifty to one hundred tons, and, the hatchways being secured under lock and key, they proceeded to the wharfs. West India ships discharged in the river, and the cargoes were also conveyed in lighters to the legal quays. All other vessels, except they were of small size, were in like manner compelled to use lighters in discharging their cargoes. At the present time six-sevenths of the barges and river-craft are solely employed in transporting the cargoes of coal, corn, and timber ships, so small a proportion as one-seventh only being required for the conveyance of all other commodities, the chief of which are of a bulky kind, and do not offer any great temptation to pilferers. In 1792 the number of barges and craft required for the traffic between the ships in the river and the quays was 500 for timber and 1180 for coal, each averaging thirty-three tons; 402 lighters of thirty-nine tons; 338 punts of twenty tons; 57 lugger-boats of twenty-four tons; six

* Thames Tunnel, LIV. p. 50.

sloops of twenty-seven tons; 10 cutters of seventy-one tons; and 10 boats of fifty-eight tons; making a total of 3503 craft. Property of the most costly and valuable description, and every kind of merchandise, was daily exposed to plunder in these open boats, for only the lighters of the East India Company were decked, and it was considered that even they afforded a very insufficient protection. The temptation to pilfer was almost irresistible, those who were honestly disposed taking their share under the plea that wastage and leakage were perquisites. So many persons were engaged in the work of depredation on the river, that it was carried on in the most daring and open manner—lightermen, watermen, labourers, the crews of ships, the mates and officers in some instances, and to a great extent the officers of the revenue, being combined in this nefarious system; while on each side of the river there was a host of receivers, some of them persons of opulence, who carried on an extensive business in stolen property.* In 1798 the Thames Police, called then the Marine Police, was instituted for the repression of these offences, but the source of the evil was still untouched, the temptation remaining undiminished so long as the exposure of property was rendered unavoidable by the absence of sufficient accommodation in quays and warehouses.

In 1558 certain wharfs, afterwards known as the "legal quays," were appointed to be the sole landing-places for goods in the port of London. They were situated between Billingsgate and the Tower, and had a frontage of 1464 feet by 40 wide, and of this space 300 feet were taken up by landing-stairs and by the coasting-trade, leaving, in the year 1796, only 1164 feet for the use of the foreign trade. Other wharfs had, it is true, been added from time to time, five of these, "sufferance wharfs," as they were called, being on the northern side of the river, and sixteen on the opposite side, comprising altogether a frontage of 3676 feet. The warehouses belonging to the sufferance wharfs were capable of containing 125,000 tons of merchandise, and 78,800 tons could be stowed in the yards. The want of warehouse-room was so great that sugars were deposited in warehouses on Snow-hill, and even in Oxford-street. Wine, spirits, and the great majority of articles of foreign produce, especially those on which the higher rate of duties was charged, could be landed only at the legal quays. In 1793 sugars were allowed to be landed at the sufferance wharfs, but the charges were higher than at the legal quays; extra fees had to be paid to the revenue officers for attendance at them, though at the same time they were inconveniently situated, and at too great a distance from the centre of business. The above concession to the sufferance wharfs was demanded by common sense and necessity, for the ships entered with sugar increased from 203, in 1756, to 433, of larger dimensions, in 1794. Generally speaking, the sufferance wharfs were used chiefly by vessels in the coasting-trade, and for such departments of the foreign trade as could not by any possibility be accommodated at the legal quays. Even in 1765, commissions appointed by the Court of Exchequer had reported that the latter were "not of sufficient extent, from which delays and many extraordinary expenses occur, and obstructions to the due collection of the revenue." But the commerce of London had wonderfully increased since

* See Mr. Colquhoun's work on the 'Commerce and Police of the River Thames' for some curious statements as to these practices.

that time, its progress in the twenty-five years from 1770 to 1795 having been as great as in the first seventy years of the century. The value of the exports and imports of London in 1700 was about ten millions sterling, and in 1794 about thirty-one millions; and the shipping engaged in foreign trade had increased in tonnage still more than in numbers, as the following table of British and foreign shipping inwards will show:—

		Number of Ships.	Tonnage.	Average Tonnage.
1702	. . .	839	80,040	96
1751	. . .	1,498	198,053	132
1794	. . .	2,219	429,715	194

The coasting-trade had more than doubled in tonnage, and nearly so in number, from 1750 to 1795:—

		Number of Ships.	Tonnage.	Average Tonnage.
1750	. . .	6,396	511,680	80
1795	. . .	11,964	1,176,400	101

For the accommodation of this vastly-increased trade scarcely an effort had been made, and the mercantile interests experienced in consequence impediments and losses which it is wonderful did not arouse them earlier to provide a remedy. Merchandise was kept afloat in barges, as we now see coal, from want of room to discharge it at the legal quays, where sugar-hogsheads piled six and eight high, bales, boxes, barrels, bags, and packages of every description were heaped together. These quays were converted into a market for spirits, oil, fruits, and other commodities, and the export and import trades were confounded together on the same limited and inconvenient spot. At one time the stripping and cutting of tobacco was performed on quays, and the sugar-hogsheads were put to rights by the coopers on the decks of the loaded ships, while spirits were landed at one wharf and gauged at another. The Custom-House authorities might have done much to have remedied these inconveniences, but the service of this department appears to have been very inefficiently performed. The number of holidays was far too great; the officers were not very punctual in their attendance; and there was a general want of classification and arrangement amongst them, so that, while some had too much to do, others had too little. Instances are on record of above a thousand tons of goods lying for several days in lighters at a sufferance wharf, during which only two officers were on duty. Goods were allowed to remain on board ship a certain time after they were reported, but, in consequence of the crowded state of the quays, this time was not unfrequently overstepped, and penalties were incurred in consequence. The delays and obstructions of all kinds were profitable enough to the depredators on the river, but ruinous to the merchants.

About the year 1793 the complaints of the merchants began to attract more attention than they had hitherto received, and they held meetings, at which various remedies were proposed, but no substantial improvement was the result. At length, in 1796, Parliament took up the subject, and instituted a formal inquiry. After the war had commenced the evils complained of had enormously increased. The commerce of other countries flowed towards London, and merchant-ships, instead of arriving and departing singly, were compelled to sail in large fleets under the convoy of men-of-war, and thus the operations of a more extended trade were concentrated into irregular periods, which demanded the most

extraordinary activity and every possible facility which tended to promote despatch and economy of time and labour. This was a most flourishing era for the river plunderers, but the difficulties and inconvenience of the mercantile interest had now become so pressing as to render improvement inevitable, however difficult it might be to devise the most appropriate remedy. The Parliamentary Committee had under its consideration eight different plans for giving greater accommodation to the trading and shipping interests, and it had also to listen to the representations of various classes whose interests were involved in maintaining matters in their existing state; and amongst those who would be benefited by almost any change there was not as yet that concurrence which was desirable, and which would at once have led to a decisive result. It was not until 1799, three years after the Committee above mentioned had been appointed, that the West India merchants, a very influential and wealthy body, attained their object; and, but for the inquiry conducted by the Committee of 1796, the delay would have been still greater. Liverpool and Hull had long experienced the benefits of wet docks, and, in 1789, a private individual, Mr. Perry, a ship-builder, had constructed a dock called the Brunswick Dock, adjoining his building-yard at Blackwall, capable of containing at one time twenty-eight East Indiamen, and fifty or sixty ships of smaller burden. But even in 1799 the Greenland Dock was not allowed to be used by vessels discharging their cargoes, in consequence of objections on the part of the Commissioners of Customs.

The obstacles overcome by the generation which is now passing away, in the attempt to provide wet docks in the port of London, are comparatively so little known by the generation which is enjoying the fruit of their efforts, as to render a brief recapitulation of the various plans of 1796 not altogether uninteresting.

The first plan which we shall notice was intended to provide accommodation for the increased trade and shipping by deepening and improving the river, and extending the legal quays, at an estimated expense of 565,000*l*. Its author, who was chairman of the wharfingers of these quays, proposed that, from London Bridge to Deptford, the depth of the river at low water should be increased to sixteen and twenty feet, and, calculating that, in 1795, the number of ships (exclusive of all coasters except colliers) in the port of London at any one time did not exceed 750, he would, in the space already mentioned, have provided mooring-tiers for 1200 colliers, coasters, and foreign traders, with a ballast-wharf, 1140 yards in length, fronting the King's Yard at Deptford. To each species of trade, and the shipping employed in it, a distinct portion of the river was to be assigned; the space between London Bridge and the Tower on one side being for craft employed at the legal quays; the station for the coasting-trade commencing at the southern foot of the bridge and on the northern side from Tower Dock, from which point, on each side of the river, were to be the stations for the foreign shipping, the colliers being removed entirely out of the upper Pool. Harbour-masters were to be appointed to enforce the berthing of ships in their proper places. This plan also comprised the widening of the legal quays from forty to seventy feet, by platforms so as not to obstruct the current; the taking down of houses on each side of Thames Street, at the back of the legal quays, where spacious warehouses were to be erected; the avenues leading to Thames

Street to be widened, and here also additional warehouses were to be built. The authorities at the Custom-House were also to be called upon to enforce stricter regulations for the despatch of business. The object of this temporising scheme would not have alleviated one of the most prominent causes of complaint—the plunder of merchandise from lighters and barges on their passage from the ships to the quays, as it would still have been necessary for shipping to discharge their cargoes while lying in the river; and the accumulation of warehouses in the rear of the legal quays would have afforded very inferior accommodation in comparison with the commodious arrangements which the docks now present.

The “*Merchants’ Plan*” is also deserving of attention. They proposed purchasing eighty acres of land in Wapping, east of Nightingale Lane, and to excavate and form wet docks, of thirty-nine acres, capable of containing 350 ships, and one other of about two acres for lighters. One of the entrances of the larger dock was to be by a canal two miles and three-quarters in length, navigable for ships of 350 tons, and communicating with the river at Blackwall. The whole area of eighty acres was to be surrounded by a high wall, enclosing warehouses, wharfs, and quays. The Commissioners of Customs and the Corporation of the Trinity House each approved of this plan so far as related to the construction of docks, and it will be seen that it was nearly followed in the formation of the London Docks. The canal was objected to by the authorities at the Custom-House on the ground that, while shipping were towed along it, there would be great facilities for smuggling and plundering—an apprehension which, in that day, haunted all who had property afloat on the river. The Brethren of the Trinity House remarked, in their report on the plan, that contiguity to the metropolis was one of the essential points to be insisted upon in every project for wet docks, as long and tedious lighterage, fraught with so many evils both to property and the revenue, would be at once diminished. The estimated expense of the Merchants’ Plan was 993,000*l.*

The authorities of the City had also their plan, or rather plans, the chief feature of which was a dock, of 102 acres, in the Isle of Dogs, to contain above 400 ships, and another at Rotherhithe, of the same extent, for colliers. They moreover proposed to extend the frontage and area of the legal quays to 4150 feet in length and 60 in depth, by making five indented quays (and, including Billingsgate, six), each capable of accommodating twenty-nine lighters. The existing approaches to the quays, which were very narrow and incommodious, and caused great obstruction, were also to be widened. It was also proposed to arch over quays and to construct warehouses on them, with special reference to the security of the revenue. The erection of warehouses at the proposed docks does not appear to have been contemplated, and they would, therefore, have merely relieved the river without obviating the necessity of lighterage. The cost of carrying these extensive plans into effect was estimated at 1,109,352*l.*

The fourth plan, described as Mr. Wyatt’s, was a project for constructing three docks in the Isle of Dogs, with a basin, common to them all, at Blackwall, capable of receiving 160 ships, and having three entrances; the corresponding western basin at Limehouse to accommodate 800 lighters. The three docks were to be of oblong form, extending from east to west: the northern dock to contain 200 ships; the middle dock, 250, for ships with the most valuable cargoes of foreign

produce; and the southern dock to contain 300 colliers. The whole area comprising the three docks was to be surrounded by a wall sixteen feet high. Landing wharfs and warehouses, the most prominent features of the existing docks, were not contemplated in this plan; but ships were to discharge their cargoes on a floating wharf, the Custom-House duties to be ascertained at the time. Lighterage would therefore still have been necessary; and there would have been a waste of time in craning goods from the ship to the floating-wharf, and then into the lighter; whence they would require to be a third time moved at the quay before they finally reached the warehouse. The estimated expenses of the plan were 840,252*l.*; and it was partly followed in the construction of the West India Docks.

The Southwark Plan, as it was called, which was estimated to cost only 300,000*l.*, was calculated for local rather than general convenience. Docks for colliers, timber-ships, and vessels for sale, were to be formed at Rotherhithe; and a canal (in which we perceive the idea of the Surrey Canal) was to open an outlet from the western extremity of the dock through Southwark, and, after nearly touching the King's Bench Prison, would have entered the Thames nearly opposite St. Paul's.

A plan was submitted by Mr. Spence for arranging all the shipping frequenting the river into twelve classes, according to their respective employments, for each of which it was proposed to erect a separate dock, either on the Isle of Dogs or between the Tower and Limehouse; six of these docks to be 600 feet square, and the remaining six one-third less. The estimated expense was 500,000*l.*; but the general opinion was that a single spacious dock would be more convenient and less expensive.

Mr. Walker's plan for docks, quays, and warehouses at Wapping, though not differing greatly from the Merchants' Plan, was favourably regarded, on account of the site being contiguous to the City. He proposed to excavate fifty-five acres for docks; thirty-five acres additional being intended for quays, wharfs, and warehouses. One of the entrances was to be by a canal intersecting the Isle of Dogs at a point nearer the southern shore than the proposed canal in the Merchants' Plan. The cost was estimated at 880,000*l.*

The last of these plans was Mr. Reaveley's, which displayed considerable ingenuity, and consisted in fact of four distinct projects: 1. To form a new channel for the river in a straight line from Limehouse to Blackwall; the Long Reach round the Isle of Dogs thus constituting a dock, with flood-gates at each entrance. 2. To continue the new channel below Blackwall towards Woolwich Reach, so as to convert another bend of the old channel into a dock. 3. To make a new channel from Wapping, and to form three docks out of the three bends, to be called Ratcliffe Dock, Blackwall Dock, and Greenwich Dock. The Trinity House objected that the King's Dock at Deptford would be injured by the latter plan; on which Mr. Reaveley proposed:—4. To make a new channel from Wapping to the old channel between Greenland Dock (now the Commercial Docks) and Deptford, thence inclining to the northward until it opened into Woolwich Reach, thus forming two spacious docks out of the bends of the river (above and below) at Blackwall. The estimated cost of these various plans was not given.

These projects brought forward the interests which depended upon the continuance of things as they were. The Tackle House and City porters complained

that, if the import and export business were removed beyond the City limits, their right to the exclusive privilege of unloading and delivering all merchandise imported into the City would be worthless; the carmen, who enjoyed a similar monopoly, made the same complaint, and they stated that Christ's Hospital derived an income of 400*l.* a-year from the licences under which they exercised their privilege; the watermen foretold that the establishment of docks would deprive one-half of them of bread; the lightermen stated that they had a capital of 120,000*l.* invested in tackle and craft employed in the transport of merchandise, which capital would be annihilated if shipping were enabled to discharge their cargoes on quays within docks; the proprietors of the legal quays endeavoured to prove that, if only the West India trade were allowed to use docks, the value of their interests would be diminished two-thirds, and that it would be totally annihilated if the foreign trade were to be altogether withdrawn from the river; and, lastly, the proprietors of the sufferance wharfs raised their voices against the proposed docks.

Some of the objections were not directly founded on a probable loss to the individuals who urged them; but it was contended that unloading ships in docks would be more expensive than discharging them into lighters in the river. Here, however, experience could be adduced to show that the case would be quite otherwise. Excluding details which were not common to the respective circumstances of Liverpool and London, it was shown that the expense in the discharge of 500 hogsheads of sugar would be 52*l.* less in docks than in the river. Others scarcely hoped to see an end put to the system of plunder, which had existed so long, and with such impunity, as to be regarded almost in the nature of a port-charge—as an evil which there was little hope of removing. They feared that articles would be conveyed over the dock-walls, or that the docks would be the resort of depredators and smugglers, who would convey property out at the gates; and it was in order to allay these apprehensions that the Parliamentary Committee observed in their Report that “the walls may be built too high to convey articles over, the gates be kept by revenue officers, and no extraordinary concourse be permitted.” The Commissioners of Customs, with the same object, also gave it as their opinion that the revenue “*may* be as effectually guarded by their officers within docks as in the open river;” and they alleged, further, that with wet docks the delay in the payment of duties occasioned by the detention of cargoes for want of accommodation at the quays and warehouses would be altogether avoided. Only one witness examined before the Parliamentary Committee thought that docks would not “pay.” So little, however, did even the Committee see their way distinctly as to observe in their Report, that “wet docks do not necessarily imply quays, and still less the delivery of cargoes on quays;” so that at this date (April, 1796) there was no clear apprehension of the plans which would eventually be adopted even if docks were constructed.

Three years afterwards, in 1799, not a single Bill had been passed for the construction of docks, but several had been introduced into Parliament for the still desiderated improvements of the port, and a Committee was appointed to report on their merits. Of the plans of 1796 only that of the merchants, for docks at Wapping, and that of the City, for docks on the Isle of Dogs, appear to have been now entertained; but there was one new plan, the object of which was to

rebuild London Bridge, and to admit ships of 500 tons burthen up to Blackfriars Bridge, either by a large central arch of 300 feet span and 90 feet high, or by a double roadway in the middle of the bridge with a drawbridge on each side admitting ships into a basin, from which they were to pass either up or down the river, only one of the drawbridges to be opened at the same time, to prevent impediment to passengers and vehicles. This plan also comprised a range of quays and warehouses on both sides of the river from London Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge. A drawing of the substantial and lofty warehouses which it was proposed to erect is given in the Parliamentary Report; and, as they admitted of no architectural embellishment, this long and dreary line of uniform buildings enclosing the river has an aspect little short of appalling, and it cannot be regretted that its banks are left with meaner buildings of more picturesque variety. The question respecting the advantages of docks had now, however, made such progress that the Committee, in reference to the last-mentioned project, were inclined to consider "any plan for the improvement of the port imperfect, of which wet docks did not make a part." There remained, therefore, only two plans under consideration; and though, as observed in the Report, docks might be advantageously established in each of the places proposed, yet, considering the inconvenience resulting from further delay, the Committee gave a preference to those intended to be constructed in the Isle of Dogs, as they could be formed in the shortest time and at the least expense. The Bill for the West India Docks was therefore passed in 1799, and on the 21st of August, 1802, they were opened for business. A compulsory clause was introduced into the Act requiring all ships laden with West India produce to make use of these docks for the space of twenty-one years. In the following year (1800) the Act for the construction of the London Docks (or rather Dock, for the smaller dock was not made until many years afterwards) was passed; and it also obtained exclusive privileges, vessels laden with certain produce, as wine, brandy, tobacco, rice, being required to enter. The London Dock was opened on the 30th of January, 1805. In 1803 the Act for making the East India Docks at Blackwall was passed, and they were opened on the 4th of August, 1806. This terminates the first period in the history of these useful establishments.

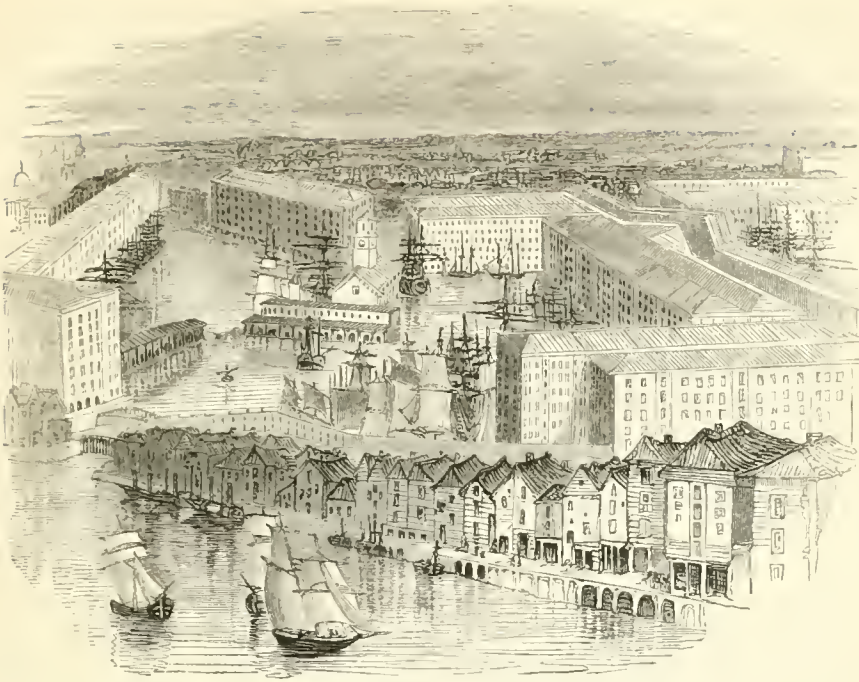
The interest of the proprietors of the legal quays was bought by Government for 486,087*l.*, and compensation amounting to 138,791*l.* was granted to persons having vested interests in the mooring-chains in the river. The amount paid out of the Consolidated Fund by virtue of the several Acts for improving the port of London was 1,681,685*l.*, including the purchase of the legal quays. The sum demanded as compensation (without reckoning the purchase of houses and land, which cost the London Dock proprietors especially an enormous sum) was little short of four millions sterling, of which only 677,382*l.* was awarded and paid. The Docks did not contribute towards such compensation.

Besides the West India, London, and East India Docks, there were constructed in the course of a few years afterwards the Commercial Docks, the East Country Docks, the Surrey Canal Dock, and the Regent's Canal Dock, which we shall notice presently.

The second period in the history of these works commences with the St. Katherine's Docks, the projectors of which stood pretty much in the same relation to

the old Dock Companies as these latter did to the proprietors of the legal quays in 1796. In 1822, the government refused to renew the privileges of the West India Docks, which were on the point of expiring, when ships with West India produce would be at liberty to enter any other dock. The privileges of the London Dock, to which allusion has already been made, would also expire in January, 1826; and in 1827 the East India Dock would cease to be the only place for the admission of East India produce, thus liberating the private trade. It was clear that a considerable portion of the business which had hitherto been forced into channels which were remote from the centre of trade would in future be directed to the dock nearest London, and that it would in consequence possess a virtual monopoly, as it already enjoyed great advantages from its situation, and was overflowing with business, although the dues were high. The merchants felt that it would be desirable to have another dock, possessing equal advantages in point of contiguity and convenience, and which would prevent their being dependent on a single establishment; and besides this consideration, it appeared to them that the addition of a new dock was required for the accommodation of an increased trade. Among the projectors of the St. Katherine's Docks were therefore to be found many of the principal merchants of the port of London; and in 1824 they carried a bill into parliament to effect their object. It was strenuously opposed; but a strong case was made out in its favour, and the Committee of the House of Commons reported that "they were strongly impressed with the important benefits that would result if the sanction of parliament were given to the application for the construction of the St. Katherine's Docks." The site selected was regarded as a favourable situation for commercial purposes when it was proposed to extend the legal quays. At that time (thirty years previously) the district chiefly consisted of "mean and wretched alleys and courts, and some vacant ground: the houses are in general old and ruinous, and the inhabitants low and poor." In 1763, also, St. Katherine's was actually constituted a legal quay; but from some cause the proceeding was informal, and it had never been used as such; and in 1799 its eligibility for wet docks was also pointed out. The bill for converting the site here spoken of into wet docks received the royal assent in 1825. Upwards of eight hundred houses were taken down, with St. Katherine's Hospital, founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, together with the house of the master, a valuable appointment in the gift of the queen, or of the queen-dowager, if there be one. The hospital and master's residence have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park. The first stone of the new docks was laid 3d May, 1827; and they were opened 25th October, 1828, having been constructed with unexampled rapidity. Two other bills for the construction of docks passed in the same year, one on the south side of the river, and another, for colliers, on the Isle of Dogs; but the project was abandoned in both cases.

We may now commence a tour of the different docks; and, beginning with those nearest London, we first visit St. Katherine's, which are just below the Tower. The lofty walls which constitute it, in the language of the Custom-House, a place of "special security," surround an area of twenty-three acres, of which eleven are water, capable of accommodating 120 ships, besides barges and other craft. The frontage of the quays is 4,600 feet, or nearly three times the extent of the legal quays of 1796; and the warehouses, vaults, sheds, and covered ways will contain



[St. Katherine's Docks.]

110,000 tons of goods. The warehouses are massive and spacious, five stories high. The vaults below, for wine and spirits, are admirably constructed; and where a range of vaults turns off to the right and left, the arches are by no means destitute of architectural beauty; and, seen by the dim illumination of a lamp (in the spirit vaults the Davy lamp is used), the visitor is reminded of the solemn gloom of the crypts in some of our most ancient ecclesiastical edifices. All the arrangements connected with the St. Katherine's Docks are directed to secure the two great desiderata of commercial success, economy and despatch, which are attained by ingenious and skilful contrivances, both in the general plan and in the application of mechanical resources. The defects which experience had detected in the older docks were, of course, avoided. The ground-floors of the warehouses present an opening towards the basin eighteen feet high; and cargoes are raised into them out of the hold of a ship without the goods being deposited on the quay. A cargo which could not be placed in the warehouse in less than fifteen days in one of the earlier-constructed docks, can be raised from the ship's hold into the warehouses at St. Katherine's in one-fifth of the time; but, before there were any docks at all, an East Indiaman of 800 tons was not usually delivered of her cargo in less than a month; or if of 1200 tons, six weeks were required; and then the goods were to be taken in lighters from Blackwall nearly to London Bridge, where they were placed on the quay, and thence transferred to the warehouses. Another calculation was, that for the delivery of a ship of 350 tons eight days were necessary in summer and fourteen in winter, which the projectors of docks in 1796 contended could be accomplished in wet docks in exactly one-half of the time for each season. At St. Katherine's, the average time occupied in discharging a ship of 250 tons is twelve hours, and for one of 500 tons two or

three days, the goods being placed at the same time in the warehouse. Indeed, there have been occasions when still greater despatch has been used, and a cargo of 1100 casks of tallow, averaging from nine to ten cwt. each, has been discharged in seven hours. This would have been considered little short of a miracle on the legal quays less than fifty years ago. One of the cranes in these docks cost about 2000*l.*, and will raise from thirty to forty tons. It is worked by ten or a dozen men, and is chiefly used in raising large blocks of marble, &c. The height of the warehouses, and their being close to the water, renders the appearance of the St. Katherine's Docks very compact; and, though the water room is small as compared with other docks, a larger amount of business may be transacted in an equal space than at any other. Before the construction of docks so high up the river, vessels of above 250 tons were scarcely ever seen so near the Bridge; but ships of 800 and 900 tons have been safely towed into St. Katherine's. The lock leading from the river to the dock is 185 feet long and 45 feet broad; and the depth of water at spring tides is about 28 feet. In 1841 about 1000 vessels and 10,000 lighters were accommodated at St. Katherine's Docks. The capital expended by the Dock Company exceeds 2,000,000*l.*

The London Docks are separated from St. Katherine's by Nightingale Lane. This magnificent establishment comprises an area of above one hundred acres, and cost about 4,000,000*l.* sterling. The two docks can accommodate 500 ships, and the warehouses will contain 232,000 tons of goods. The tobacco warehouses alone cover five acres of ground, and are rented by government at 14,000*l.* a year. They will contain about 24,000 hogsheads, averaging 1,200 lbs. each, and equal to 30,000 tons of general merchandise. Passages and alleys, each several hundred feet long, are bordered on both sides by close and compact ranges of hogsheads, generally two in height, or eight feet, with here and there a small space for the counting-house of the officers of customs, under whose inspection all the arrangements are conducted. Near the north-east corner of the warehouses is a door inscribed, "To the kiln," where damaged tobacco is burnt, the long chimney which carries off the smoke being jocularly called "the Queen's pipe." There is a small dock of one acre exclusively appropriated to ships laden with tobacco. Still more bewildering for their extent and the immense quantity and value of the property which they contain are the wine and spirit vaults, which can accommodate 60,000 pipes of wine. One of the vaults has an area of seven acres. The warehouses around the wharfs are imposing from their extent, but are nothing near so lofty as those at St. Katherine's; and, being situated at some distance from the dock, goods cannot be craned out of the ship's hold and stowed away at one operation. The walls surrounding the docks cost 65,000*l.* The annual net receipts of the company in 1824 were about 162,000*l.*, and 96,000*l.* was paid in salaries and wages. At the same period upwards of 42,000*l.* a year was paid to the officers of Customs and Excise employed by these Revenue Boards in the same establishment. The business of these docks was never so well managed as at the present time, competition and the termination of their exclusive privileges in 1826 having led to many important improvements.

The West India Docks are about a mile and a half from the London Docks, and they may be most conveniently visited from the City by taking the Blackwall

Railway from Fenchurch Street. Their extent is nearly three times that of the London Docks, the entire ground which they cover (including the canal made to avoid the bend of the river at the Isle of Dogs) being 295 acres. The canal is



[West India Dock.]

nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and was constructed at the expense of the City, but was afterwards sold to the Dock Company, who make use of it as a dock for timber ships. The northern or import dock is 170 yards long by 166 wide, and the export dock is of the same length, and 135 yards wide. These two docks, with the warehouses, are enclosed by a lofty wall five feet in thickness. The warehouses will contain above 180,000 tons of merchandise, and there has been at one time, on the quays and in the sheds, vaults, and warehouses, colonial produce worth 20,000,000*l.* sterling, comprising 148,563 casks of sugar, 70,875 barrels and 433,648 bags of coffee, 35,158 pipes of rum and Madeira, 14,000 logs of mahogany, and 21,000 tons of logwood, besides other articles. Since the privileges of the company expired the docks have been used by every kind of shipping.

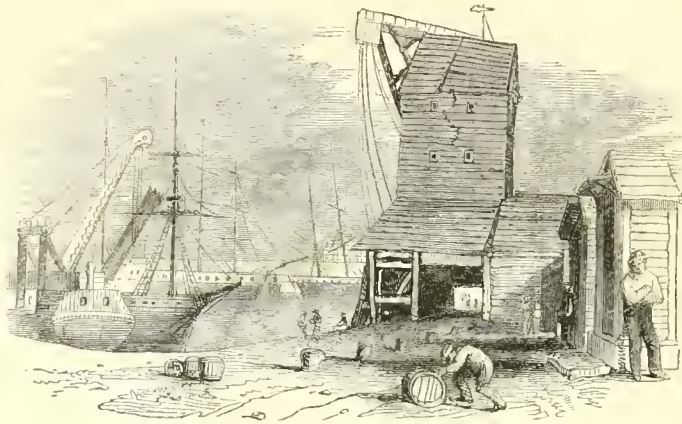
The East India Docks at Blackwall may also be most conveniently reached



[East India Import Dock.]

by the railway. They were at one time under the management of a certain number of the East India Directors; but, since the opening of the trade to India,

these docks have been purchased by the West India Dock Company. The import dock has an area of nineteen acres, the export dock of ten acres, and the basin three; and as they were constructed for vessels of the largest size, they



[East India Export Dock.]

have never less than twenty-three feet of water in depth. The warehouses for East India produce were chiefly in the City, and those at the docks will not contain more than 15,000 tons.

Neither the East nor West India Docks were open to strangers without permission being first obtained, but at all the other docks the gates are freely open during the hours of business. The system of exclusion was at one period so rigid, that the crews were discharged on the ship entering the dock. They are now allowed to remain on board, subject, of course, to strict regulations respecting the use of fires. The number of persons employed in each of the docks is very great, and a large proportion of the labourers are taken on only by the day. The other classes employed comprise revenue officers, for whom small offices are fitted up, clerks, warehousemen, engineers, coopers, and various others. The number of persons employed on an average at the four docks already described is, perhaps, about five thousand. At the entrance of the St. Katherine's and the London Docks are "stands" of carts and waggons waiting to be employed by whoever has merchandise to be removed from the warehouses.

The advantage of bonded goods being warehoused at a convenient distance for the wholesale dealers is so important, that cargoes which have been discharged in the docks farthest from the metropolis have been brought up in lighters to those nearest the City. The Blackwall Railway will enable the former to retain some of their advantages, as a few minutes will take a purchaser from the heart of the City. St. Katherine's Docks are about fifteen minutes' walk from the Royal Exchange; the West India Docks are three miles from the Exchange, and the East India Docks three miles and a half. The East India Dock Road and the Commercial Road were made for the purpose of facilitating the communication between the City and the different docks. The charge for cartage from Blackwall to the City is 5s. per ton.

The docks in London which have the privilege of legal quays, and are places of "special security," are capable of receiving in their warehouses and other places for stores about 500,000 tons of merchandise, which are placed in bond under the inspection and care of officers of the revenue, and the duty need not be paid until the goods are taken out for home consumption. These advantages render London a free port, and, without them, its character as a great entrepôt for the produce of the world could not be maintained. The gradual extension of the warehousing system is one of the most important commercial reforms of the present century. Previous to 1804, that is, before there were any docks, the duties on almost every species of merchandise were paid when imported, a drawback to the amount being allowed on re-exportation. Besides raising prices, this system encouraged frauds on the revenue, by which fortunes were dishonestly realised. On the opening of the West India Docks the produce of the West Indies was admitted at those docks without the payment of duty being required at the time; and, when the London Docks were opened, rice, tobacco, wine, and spirits were admitted there also on the same terms. Until the out-ports obtained warehouses of equal security, London enjoyed advantages which have since been partially extended to all the ports of any consideration.

Before passing to the other side of the river, we must notice the Regent's Canal Dock, between Shadwell and Limehouse; and, though it is a place for bonding timber and deals only, it affords great accommodation to the trade of the port by withdrawing shipping from the river.

The docks on the southern banks of the Thames are—1. The Grand Surrey Canal Dock at Rotherhithe, about two miles from London Bridge by water. 2. The Commercial Docks and Timber Ponds. 3. The East Country Dock. These have only the privilege of sufferance wharfs. At the two latter docks timber, corn, hemp, flax, tallow, and other articles, which pay a small duty and are of a bulky nature, remain in bond, and the surrounding warehouses are chiefly used as granaries, the timber remaining afloat in the dock until it is conveyed to the yards of the wholesale dealer and the builder. The Surrey Dock, like the Regent's Dock, is merely an entrance basin to a canal, and can accommodate 300 vessels: the warehouses, chiefly granaries, will not contain more than 4000 tons of goods. The Commercial Docks, a little lower down the river, occupy an area of about forty-nine acres, of which four-fifths are water; and there is accommodation for 350 ships, and in the warehouses for 50,000 tons of merchandise. They were used originally for the shipping employed in the Greenland fishery, and provided with the necessary apparatus for boiling blubber; but, the whale fishery being given up, the docks were, about the year 1807, appropriated to vessels engaged in the European timber and corn trades, and ranges of granaries were built. The East Country Dock, which adjoins the Commercial Docks on the south, is capable of receiving twenty-eight timber ships, and was constructed about the same period for like purposes. It has an area of six acres and a half, and warehouse-room for 3700 tons.

Notwithstanding this ample dock accommodation, it will probably at some time be still further extended by the formation of collier docks, as none of the existing docks admit colliers to discharge their cargoes, in consequence of the

injury which would be done to most articles of merchandise by coal-dust. The number of colliers which entered the river in 1790 was 3897; and in 1841, 10,311, so that their increase has more than filled up the vacancies occasioned by the operation of the docks in withdrawing shipping from the overcrowded river, besides which steam navigation has been greatly extended, demanding a larger space for free and unobstructed passage. The formation of a harbour on the Essex side of the river, with a railway for the conveyance of coal to London, is another mode by which it is proposed to prevent the resort of colliers in the most crowded parts of the river. Again, steam navigation was so comparatively unimportant even at the time of the construction of the St. Katherine's Docks, that it is scarcely a matter of surprise that none of the docks are calculated for steamers of the largest class without the paddle-wheels being taken off; and yet vessels of this description are gradually obtaining possession of a trade formerly employing sailing vessels of comparatively small burthen. Between London and Hamburgh, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, Havre, Oporto, Lisbon, and even the Mediterranean, they already are large carriers of every kind of merchandise, and, as they do not enter docks, but discharge their cargoes while lying in the river, they necessarily occupy a large part of the stream. One of the chief objections to the accommodation of steam-vessels in the docks is the risk from fire.



[Westminster Bridge, 1842.]

LVI.—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE metropolitan world of the present and the latter half of the last century seems to have been seized with a very sudden and sweeping determination to get rid of a variety of circumstances which however annoying or mischievous in themselves, had been borne most patiently by our forefathers from time immemorial. It is truly surprising to walk through the principal thoroughfares of London and mark how entirely everything in the shape of street magnificence, street cleanliness, or street comfort that meets the eye, belongs to the existing or the preceding generation. Let accident or necessity take us where innovation has not yet appeared,—to any of those spots or districts, growing smaller and fewer every day, which yet preserve for our instruction a few glimpses of the overhanging houses, the alley-like streets, the din, the danger, and the filth surrounding the whole like another atmosphere, which so recently characterised London generally,—and it seems difficult to understand how senses of vision, hearing, or smell, constituted like our own, could have ever regarded such nuisances with complacency. It may be supposed that only the poorer and less prominent neighbourhoods or thoroughfares were of this kind: so far, however, was this from being the case, that the highway to, and precincts of, the chief courts of justice, of the houses of legislature, and of the great Abbey, the foremost objects of attention to all foreign visitors, the constant places of resort of all the most distinguished Englishmen, were but a century ago in a condition

which we should say St. Giles's or Bethnal Green now but faintly emulates. Our evidence will satisfy the most incredulous. On the 27th of January, 1741, Lord Tyrconnel, in moving "for leave to bring in a bill for the better paving and cleansing the streets within the city of Westminster and the liberties thereof, and for preventing nuisances therein," said, "It is impossible, Sir, to come to this assembly, or to return from it, without observations on the present condition of the streets of Westminster—observations forced on every man, however inattentive, or however engrossed by reflections of a different kind. . . . The filth, Sir, of some parts of the town, and the inequality and ruggedness of others, cannot but in the eyes of foreigners disgrace our nation and incline them to imagine us a people not only without delicacy but without government—a herd of barbarians or a colony of Hottentots." From other notices also we learn that the Houses of Parliament were obliged, from session to session, to publish an order for the keeping clear the way for the members,* and that when the Monarch came by land to visit them it was necessary to throw fagots into the ruts to enable the unwieldy vehicle of state to pass along with moderate ease. Who that now passes from Charing Cross into Westminster would suspect he was traversing the very localities which Lord Tyrconnel had in view in his description? And the reformation of the evils more particularly referred to by the noble lord, connected with the surface of the ground, is but a type of the greater changes that have here been wrought. Let us imagine ourselves following some foreign visitor from the City to Westminster a century ago. As soon as he turned the corner at Charing Cross he entered a narrow street occupying the right side only of the space now forming Whitehall and Parliament Street, and which, nowhere very broad, measured in some parts scarce eighteen feet. Continuing his route between the walls of Whitehall on the left and the Park on the right, near the Horse Guards he stopped to admire the stately proportions of the Banqueting House, almost the only part of the famous Palace which the fire of 1697 had left entire; or to take a last look of Holbein's beautiful gate, which he would hear was likely before long to be removed—the one *loss* among all the buildings and places to be swept away. Thinking of this gate, he would care little for the absence of the other, also belonging to Whitehall, which had stood but a few years before at the corner of King Street and Downing Street, and over which Henry VIII. had been accustomed to pass from the chambers of the Palace to regale himself with the pleasures of his tennis-court, his bowling-green, his cock-pit, or his tilt-yard, or merely with a simple walk in the Park. As the stranger passed along King Street (presenting here and there to this day the same aspect as of old) he had reason to be thankful if he got safely through without injury to person or apparel from the confused throng of pedestrians, horsemen, carts, and coaches jammed together in that narrow space; still more fortunate was he if some occasion of public ceremony, such as the King going to open parliament, had not drawn him thither. It makes one's sides ache to think of being borne along with such a procession through such a place. Forgetting for a moment the disagreeables of the way and the astonishment they bred in him, he would find the neighbourhood an interesting one. Near the end of King Street (which then extended to some little distance on the other side of the

* This form is, indeed, still retained.

present Great George Street, which was not yet in existence) he beheld the place rejoicing in the name of Thieving Lane, through which felons had been formerly conducted (somewhat circuitously, in order to avoid touching the Sanctuary of the Abbey, where they must have been freed) to the Gate-house or Prison of the Abbot of Westminster, standing just by the beginning of Tothill Street; and close by was the famous Sanctuary itself, occupying the space where now stands the Sessions House. From King Street the road to the Abbey and the houses of Parliament diverged to the left towards the Thames; but then, again turning to the right, passed between New Palace Yard and the old decaying houses which stood on that pleasant green sward we now see opposite the former, with the statue of Canning conspicuous in front. This part was called St. Margaret's Lane, and a lane truly it was, hemmed in closely by the old "Fish-yard" and by parts of the ancient Palace of Westminster, where, among other curiosities about shortly to disappear, our visitor would see two old prisons of the regal habitation, known respectively as Heaven and Purgatory, in the last of which "was preserved the ducking-stool which was employed by the burgesses of Westminster for the punishment of scolds. The lady," he would be informed, if he was curious in such matters, "was strapped within a chair fastened by an iron pin or pivot, at one end of a long pole, suspended on its middle by a lofty trestle, which, having been previously placed on the shore of the river, allowed the body of the culprit to be plunged 'hissing hot into the Thames.' When the fervour of her passion was supposed to have subsided by a few admonitory duckings, the lever was balanced by pulling a cord at the other end, and the dripping Xantippe was exposed to the ridicule of her neighbours."* The different buildings we have mentioned rendered St. Margaret's Lane so narrow that it has been thought worthy of note that palisades became absolutely necessary between the footpath and the roadway for the safety of passengers. And when—strange contrast of magnificence and meanness!—the royal vehicle with its eight gorgeously caparisoned horses floundered along this miserable road, it had, after setting down the king at the entrance to the House of Lords, to drive into the court-yard of Lindsey or Abingdon House, then standing at the west corner of Dirty Lane (now Abingdon Street), in order to be able to turn. Wherever the visiter looked it was the same. The beautiful architecture of Henry VII.'s Chapel required an effort in order to get to see it; and Westminster Hall was in a still worse condition, some of the niches of the lower part of its front being hidden behind public-houses† and coffee-houses, which were propped up by it, and which but for its support would have spared all trouble of taking down. The gate of the Woolstaple opposite the Hall, the last remains of the establishment to which old Westminster owed so much, he would be too late to see, as it had lately (in 1741) been removed—and noticeable was the occasion of that removal. The last relic of the old monopolising principles of business, which confined certain advantages to certain places, was displaced to make room for a structure which, long desired, was at last only achieved by a triumph over similar principles, and which was to open to Westminster a new career of im-

* Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' vol. i. p. 262.

† The two public-houses which concealed some portion of the Hall were only removed in the beginning of the present century, when the fragments of eight figures, in niches of exquisite workmanship, were discovered.

provement, not less important and much more brilliant than even the Staple had done, which originally raised Westminster from a village to a town: in a word, our stranger, stepping from the Palace Yard into a narrow lane leading to the water (the site of which now forms one side of Bridge Street), beheld the work in progress which was the immediate cause of all the changes that rumour said were about to be made in the route through which he had passed—he beheld the rising but unfinished piers and arches of the BRIDGE.

The change wrought on the other side of the Thames has been still more extensive, though none of the interest attached to the removal of ancient and well-known buildings belongs to it. In lieu of the present Westminster Road, and the streets ramifying from it in all directions, gardens extended nearly the whole way to Kennington Common. It will be seen from what we have stated that the present approaches of the Bridge formed no part of the ancient route used by travellers in crossing from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore at this part of the Thames.

Those who may have occasion to cross the river by a wherry from the stairs at the foot of the fine old gateway of Lambeth Palace to Millbank on the opposite side, are landed on a shelving slope directly opposite the end of Market Street, and a little southward of the church of St. John the Evangelist. At the top of the slope stands a little wooden house; that is the old ferry-house, and the place is that of the old horse-ferry. Directly opposite, some hundred yards or so from Lambeth Palace, is an opening to an obscure street, still known as Ferry Street; and one, if not both, of the houses, which then formed considerable inns, still stand there, where travellers were accustomed to wait for the return of the boat, or for better weather than prevailed at the moment of their arrival, or to stay all night and sleep there if the day were far spent and themselves somewhat timid. How primitive all this seems! One can hardly be satisfied that we are really speaking of the Thames at Westminster, and a time so little removed. The horse-ferry, it appears, belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury from time immemorial, by whom it was leased at a rent of 20*l.* at the time of its suppression on the opening of the Bridge. Both the archbishop and the lessee received compensation.

We have incidentally referred to the opposition long shown to the project of a better mode of transit over the river, one more in accordance with the skill and enterprise and capital of the eighteenth century, as well as with the demands of industry, trade, and commerce. The obstinacy of the principles which actuated the opposers may be judged from the long duration of the contest which our local reformers had had to maintain. Their first movements took place so early as the reign of Elizabeth, and were followed up during almost every succeeding reign, and particularly during the periods of James I., the two Charles', and George I., in each of which the matter was brought before Parliament. On one of the latest of these unsuccessful attempts the petition presented to the House was met by a counter-petition from the Londoners, who exhibited great alarm and anxiety on all such occasions, and now remonstrated in language that might imply they felt the very existence of the trade and welfare of London depended on keeping Westminster without a bridge for ever. The Company of Watermen also warmly opposed the project, saying it would be highly preju-

dicial to its members, by greatly lessening, if not totally destroying, several ferries between Vauxhall and the Temple, which they had power to work on Sunday, and which produced a very considerable sum yearly, for the benefit of poor, aged, decayed, and maimed watermen and their widows. This opposition was somewhat more rational, and was rationally set aside by compensation. It excites a smile to read of some of the other enemies of the proposed Bridge: side by side with the petitions of the City of London, the Borough of Southwark, and the Watermen's Company, was the petition of the *West Country Bargemen*. On the third reading of the Bill in the House of Commons the petitions from all these parties came pouring in together, and the similarity of their language shows that their unanimity was indeed wonderful. It "will be a great prejudice to the navigation of the river of Thames, so as to render it dangerous, if not impracticable," says the City; it "will tend to obstruct the navigation of the river Thames," says the Company of Watermen; it "will greatly obstruct the navigation of the said river," say the lightermen and bargemen: but these last had an additional horror in store. It "will," they add gravely, "endanger the *lives of the petitioners* and the *loss of goods or merchandise* by them carried." "How, in the name of common sense?" might have been well asked; but the thing was too farcical to be worthy of any serious notice. Assured, however, of compensation, as all the parties were who had the slightest right to it, before the Bill was passed, there seems to have been an intense bitterness of feeling excited; and if we may judge from a clause in the Act, some danger was apprehended that, in the failure of all fair means, foul would be resorted to. The clause in question provides that persons wilfully destroying or damaging the said bridge should suffer *death*. The Act passed, after counsel had been heard for and against the measure, on the 31st of March, 1736, by a vote of 117 to 12. It was odd enough that, whilst the first debate was going on, the Thames, as if anxious to know what was determined in a matter so nearly affecting its interests, came up almost to the very doors of the Parliament House, and left the lawyers in Westminster Hall a foot deep of water to wade through. The site chosen for the Bridge, after much consideration, was from the Woolstaple or thereabouts, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, to the opposite shore in Lambeth. The erasure of the last vestige of the once celebrated market for wool, to which, generally in common with a few other places, all staple commodities were obliged to be brought and weighed for the payment of the customs, now followed, and demands a few words of notice.

"It seemeth," says Stow, speaking of matters as they remained to his day, "that the merchants of the staple be the most ancient merchants of this realm, and that all commodities of the realm are staple merchandises by law and charter, as wool, leather, wool-fels, lead, tin, cloth," &c. So early as the time of Edward I. the staple was held at Westminster, and princely were the merchants who belonged to it. The church of St. Margaret, first erected by the Confessor, to prevent a too great concourse of people to his new and beautiful abbey, was almost entirely rebuilt by them in the reign just mentioned: a noticeable circumstance, because they could hardly have been permanent inhabitants of the parish; with every change of the locality or localities of the staple—and such changes were continually taking place—they must have shifted too. Thus,

during the reign of the third Edward, in one year the staple of wool was appointed to be at Canterbury only, for the honour of Thomas à Becket; and yet but two years later the woolstaple of Bruges, on the continent, was removed to several places in England, among which Westminster was again chosen. The general reason of these changes, with trifling differences as to the individual case, is pointed out by Stow in connexion with this last-mentioned occurrence. It was done, he says, “to the great benefit of the King, and loss unto strangers and merchants.” The staple at that time, he adds, began on the next morrow after the feast of *St. Peter ad Vincula*. It is positively ludicrous to follow the Kings of that period through the turnings and windings of their policy with respect to the staple, seeing

“As from a tower the end of all,”

the addition of a few extra thousands into the royal pocket. In the thirty-seventh of Edward III. the staple of wool was again removed from England to the continent, Calais being now the favoured place. Six-and-twenty of our best and wealthiest merchants were appointed the farmers; and the record of this incident gives an additional illustration of the rank and consequence of this class in the fourteenth century. Every merchant had a train of six men at arms and four archers, and all at the King’s cost. Into the subsequent shiftings to and fro it were useless to enter; we therefore conclude our notices of the woolstaple by observing that, at the time of Henry VI., there were six wool-houses at Westminster, which were granted by that King to the Abbey; that the boundaries of the staple extended from Temple Bar to Tothill, within which the court of the staple alone had jurisdiction, consisting of a mayor and two constables (chosen by the merchants), associated with two alien merchants, and six



[Westminster, about 1660.]

others, alien and native, to act as mediators; and, lastly, that the staple fell into disuse, like its fellows in other places, as commerce increased, and became in-

formed by better principles. We may now pursue without interruption the history of the erection of the structure that forms our subject.

The mode of raising the money required was by lottery, that ever-ready resource of the last century, when new works had to be built, or old ones that had failed in their object to be paid for, and which statesmen did not hesitate, as in the present instance, to adopt as the readiest mode of obtaining finances for extraordinary occasions. The act authorised the raising of 625,000*l.*; from which the prizes having been paid, the residue, calculated at 100,000*l.*, was for the new work. In casually turning over the pages of the Act, after a glance at the title, one would suppose some curious mistake had been committed, so much is there about the lottery, and so little about the Bridge. Page after page is filled with minute details, describing who are to be the managers of the lottery, the form of the oath to be taken, the number and form of the tickets, including those distinguished as “the fortunate,” the rolling, the cutting, the drawing, &c. The next year it became necessary to pass a new Act, continuing the lottery; for only 43,000*l.* had been raised in the time allotted: the sum was then raised from 625,000*l.* to 700,000*l.* The tickets were fixed at 10*l.* each, but those who took a certain number had a reduction made. In connexion with lotteries and the Bridge may be mentioned a curious incident, which gives a somewhat amusing glimpse of the legislation of the last century. On the 2nd of March, 1735, whilst the bill for the Bridge was in progress, one Henry Jernegan, goldsmith, petitioned the House, stating that he had made a silver cistern, that had been acknowledged by all persons of skill, who had seen the same, to excel whatever of the kind had been attempted in this kingdom; that, after an expense of several thousand pounds on the workmanship alone, exclusive of the weight in silver, and after great hazards in the furnace, and four years of application to the raising and adorning the model, the cistern now remained on his hands. Our readers may wonder what this had to do with the building of Westminster Bridge, as we did ourselves in reading the passage referring to it in the journals of the House of Commons. But the House, it appears, not only thought the proposed connexion was in due course of propriety, but actually voted an instruction to the committee on the bill to make provision in it for the petitioner—by directing, we presume, the disposal of the cistern by lottery. Whilst the managers of the Bridge lottery were about their magnificent scheme, it was thought, it seems, they might very well undertake the Little-Go of Henry Jernegan, goldsmith. The second lottery had better fortune than its predecessor, and funds poured into the hands of the Bridge Commissioners. This body consisted of two hundred peers and members of the House of Commons, to whom was intrusted the direction of affairs, “and who,” says Labeleye, the architect of the Bridge (writing at the period of its erection), “notwithstanding their great trouble, care, and wearisome attendance in the discharge of the several important trusts reposed in them by the Legislature, have absolutely no kind of salaries, perquisites, fees, rewards, or consideration whatsoever, except, as a nobleman among them nobly expresses it, *the honour of doing what was thought impossible.*” Why the erection of a bridge over the Thames should be thought a work of such great difficulty as to be spoken of in these terms, we can now hardly understand; we have grown familiar with this kind of architectural greatness. But when Westminster Bridge

was undertaken England had seen no work of corresponding magnitude performed since the building of Old London Bridge, six centuries before, and that structure, making every allowance for the difference between ancient and modern engineering, was a work, by comparison, as easy to build, as it was awkward and dangerous when accomplished. Having referred to the architect of the Bridge, we may here say a few words on him and his publication. He was by birth a Swiss, who appears to have been patronised, if he was not brought over to England, by the Earl of Pembroke, the chief of the acting commissioners, but who became a naturalised subject of England, and proud of his adopted land. He was a man highly esteemed, it is said, for his honour and probity. On the completion of the Bridge he retired to spend his latter days in the more congenial atmosphere of France, where, it has been stated, he would not engage in any work that he thought would offend the English, and there he died in 1762. Such is the entire amount of the biography of this able man that we have met with. Neither Horace Walpole nor Mr. Allan Cunningham mention him among their other notices and lives of architects, in their respective works on the subject. But his biography is the Bridge itself; and no man need desire to have a more honourable or permanent record. Of all the particulars respecting the erection of this great work Labelye has left us a full and interesting account in a publication prepared by him at the desire of the commissioners. We shall borrow pretty largely from its pages, not only because they are so evidently the proper materials, but also on account of the strange and not very creditable neglect with which it has been treated by those who have since written on the edifice; and the consequence has been, the perpetuation of the most absurd mistakes, and the continual repetition of the same errors from one writer to another. The author of the account in the edition of Maitland's 'History,' published in 1756, was perhaps excusable; he may have written before Labelye's publication appeared (in 1751). But others since then have gone on copying that account, or, if they did depart from it, it was to add new errors of their own. For instance, in the history we read, "all the piers are laid at a considerable depth under the bed of the river, in a hard bed of gravel, which *never requires piling*;" and in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1738, under the date of September 13, that the *first pile* was driven by a newly-invented machine in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators; whilst Pennant, by a stroke of the pen, reduces the arches from fifteen to fourteen.

On looking at the spot chosen, Labelye found the width of the river to be about 1220 feet, or 300 feet wider than London Bridge. The line across the water was almost due east and west. As to the water, Labelye saw that he could so place his bridge as to allow the stream of the tide both at ebb and flood to pass straight through the arches, except during the first quarter of the flood, when the stream runs from Whitehall to Lambeth, and a period when of course large and heavily-laden boats would avoid passing through. He then examined the ground by repeated borings, which satisfied him of the existence of a bed of gravel quite across the Thames, and which was generally so hard, "and, as it were, petrified," that the boring-drills would not penetrate far into it, and the ballast-men found it difficult to dig when they prepared the foundation of the piers. Most people are aware that the general mode of erecting piers of bridges

is by the cofferdam, a kind of wall of wood formed of piles separately driven in, enclosing the space required, from which the water may then be drawn; but Labelye's method was different, and in England, we believe, at the time, new. He proposed to the commissioners that the foundation of every pier should be laid on a strong grating of timber planked underneath; that this grating of timber should be made the bottom of a vessel, such as is called *caisson* by the French; that the sides of this caisson should be so contrived as to be taken away after the pier should be finished; that the bed of the river should be dug to a sufficient depth and made level, in order to lay thereon the bottom of the caisson; that wherever the ground under the excavation or pit should prove good, there would be no necessity for piling it; but that, in case the ground under the foundation-pit should not prove of a sufficient consistence, it should be piled all over as closely as necessary; the heads of these piles then to be sawn level, close to the bottom of the pit, and on their tops the grating and foundation of the pier should be laid as is usual in such cases. And this description accurately explains the method followed. The caissons used by Labelye were the largest ever known, containing each one hundred and fifty loads of fir timber. The piers also he proposed should be built in an uncommon manner. Instead of an outward shell of hard stones, filled in the inside with rubble or brick-work, he determined to build them quite solid, and of large blocks of Portland stone. The first stone of the first pier was laid by the Earl of Pembroke, January, 1739, and whilst the latter was in progress many were the predictions of failure; but Labelye heeded them not, satisfied with his own conviction of success, and the knowledge that with the greater part of his opponents their wish with regard to the work was the father to their thought. Still they tried his temper, if they could not shake his confidence, and some of the principal personages appear to have had the ear of the commissioners; and, indeed, among the commissioners themselves there were some who caused the architect great trouble and anxiety. We need not wonder, therefore, at the tone of gratification in which he records the completion of different parts of his work, showing as they did from time to time the success that awaited the whole. It was on the 23rd of April, he tells us, "the festival of St. George, the first pier was entirely completed, having been executed with all the success that could be desired, without loss either of life or limb, and attended with a much less expense than would have attended any other method of building the piers; to the great mortification of many evil-minded persons, especially some disappointed projectors and artificers, who, without knowing what was really intended to be done, or being capable of putting it in execution, roundly asserted everywhere that this method of building was entirely impracticable, or at least would prove so expensive, that the charge of laying the foundation of one single pier would amount to more than the whole amount of the superstructure!" In excavating the foundation for the second pier a copper medal was found, about the size of a halfpenny, in tolerable preservation, having the head of the Emperor Domitian on one side, and a woman with a pair of scales and a cornucopia on the other. Labelye, mentioning the occurrence, says, "it is easily accounted for, if it be true that there was a ferry about this place in the time of the Romans; and there are many things which confirm this opinion." By the time they got to the fourth pier the work proceeded with great celerity, and that part of the bridge was finished in twenty days.

Up to this period the intention of the commissioners was to erect a timber superstructure of very peculiar and ingenious construction, which the curious reader may find engraved in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1750, and which was the design of a Mr. King. But though they thus far gave way to the busy whisperers who said a stone structure would be too expensive, the whole thing too hazardous, and (very likely) the architect too unfit, they allowed Labeledye, as we have seen, to commence in his own mode, wisely considering that, if the foundation and the piers were duly cared for, it would be easy at any time to replace the timber of the remaining part with stone. But an accident gave Labeledye the power of carrying out his entire design, and the metropolis a bridge worthy of it. This was the great *frost*, which, commencing on Christmas-day, 1739, continued with extraordinary severity for several weeks. The Thames soon began to be impassable on account of the floating masses of ice, which, gradually becoming fixed, gave a strangely wild and picturesque character to the scene. The river appeared like a far-stretching snowy field, covered with huge icy rocks. People began to pass to and fro, then booths were erected, until the whole became a kind of continued fair, and the printing presses scattered about were busily employed in diffusing records of so novel an occurrence. The frost was as extensive in its sphere of operations as it was severe. In Ireland persons passed across the fresh-water lake Lough Neagh on the ice, a distance of twenty miles. In Poland and Lithuania the very bears and wolves were driven from their hiding-places into the open country, and became a new calamity to the inhabitants. Trees were split, bread and most other eatables had to be thawed by the fire before they could be cut, water still liquid froze in the very act of pouring it from one vessel into another, and stood up in the glass like an icicle; the warm blood stiffened in the veins; persons were found dead on the highways, and some of the poor even in their houses. The damage to the shipping, &c., on the Thames was very great; vessels with valuable ladings sunk, and others, with lighters and boats innumerable, were greatly injured. The works of the bridge were not destined to escape. All the piles then standing, one hundred and forty in number, were torn away from their strong fastenings, and above half of them snapped in two, and other mischief of less importance was done. But the apparent evil was in this case a great good. It set the minds of the commissioners to work to re-consider their purpose. Whilst the frost continued no advance could be made, and, says Labeledye, "during that interruption some commissioners observed at the Board that the goodness of the method made use of in building the piers was then sufficiently tested; that the public in general was highly disgusted at the thoughts of having a wooden bridge," and spoke freely of its disadvantages, among which was the liability of "being carried away or greatly damaged by any future heaps of ice, such as was then on the frozen Thames." The subject of the repairs of a wooden bridge was now agitated, and that soon decided the question. Its contractors declined undertaking to keep it in repair at any fixed price. Before the labourers were able to recommence the work, on the discontinuance of the frost in February, 1740, Labeledye had obtained the sanction of the commissioners to a bridge of stone, with fifteen arches, and abutments, all on what was then esteemed a peculiarly grand scale; the former, for instance, increasing from a span of 52 feet (excluding the small abutment arches) on each side, to one of 76 for the centre arch, and the piers from 12 feet

broad to 17. The entire length of the bridge was to be 1220 feet, its breadth 40.

The same originality of thought and independence of action that excited the fears of the timid, and appeared to justify the doubts and censures of the hostile, in the commencement, with the piers and foundations, were still more strikingly shown when the superstructure began to appear. "In order to give the utmost strength to the arches of the bridge," says Labelye, "I designed their construction very different from the common way of building such arches; for, in order to destroy or counterbalance the thrust or lateral pressure with which all arches (even the semicircular ones) do endeavour to separate or overset their piers, every arch of Westminster Bridge (except the two small ones at the abutments) is double. The first arch is semicircular, built with great blocks of Portland stone, from three to five feet in height or depth; over which there is another arch built with Purbeck stones, bonded in with the under semicircular arch. This upper arch is of a particular figure or curve, four or five times thicker in the reins, or towards the bottom, than at the key or top. Both these arches, taken together, do form a kind of arch which can be demonstrated to be in *equilibrio* in all its parts. By means of these secondary arches, and the proper disposition of the superincumbent materials, every arch of Westminster Bridge is able to stand by itself, independent of the abutments or any other arch. I asserted, above twelve years ago, that arches thus constructed must have that property, as a necessary consequence, from a mathematical proposition as clearly demonstrated as any one proposition in Euclid or Apollonius; and the truth of my assertion has since been put out of all doubt, for when, by the settling of the western fifteen-foot pier, in 1747, it became necessary to take down the two adjoining arches, and to rebuild them, all the other arches, even the next to them on each side, stood firm and well (though unsupported on one side); nor were they at all affected by two severe shocks of earthquakes that were felt in London in February and March, 1749, to the great amazement of many, and to the no less confusion and disappointment of not a few malicious or ignorant people, who had confidently asserted, and propagated the notion, that upon unkeying any one of the arches the whole bridge would fall." The "people" here referred to, however, had had a great triumph when the accident Labelye mentions occurred to the western fifteen-foot pier. The Bridge was thought to be almost finished in 1747, and preparations were making for the opening, when suddenly the pier in question began to sink, and it became necessary to take down one of the arches. In a spirit of bitter indignation Labelye records the annoyance this unfortunate and, to him as well as other persons, incomprehensible circumstance caused him. "Notwithstanding most of the considerable bridges of which we have any account have, in the course of their building, met with some accident like this, it is certain that never was an accident so much taken notice of. It was very sincerely deplored by all those who had any good nature or public spirit, and as heartily rejoiced at by those of a contrary disposition, such as the watermen, ferrymen, and a great many others: nay, by some who were fed and maintained by the commissioners with much better bread than they ever deserved or ever could earn." The arch being removed, heavy weights were laid on the pier, consisting of some 700*

* All the accounts we have seen but Labelye's own give the weight as 12,000 tons, which he himself refers to as a mistake of the "daily newspapers and monthly magazines."

tons of stone in blocks, and iron cannon condemned as unserviceable; and Labelye was going on to add 1400 tons more when he was stopped by the commissioners, who were frightened by the representations of a "wicked cabal bent upon mischief for mischief's sake." These persons must have been hard pushed for arguments before they could have talked in the following ludicrous style:— They told the commissioners that the further loading might not only be dangerous to the adjoining arches, but crush the centres and make them fall into the river, and even draw after them *a considerable part of his Majesty's ordnance*. These men must have been born diplomatists. Was ever so magnificent a phrase made out of such small materials! This was the only instance in which the commissioners prevented Labelye from following his own designs. After some delay the affair was settled by a sort of compromise, Labelye adopting another plan for the repair. Recent circumstances enable us to add a useful appendix to this narration. An extensive reparation of the Bridge has been for some time going on, having for its object to strengthen the foundations of the pier undermined by the flow of the Thames since the removal of Old London Bridge; to lower the roadway in the centre and raise the approaches; and (there is little doubt) to widen the Bridge, for the preliminary step of lengthening the base of the pier is already in progress. In making these alterations much interest has been excited among professional men by the knowledge that the cause of the sinking of the pier in 1747 would now most probably be discovered. They have not been disappointed. "On the removal of the ground within the sheet piling the projecting part of the timber bottom of the caisson was found to be broken and separated from that part underneath the pier: this had arisen from the space intended for the caisson not having been dredged sufficiently large to receive it, so that it was resting on the slope of the excavation, the centre part being hollow, until the weight of the masonry broke away the sides and allowed the pier to settle on the loose sand and gravel which had run in; the level of the blue clay being nearer the surface at this pier than the adjoining one, the excavation was principally in that material, and its intense stiffness will account for the dislocation that took place in the timber-work."* Such was the cause of the accident which gave Labelye so much annoyance and postponed the opening of the Bridge for three years. It was observed that the caissons were found in so perfect a state, that the fir retained even its resinous smell.

The semi-octagonal turrets must not be passed without a few words. Labelye says they were not only built for their evident accommodation to passengers desiring or obliged to stop without interfering with the roadway, or for the relief they afford to the eye in breaking so long a line, but for the additional security they gave to the bridge, by strengthening the parts between the arches, and thereby offering so much more weight to repel the lateral pressure. He calls the common idea, that the more an arch is loaded the stronger it will be, a vulgar error. Presuming that the architect ought to be a fair judge of his own intentions, we may with confidence repel the satire of the French wit or traveller referred to by Pennant, M. Grosley, who, in his 'Tour to London,' assures us that the cause of their erection was to prevent the suicide to which the English have so strong a propensity, particularly in the gloomy month of November; for, had they been low, he thoughtfully observes, how few could resist the charming

* Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal, May, 1841.

opportunity of springing over ! whereas, at present, the difficulty of climbing up these heights is so great that the poor hypochondriac has time to cool, and, desisting from his purpose, think proper to give his days their full length, and end them like a good Christian in his peaceful bed. Maitland mentions a more serious purpose to which these recesses might have been put, and one that gives us a pregnant illustration of the social state of the neighbourhood in the last century. He says they might have “served for places of ambush for robbers and cut-throats,” but for the establishment of a guard of twelve watchmen specially appointed for the security of the passage during the night. “We walk the public streets with so much danger in these hours,” he continues, “that this provision was extremely necessary.” Altogether, Westminster at this time was certainly a pleasant neighbourhood to live in, where you could not move in the day without the danger of stumbling in some deep rut, or of having some carriage-wheel rubbing off its superabundant mud on your clothes as it passed you ; whilst at night there were the additional comforts of unlighted ways and lurking robbers ; and, night and day, intolerable stenches stealing across your path, in every possible variety, each suggestive of its own agreeable origin. How much do we not owe to the Bridge ! But for that structure there is no saying how much longer Westminster would have remained lagging behind its neighbour city in the path of improvement. The writer of the account of Middlesex in the ‘*Beauties of England and Wales*,’ mentions a peculiarity of these recesses, which we have not ourselves tried, but which some of our readers may. He says, “So just are the proportions, and so complete and uniform the symmetry, that, if a person whispers against the wall of the alcove on one side of the way, he may be plainly heard on the opposite side, and parties may converse without being prevented by the interruption of the street or the noise of the carriages.”*

The work was finally completed in November, 1750, having been erected, as Labeleye informs us, without turning of the whole or any part of the river, without stopping, or even hindering, the free navigation one single moment, and without having any sensible fall under its arches. Great was the triumph of friends, melancholy the disappointment of enemies. By the former it was emphatically designated as the noblest bridge in the world, and the public voice ratified the judgment. A day of public rejoicing, on the occasion of the opening, was named by the commissioners, which, by an odd piece of neglect, was discovered, when too late, to fall on a Sunday. They then determined to commence at twelve o’clock on the Saturday night, and hurry the thing over, so as to avoid scandal. Accordingly on the 17th of November, or rather the 18th, just after midnight, a procession was formed of gentlemen of Westminster, Labeleye and his chief assistants, and a large concourse of spectators, who enjoyed the novelty of such a torchlight ceremonial. These were preceded by kettle-drums and trumpets. Guns also fired from time to time. All the next day the Bridge was like a fair. The cost of the whole edifice, including the “several conveniences requisite thereto,” was, according to Maitland’s work, 389,500*l.*, which was raised from no less than twelve lotteries ; but Labeleye gives the entire cost, on what he believed to be good information, for all the materials delivered, work done, and labour of all sorts in and about Westminster Bridge, at 218,000*l.* only. The difference is

* *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. x., part 4, page 529.

probably to be accounted for by the circumstance that the same commissioners had the care reposed in them, by successive Acts of Parliament, of all the great improvements we have pointed out as following the erection of the Bridge, and some portion of their expenses may be included in Maitland's estimate. One of the most interesting features of Labelye's pamphlet is the variety of curious illustrations he gives of its size, and the quantity of materials used, &c. He does this evidently with all the gusto of an artist—retiring first in this direction, then in that, from the painting on his easel, in order that he may enjoy his favourite picture in all lights. As the result of his inquiries, he tells us that above 50,000℥. worth of stone and other materials are always under the ground, or concealed by the water; that each of five arches is wider than the largest hall in Europe—that of Westminster adjoining, of which he gives a careful admeasurement; that the quantity of stone in the middle arch only, above the piers, and exclusive of all its ornaments, is full 500 tons more than was used in the Banqueting House, Whitehall; and, lastly, that the whole Bridge contains nearly double the quantity of stone materials to those employed in the erection of St. Paul's. Even these notices add to our comprehension of the high character of the structure, which a writer in a scientific publication of the present day says was “ unquestionably the greatest and most difficult work that had ever been attempted in this country.”

We have purposely left our mention of the abutments of the Bridge to the conclusion of our paper. These are certainly noble and stately works, and Labelye knew it, and was proud of them, and takes pains to enumerate their several advantages; but we here transcribe the passage only for the sake of one remark, at its conclusion, which shows how earnestly he had thought about a subject which yet remains a standing reproach to the metropolis—the state of the Thames banks, made only the more glaring by the glorious works that connect them. Of the abutments Labelye says, “ The stairs and causeway are properly placed for the conveniency of water-passengers; and the loading and landing of goods will be at all times out of the indraught of the arches, besides leaving convenient room for boats, and for the watermen to ply for fares, without embarrassing the streets leading to and from the Bridge. Lastly, these abutments may in time lead the way to the making of most useful and beautiful quays along the river, between high and low water mark, than which nothing can more contribute to the trade and ornament of the city and liberty of Westminster, and to the preservation and improvement of the navigation of the river, which would thereby have always sufficient stream to clear its bed from sand, mud, and shoals; and would always retain water enough for working and navigating of boats, and other crafts and vessels, and for the loading and unloading them at all times with ease.” We have here in brief the essence of all the reports and pamphlets that have been since issuing from time to time on this fruitful subject; and, considering how few there must have been who then shared in such comprehensive views, it is a valuable illustration of the architect's mind. And what he so much desired, we who are now living shall yet most probably see accomplished; and the Thames, which in itself has experienced no improvement deserving the name of *great*, from the time the ancient Britons, under the direction of the Romans, first made those admirable embankments which remain secure to this hour (for such is the origin ascribed to them by a first-rate authority, the President of the Institution of

Civil Engineers), will have commercial utility and artistical ornament at last added. The embankment of the river would give the completing touch to the magnificence which surrounds this Bridge. Here is Lambeth Palace, with a thousand historical memories; there the new Houses of Parliament, the beautiful buttresses of which already begin to overtop the Bridge; and the Abbey. In other directions, the graceful Bridge of Vauxhall, and the perfectly beautiful and splendid Waterloo, meet the eye. But amidst all this, there are the slimy and black shores of the river, remaining almost as uncared for—now that it is the daily medium of supply to some of the most necessary of the wants of one of the largest town populations in the world—as it was when the two ferries of Westminster and London (the last immortalised by Mary Overy),* included most probably the entire amount of communication between the two shores, and when the occasional vision of a Roman-built galley (in which we may imagine our coasting-trade to have commenced) drew forth the sight-seers of primitive London. We are, we hope and believe, on the eve of amendment. A Report has just appeared from the pen of Mr. Walker, the eminent engineer before referred to, which promises greatly to forward the “consummation” so “devoutly to be wished.” A passage from this document, describing in detail the particulars of the improvements projected, with a fair likelihood of being carried into execution, and which will make a reality of Labelye’s ideal perspective, will be interesting to our readers. Mr. Walker says—

“As regards the embanking of the river, it might be sufficient to say that the recommended line does not interfere to prevent the formation of any of the terrace or road schemes, which is the case; but, as our attention has been drawn to the road improvements upon the banks of the river above Vauxhall Bridge, it would be improper not to refer to this as a result of the projected embankments, which Mr. Cubitt will probably be the first to carry into effect on an enlarged scale, upon the estates of the Crown and the Marquis of Westminster. So far as we have been able to judge from the opinions of those most largely interested, there appears a probability that a carriage-way will be formed along the bank of the river from Chelsea nearly to the new Houses of Parliament. The east side of Millbank is the first interruption. If upon the site of the worst part of Westminster, the property of the Dean and Chapter, or upon the vacant Crown land round the Penitentiary, a basin or dock was formed, with an entrance near the horse-ferry, for the trade of the present Millbank Street Wharf, the houses in that street, which are of value chiefly as connected with the wharfs, might be taken down, and the site of them, with the embanked ground of the river, applied to form a terrace attached to the Houses of Parliament. The view of the river from the drive would be uninterrupted from Chelsea until reaching the Houses of Parliament, when the road would necessarily leave the water-side for Palace Yard, Parliament Street, and Whitehall. It might then turn down Whitehall Place or Scotland Yard, whence it could be carried upon arches springing from piers in the new embanked ground, down to Blackfriars Bridge, and thence by a direct street to St. Paul’s and the Royal Exchange, or might fall into some of the new and improved streets in progress or projected by the City authorities. A splendid communication would thus be formed from Chelsea, or from above it,

* See the account of St. Mary Overies, vol. i. p. 113.

along the river, into the heart of the City. It may be some time before all this can be accomplished; but it would be easy to show that from Chelsea to Millbank, and from Millbank to Blackfriars, it would not be a very difficult or expensive work, that it would not interrupt the trade of the wharfs between Whitehall and Blackfriars, and that the proposed line of embankment would be in furtherance of this object."



[The Building of Westminster Bridge.]



[View from the Garden of Strawberry Hill.]

LVII.—STRAWBERRY HILL.—WALPOLE'S LONDON.

“WHEN I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles; for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an obscure alley in the City. We drove thither; found a great stock; she bought it, and bade the proprietor send it home. He said, ‘Whither?’ ‘To Sir Robert Walpole’s.’ He asked, coolly, ‘*Who is Sir Robert Walpole?*’”*

“*What is Strawberry Hill?*” might be a similar question with many persons, were we not living in a somewhat different age from that of Sir Robert Walpole. But it may be asked, with some propriety, “What has Strawberry Hill to do with London?” The maker of Strawberry Hill—the builder-up of its galleries, and tribunes, and Holbein-chambers—the arranger of its “painted glass and gloom”—the collector of its pictures, and books, and bijouterie, says of himself, “I am writing, I am building—both works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes! Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t’other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead: if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed.”† Horace Walpole himself prevented the realization of his own prophecy. It was said of him, even during his lifetime, “that he had

* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, March 5, 1791.

† Horace Walpole to Conway, August 5, 1761.

outlived three sets of his own battlements;" but he nevertheless contrived, by tying up his toy-warehouse and its moveables with entails and jointures through several generations, to keep the thing tolerably entire for nearly half a century after he had left that state of being where "moth and dust do corrupt." And though the paper portion of his "works"—his 'Royal and Noble Authors,' his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' his 'Historic Doubts,' &c.—are formed of materials not much more durable than his battlements, he was during a long life scattering about the world an abundance of other paper fragments, that have not only lasted ten, twenty, thirty, forty years after he was dead, but which aftertimes will not willingly let die. It was in Strawberry Hill that the everyday thoughts and experiences for the most part centred that have made the letters of Horace Walpole the best record of the manners of the upper ranks during half a century, when very great social changes were working all around. Strawberry Hill and Horace Walpole are inseparably associated in our minds. The house in Arlington Street, from which he sometimes dates, is, like most other West-end houses, a thing distinguished only by its number; and which has no more abiding associations than the chariot which rolls on from its first drawing-room through the necessary decay of cracked varnish and split pannels, until its steps display the nakedness of their original iron, and the dirty rag that was once a carpet is finally succeeded by the luxury of clean straw once a-week. We cannot conceive Horace Walpole in a house with three windows upon a floor, in a formal row of ugly brick brethren. It is in Strawberry Hill, in the "little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper, and Jackson's Venetian prints"—or in the "charming closet hung with green paper and water-colour pictures"—or in "the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes, adorned with festoons"—that we fancy him writing to Montagu, Mann, Chute, and Conway, in the days when "we pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity," and Lady Townshend exclaimed of the house, "It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the foot of the bed." In a few years the owner had visions of galleries, and round towers, and cloisters, and chapels; and then the house became filled with kingly armour, and rare pictures, and cabinets of miniatures by Oliver and Petitot, and Raffaele china. Then, when Strawberry Hill came to the height of its glory, the owner kept "an inn, the sign the Gothic Castle," and his whole time was passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding himself while it was seen.* Lastly came the time when the *old* man was laid up for weeks with the gout, and the building and curiosity-buying was at an end; and after the Duchess of York had come to see his house in 1793, when he put a carpet on the step of his gate, and matted his court, and presented chocolate upon a salver, he says, here "will end my connexions with courts, beginning with George the First, great-great-great-grandfather to the Duchess of York! It sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more before Adam." There never was a place so associated with the memory of one man as Strawberry Hill is with Horace Walpole. There is nothing to confuse us in the recollection. We are not embarrassed with the various branches of the genealogical tree. Horace the first or Horace the second, Horace the great or Horace the little, do not jostle in our memories. Imagination has no great room to play, with a catalogue in hand, and a porter

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1763.

watching that no trinkets are stolen, and a mob of people about us, who “admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed.”* Even as the author of ‘The Castle of Otranto’ saw the portrait all in white of Lord Deputy Falkland walk out of its frame in the great gallery at Strawberry Hill, so if Mr. Robins had permitted us to wander about the house in the cold twilight, we should most assuredly have seen a dapper little gentleman in embroidered velvet, who would have told us something new worth communicating to our readers. As it is, we must be content without any revelations from Strawberry Hill. The world ought to be content. It possesses some three thousand closely printed pages of private history, gossiped over and committed to paper in great part within those walls. Strawberry Hill has a wonderful resemblance to “the House of Tidings” of Chaucer; and that house

“Ne half so quaintly was ywrought.”

Like each other—

“Al† was the timber of no strength,
Yet it is founded to endure.”

But the uses of the poetical and prosaic “House of Tidings” were identical.

“And by day in every tide
Be all the doorés open wide,
And by night each one is unshut;
Ne porter is there none to let
No manner tidings in to pace,‡
Ne never rest is in that place,
That it n’ is filled full of tidings,
Either loud or of whisperings,
And ever all the house’s angles
Is full of rownings§ and of jangles,
Of wars, of peace, of marriages,
Of rests, of labours, of viages,
Of abode, of deathé, and of life,
Of love, of hate, accord, of strife,
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of heal, of sickness, or leasings,||
Of fair weather and tempestés,
Of qualm, of folk, and of beastés,
Of divers transmutations,
Of estatés and of regions,
Of trust, of drede,¶ of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, of folly,
Of plenty and of great famine,
Of cheap, of dearth, and of ruin,
Of good or of misgovernment,
Of fire and divers accident.”

Chaucer’s house was for all time, but it has left very few minute records: Strawberry Hill has reference to a fraction of existence; but for half a century it can boast of the most delightful historiographer of the London world of fashion—a noisy, busy, glittering world at all periods, but in Walpole’s pages something more amusing than the respectable monotony of the same world in our better days of prudence and decorum.

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, March 25, 1761.

† *Al*—although.

‡ *Pace*—pass.

§ *Rownings*—mutterings.

|| *Leasings*—lyings.

¶ *Drede*—doubt.

The letters of Horace Walpole cannot at all be regarded as a picture of society in general. He has no distinct notion whatever of the habits of the middle classes. Society with him is divided into two great sections—the aristocracy and the mob. He was made by his times; and this is one of the remarkable features of his times. With all his sympathy for literature, he has a decided hatred for authors that are out of the pale of fashion. Fielding, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, the greatest names of his day, are with him ridiculous and contemptible. He cannot be regarded therefore as a representative of the literary classes of his times. As the son of a great minister he was petted and flattered till his father fell from his power; he says himself he had then enough of flattery. When he mixed among his equals in the political intrigues of the time, he displayed no talent for business or oratory. His feeble constitution compelled him to seek amusement instead of dissipation; and his great amusement was to look upon the follies of his associates and to laugh at them. He was not at bottom an ill-natured man, or one without feeling. He affected that insensibility which is the exclusive privilege of high life—and long may it continue so. When Lord Mountford shot himself, and another Lord rejoiced that his friend's death would allow him to hire the best cook in England, the selfish indifference was probably more affected than real. Walpole himself takes off his own mask on one occasion. When he heard of Gray's death, in writing to Chute he apologises for the concern he feels, and adds, "I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find that it had *formed my language*, not extinguished my tenderness." When he speaks of individuals we may occasionally think that the world had formed his language; he is too often spiteful and malicious; but when he describes a class he is not likely much to exaggerate. The *esprit de corps* would render him somewhat charitable: if he did not "extenuate" he would not set down "in malice," when he was holding up a mirror of himself and of the very people with whom he was corresponding.

In the early part of the last century London saw less of the wealth and splendour of the aristocracy than previous to the Revolution. The great political divisions of the kingdom kept many families away from the Court; and the habits of the first Elector of Hanover who walked into the ownership of St. James's, and of his son and successor, were not very likely to attract the proud and the discontented from the scenes of their own proper greatness. Walpole, writing from Newmarket in 1743, says, "How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena! Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now; and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country." It was some time before the large houses of the nobility once more made London the magnificent capital which it subsequently became. In the mean time the lordly tenants of the "coops" above described spent a vast deal of their time in places of *public* resort. Let us cast

a rapid glance at the fashionable amusements of the second half of the last century.

The year 1741 presents to us a curious spectacle of the aristocracy and the people at issue, and almost in mortal conflict, not upon the question of corn or taxes, but whether the Italian school of music should prevail, or the Anglo-German. "The opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear Garden to plead their defence."* The fight had been going on for nearly twenty years. Everybody knows Swift's epigram

"On the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini."

"Strange, all this difference should be
Twixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee."

Walpole naturally belonged to the party of his "order." Handel had produced his great work, the 'Messiah,' in 1741, at Covent Garden. Fashion was against him, though he was supported by the court, the mob, and the poet of common sense. He went to Ireland; and the triumph of the Italian faction was thus immortalized by Pope:—

"O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage:
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore." †

Handel came back to London in 1742, and the tide then turned in his favour. Horace Walpole shows us how fashion tried to sneer him down; he is himself the oracle of the divinity. "Handel has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of Roast Beef from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."‡ The Italian Opera House in the Haymarket itself went out of fashion in a few years, and the nobility had their

* Horace Walpole to Mann, Oct. 8, 1741.

† Duncial, Book IV.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 24, 1743.

favourite house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. What the Court then patronised the aristocracy rejected. "The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked if he had been at the other house? 'Yes,' said he, 'but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.'"^{*} However, amidst all these feuds the Italian Opera became firmly established in London; and through that interchange of taste which fortunately neither the prejudices of exclusiveness nor ignorance can long prevent, the people began gradually to appreciate the opera, and the nobility became enthusiastic admirers of the oratorio.

In the days of Walpole the Theatre was fashionable; and in their love of theatrical amusements the nobility did not affect to be exclusive. In not liking Garrick when he first came out, Walpole and his friend Gray indulged probably in the fastidiousness of individual taste, instead of representing the opinions of the fashionable or literary classes. Gray writes, "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after? There are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition." Walpole, in May, 1742, six months after Garrick's first appearance, says, "All the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to Betterton."[†] From some cause or other, Walpole hated and vilified Garrick all his life. His pride was perhaps wounded when he was compelled to jostle against the actor in the best society. In the instance of Garrick, Pope's strong sense was again opposed to Walpole's super-refinement. The great poet of manners said to Lord Orrery on witnessing Garrick's *Richard III.*, "That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." As a manager Garrick did not scruple to resent an injustice, however offensive to the leaders of the ton. "There has been a new comedy, called '*The Foundling*,' far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil and with sticking-plasters; but it did not come to action. Garrick was *impertinent*, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right."[‡] The Templars with their syringes and stinking oil, and Lord Hobart with his ready "damnation," give one a notion of the mob-legislation of the theatres at that period, for boxes, pit, and gallery constituted one mob. There was a calm awhile, but in 1755 Walpole writes: "England seems returning: for those who are not in Parliament there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an Anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being opera-night, the galleries were victorious." Walpole tells us a most amusing story of the manner in which these things were managed in his earlier days. "The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for

^{*} Horace Walpole to Conway, Sept. 25, 1761.

[†] Horace Walpole to Mann.

[‡] Horace Walpole to Mann, March 11, 1748.

it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago he let into the pit great numbers of Bear Garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces and drove them out. I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion but your friend the philosopher! In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood ——' when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where's Mr. W.? where's Mr. W.?' In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler.* The participation of people of fashion in theatrical rows is a sufficient evidence of the interest which they took in the theatre. They carried the matter still farther in 1751, by hiring Drury Lane to act a play themselves. "The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose."†

Vauxhall and Ranelagh figure, as we have seen, in the descriptions of the 'Spectator' and the 'Citizen of the World,' in the 'Connoisseur' and in 'Evelina.'‡ But none of these writers give us an adequate notion of the *fashion* of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Addison, and Goldsmith, and Miss Burney looked upon the great crowd of all ranks as they would look upon life in general. Walpole saw only his own set; but how graphically has he described them! The mere surface of the shows, the gilding and varnish of the gaiety, fills the imagination. At Vauxhall we see Prince Lobkowitz's footmen, in very rich new liveries, bearing torches, and the Prince himself in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat; and Madame l'Ambassadrice de Vénise in a green sack, with a straw hat; and we hear the violins and hautboys, the drums and trumpets, of the Prince of Wales's barges.§ Imagine such a sight in our own days! And then, one-and-twenty years later in life, Walpole is again going to Vauxhall to a *ridotto al fresco*, with a tide and torrent of coaches so prodigious, that he is an hour and a half on the road before he gets half way from Arlington Street. "There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition, the greater is the crowd."||

* Horace Walpole to Mann, November 26, 1744.

† Horace Walpole to Mann.

‡ London, vol. i. No. 23.

§ Horace Walpole to Conway, June 27, 1718.

|| Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 11, 1769.

But for a little, quiet, domestic party at Vauxhall, composed of the highest in rank and fashion, Walpole is the most delightful, and, we have no doubt, the most veracious of chroniclers. Mrs. Tibbs and the pawnbroker's widow of Goldsmith are mere pretenders to coarseness by the side of Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe. Walpole receives a card from Lady Caroline in 1750 to go with her to the Gardens. When he calls, the ladies "had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them." All the town had been summoned; and in the Mall they picked up dukes and damsels, and two young ladies especially, who had been "trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline." They marched to their barge with a boat of French horns attending. Upon debarking at Vauxhall they "picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from 'Jenny's Whim;' where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny, and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag." "Jenny's Whim" was a tavern at Chelsea Bridge. The party assemble in their booth and go to supper, after a process of cookery which would rather astonish a Lady Caroline of our own day: "We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction." Lady Caroline was not singular in her tastes. Before the accession of George III. it was by no means uncommon for ladies of quality to sup at taverns, and even to *invite* the gentlemen to be of the company. Walpole says that in 1755 a Frenchman, who was ignorant of the custom, took some liberties with Lady Harrington, through which mistake her house was afterwards closed against him. This practice, which to us seems so startling, was a relic of the manners of a century earlier. The decorum of the court of George III. banished the custom from the upper ranks; but it lingered amongst the middle classes: and Dr. Johnson thought it not in the slightest degree indecorous to say to two young ladies who called upon him, "Come, you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre;" to which the ladies, who wished to consult the philosopher upon the subject of Methodism, very readily assented. In the reign of the second George, and perhaps a little later, the great ladies, whether at taverns or in private houses, carried their vivacity somewhat farther than we should now think consistent with perfect propriety. Lady Coventry, at a great supper at Lord Hertford's, "said, in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*." How the Americans of our own day must be shocked at the vulgarity of our aristocratic predecessors; for *they* will not tolerate even the word *drunk*, and describe the condition which that word conveys by the pretty epithet *excited*! We are adopting the term; and it may be expected that the refinement in our nomenclature may lead to a revival of a little of the old liberty in our practice. Walpole explains that *muckibus* was "Irish for sentimental." He did not foresee the change in our English. He calls things by their right names. He tells us that "Lord Cornwallis and Lord Allen came drunk to the Opera;" and, what is harder to believe, that the Chancellor, Lord

Henley, being chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, "a smart gentleman who was sent with a staff carried it in the evening when the Chancellor happened to be drunk." These exhibitions were in 1763.

We might believe, from the well-known lines of Pope, that the amusement which was invented for the solace of a mad king was the exclusive inheritance of an *aged* aristocracy :

"See how the world its veterans rewards,
A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

Not so. The cards were a part of the folly of youth as well as of age. Walpole never appears to have had the passion of a gambler; but we learn from his fifty years' correspondence that he was always well content to dabble with cards and dice, and he records his winnings with a very evident satisfaction. The reign of



[Horace Walpole.]

ombre, whose chances and intrigues interested the great quite as much as the accidents and plots of the reign of Anne, was supplanted by the new dynasty of *whist*; and then *whist* yielded to the more gambling excitement of *loo*; to which *faro* succeeded; and the very cards themselves were at last almost kicked out by the ivory cubes, which disposed of fortunes by a more summary process. In 1742 *whist* was the mania, though Walpole voted it dull: "Whist has spread a universal opium over the whole nation." Again: "The kingdom of the Dull is come upon earth. . . . The only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is Whist; and the four-and-twenty elders, and the woman, and the whole town, do nothing but play with this beast."* Whist had a long reign. In 1749 Walpole writes: "As I passed over the green [Richmond], I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's club, sauntering at the door of a house

* Horace Walpole to Mann.

which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and *Sunday* to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those days as well as on the other five? Indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town." * Ministers of state, and princes who had something to do, were ready to relieve the cares of business by gambling, as much as other people gamed to vary their idleness. Lord Sandwich "goes once or twice a-week to hunt with the Duke [Cumberland]; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at fault, 'upon every green hill, and under every green tree.'" † Five years later, at a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House, the Duke "was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both." ‡ Amongst the royal and noble gamblers, swindlers *par excellence* sometimes found their way. There was a Sir William Burdett, whose name had the honour of being inscribed in the betting-room at White's as the subject of a wager that he would be the first baronet that would be hanged. He and a lady, "dressed foreign as a princess of the house of Brandenburg," cheated Lord Castledurrow and Captain Rodney out of a handsome sum at faro. The noble victim met the Baronet at Ranelagh, and thus apostrophised him: "Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night; since that, I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you." The Baronet took the money with a respectful bow, and then asked his Lordship the further favour to set him down at Buckingham Gate, and without waiting for an answer whipped into the chariot. § No doubt the Baronet prospered and was smiled upon. Walpole tells another story of a hanger-on upon the gaming-tables, which has a dash of the tragic in it: "General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him. There the man told him that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. 'At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed: here it is! Now, sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck that he gave the man a hundred pounds." || The genius of gambling might be painted, like Garrick, between the tragic and the comic muse. We turn over the page, and Comedy again presents herself, in an attitude that looks very like the hoyden step of her half sister, Farce: "Jemmy Lumley last week had a party of whist at his own house: the combatants, Lucy Southwell, that curtsies like a bear, Mrs. Prijean, and a Mrs. Mackenzy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused

* Horace Walpole to Mann, June 4, 1749.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, January 31, 1750.

‡ Horace Walpole to Bentley, 1755.

§ Horace Walpole to Mann, 1748.

|| Horace Walpole to Mann, January 10, 1750.

to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises: on the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet, no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. ‘No, indeed, I shan’t, I shan’t; your servant, your servant.’ ‘Shan’t you?’ said the fair virago; and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-Queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead.”*

There was deep philosophy in a saying of George Selwyn’s, when a waiter at Arthur’s Club House was taken up for robbery: “What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!” It may be doubted whether the gentlemen-highwaymen who peopled Newgate at that era had a much looser code of morals than some of the great folks they pillaged. The people of London got frightened about an earthquake in 1750, and again in 1756. There was a slight shock in the first of those years, which set the hunters of White’s furiously betting whether it was an earthquake or the blowing-up of the powder-mills at Hounslow. Bishop Sherlock and Bishop Secker endeavoured to frighten the people into piety; but the visitors at Bedford House, who had supped and stayed late, went about the town knocking at doors, and bawling in the watchman’s note, “Past four o’clock and a dreadful earthquake.” Some of the fashionable set got frightened, however, and went out of town; and three days before the exact day on which the great earthquake was prophesied to happen, the crowd of coaches passing Hyde Park Corner with whole parties removing into the country was something like the procession already described to Vauxhall. “Several women have made earthquake gowns—that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose; she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?”† When the rulers of the nation on such an occasion, or any other occasion of public terror, took a fit of hypocrisy and ordered a general fast, the gambling-houses used to be filled with senators who had a day of leisure upon their hands. Indifference to public opinion, as well as a real insensibility, drew a line between the people of fashion and the middle classes. Walpole tells a story which is characteristic enough to be true, though he hints that it was invented:—“They have put in the papers a good story made on White’s: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.”‡ A great deal of this reckless spirit of gambling, which lasted through the century, and which probably has only

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 14, 1761.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, April 2, 1750.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, September 1, 1750.

clothed itself more decently in our own day, must be attributed to the great increase of the wealth of the aristocracy, through the natural effects of the great increase of the profitable industry of the middle classes. But it cannot be denied that much of the increase flowed back to the sources from which it was derived, in the form of bills, bonds, post-obits, and mortgages. The financial maxim of Charles Fox, that a man need never want money if he was willing to pay enough for it, tended to keep matters somewhat equal.

The idea from which we cannot escape, when we trace the history of fashion in the middle of the last century, is, that the prevailing tone indicated something like a general moral intoxication. A succession of stimulants appears necessary to the upholding of social existence. This must be always in some degree the case with the rich and idle, whose vocation is chiefly to what they call pleasure. But we have few glimpses in the letters and memoirs of that period of the disposition to those calm domestic enjoyments which are principally derived from the cultivation of a taste for reading and the arts, and which, in our own day, equally characterises the middle and the upper classes. Of course, under the loosest state of manners, even in the profligate court of Charles II., there must have been many families of the upper ranks who despised the low vices and unintellectual excitements of their equals in birth; and under the most decorous and rational system of life there must be a few who would gladly restore a general licence, and who occasionally signalise themselves by some outbreak. But neither of these constitute a class. In the youth and middle age of Walpole the men and women of fashion appear to have lived without restraint imposed by their own sense of decorum, without apprehension of the opinions of their associates, without the slightest consideration for the good or evil word of the classes below them. "In a regular monarchy the folly of the prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that *whim* and debauchery intrigue together."* Every lady or gentleman of spirit was allowed to have a *whim*, whether it inclined to gambling, or intrigue, or drunkenness, or riots in public places. What Walpole said of the Duke of Newcastle, that he looked like a dead body hung in chains always wanting to be hung somewhere else, gives one a notion of the perpetual restlessness of the fashionable class. The untiring activity of some leaders lasted a good deal longer; and no doubt occasionally displays itself even now in a preternatural energy, which makes the cheek pale in the season of bloom and freshness. But there is now some repose, some intervals for reflection; the moral intoxication does not last through sixteen of the four-and-twenty hours. The love of *sights*, the great characteristic of the vulgar of our own day, was emphatically the passion of the great in the last century. The plague was reported to be in a house in the City; and fashion went to look at the outside of the house in which the plague was enshrined. Lady Milton and Lady Temple on a night in March put on hats and cloaks, and, sallying out by themselves to see Lord Macclesfield lie in state, "literally waited on the steps of the house in the thick of the mob, while one posse was admitted and let out again for a second to enter."† The "mob" (by which Walpole usually means an assemblage of people of any station below the aristocracy) paid back this

* Horace Walpole to Mann.

† Horace Walpole to Lord Hertford, March 27, 1761.

curiosity with interest. The two Miss Gunnings lighted upon the earth of London in 1751, and were declared the handsomest women alive. "They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow that they are generally driven away." It is difficult to understand how a real plebeian mob should know anything about the Miss Gunnings, at a time when there were no paragraphs of personality in the meagre newspapers. The Gunning mob was probably a very courtly one. At any rate the curiosity was in common between the high and the low. One of these fair ladies became Duchess of Hamilton. "The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there."* Ten years later there was another great sight to which all resorted—the Cock-lane Ghost. How characteristic of the period is the following description of a visit to the den of the ghost!—"We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow-candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. *We stayed, however, till half an hour after one.*"† Imagine a prince of the blood, two noble ladies, a peer, and the son of a prime minister, packing in one hackney-coach from Northumberland House on a winter's night, and in a dirty lane near Smithfield watching till half-past one by the light of a tallow-candle, amidst fifty of the "unwashed," for the arrival of a ghost! In those days the great patron of executions was the fashionable George Selwyn; and this was the way he talked of such diversions:—"Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution [of Lord Lovat], and asked him, 'how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off?' 'Nay,' says he, 'if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.'"‡ When M'Lean, the highwayman, was under sentence of death in Newgate, he was a great attraction to the fashionable world. "Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day. . . . But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe."§ These were the heroines of the mined chickens at Vauxhall; and we presume they did not visit the condemned cell to metamorphose the thief

* Horace Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1752.

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, February 2, 1762.

‡ Horace Walpole to Conway, April 16, 1747.

§ Horace Walpole to Mann, August 2, 1750.

into a saint, as is the "whim" of our own times. The real robbers were as fashionable in 1750 as their trumpery histories were in 1840. "You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel."* The visitors had abundant opportunities for the display of their sympathy:—"It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! *Seventeen were executed this morning.*"† Amidst such excitements, who can wonder that a man of talent and taste, as Walpole was, should often prefer pasting prints into a portfolio, or correcting proofs, at "poor little Strawberry?"

The reckless and improvident spirit of the period when Horace Walpole was an active member of the world of fashion is strikingly shown in the rash, and we may say indecent, manner in which persons of rank rushed into marriage. The happiness of a life was the stake which the great too often trusted to something as uncertain as the cast of a die or the turn-up of a trump. It seems almost impossible that in London, eighty or ninety years ago only, such a being as a Fleet parson could have existed, who performed the marriage ceremonial at any hour of the day or night, in a public-house or a low lodging, without public notice or public witnesses, requiring no consent of parents, and asking only the names of the parties who sought to be united. We might imagine, at any rate, that such irreverend proceedings were confined to the lowest of the people. The Fleet parsons had not a monopoly of their trade. In the fashionable locality of May Fair was a chapel in which one Keith presided, who advertised in the newspapers, and made, according to Walpole, "a very bishopric of revenue." This worthy was at last excommunicated for "contempt of the Holy and Mother Church;" but the impudent varlet retaliated, and excommunicated at his own chapel Bishop Gibson, the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court, and two reverend doctors. Keith was sent to prison, where he remained many years; but his shop flourished under the management of his shopmen, called Curates; and the public were duly apprised of its situation and prices:—"To prevent mistakes, the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner-house opposite to the City side of the great chapel, and within ten yards of it, and the minister and clerk live in the same corner-house where the little chapel is; and the license on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore, at any hour till four in the afternoon. And that it may be the better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."‡ Keith issued from his prison a manifesto against the Act to prevent clandestine marriages, to which we shall presently advert, in which he gravely puts forth the following recommendation of his summary process with reference to the lower classes:—"Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Fleet parson say that many have come to be married when they have

* Horace Walpole to Mann, October 18, 1750.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1752.

‡ Daily Post, July 20, 1744; quoted in Mr. Burn's valuable work on 'The Fleet Registers.'

had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes." *

But exclusive fashion did not care to be exclusive in these practices. Sometimes a petticoat without a hoop was to be led by a bag-wig and sword to the May Fair altar, after other solicitations had been tried in vain. The virtue of the community was wonderfully supported by these easy arrangements, as Walpole tells us, in his best style: "You must know, then—but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty: they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed to Whitehall Gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and, after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. 'Ay,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it.' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing; she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious complaisance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May Fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king; but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did." †

But "the butterwoman's daughter" had no lack of high example to teach her how to make a short step into the matrimonial "ship of fools." The Fleet Registers, and those of May Fair, are rich in the names of Honourables and even of Peers. For example: "February 14, 1752, James Duke of Hamilton and Elizabeth Gunning." Walpole has a pleasant comment upon this entry. "The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. . . . About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred

* Daily Post, July 20, 1744; quoted in Mr. Burn's valuable work on 'The Fleet Registers.'

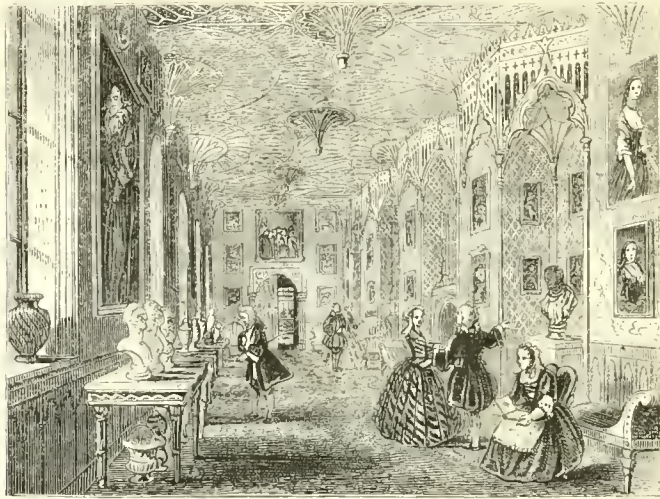
† Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1748.

pounds each ; he soon lost a thousand. . . . Two nights afterwards, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring : the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair chapel.”*

The people of rank at last grew frightened at their own practices. The Act against Clandestine Marriages came into operation on the 26th of March, 1754. On the 25th there were two hundred and seventeen marriages at the Fleet entered in one register ; and on the same day sixty-one ceremonies of the like agreeable nature took place at May Fair. After the Act was passed in 1753 there was to be an interval of some months before its enactments were to be law. Walpole says, “The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage Bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady Day.” †

* Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 27, 1752.

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, July 17, 1753.



[The Gallery, Strawberry Hill.]

[To be concluded in another Number.]



[Blackfriars Bridge, 1842.]

LVIII.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

IN our account of Westminster Bridge we have shown the strenuous opposition offered by the City authorities to every proposal for that structure: it seems something strange, therefore, as well as amusing, to find their opinions undergo so sudden a change as is apparent in the history of their acts only four years after its erection. About that time, finding no hapless victims in the 'shape of West-country bargemen had been drowned, and that the Thames, however it might sympathise in the civic feelings, had eschewed all violent proceedings, and rolled along with its burdens as placidly as ever beneath even the very arches; finding no news come that the Docks or the Custom House had performed the miracle predicted of them, and appeared one fine morning off Westminster, the City took "heart of grace:" the idea which had made the innovation seem so peculiarly terrible—the impossibility of saying where such proceedings would stop—grew less and less formidable; so all of a sudden it determined not merely to be even with its late antagonists, but to steal a march upon them: it very wisely resolved to have a new bridge of its own. This was towards the close of the year 1753. We may imagine how the City's former coadjutors, in the course of things as they were, were confounded. It was not merely the great diminution of strength for opposition, but the quarter from whence the proposal came that was to be op-

posed :—*Et tu, Brute!* So, after one gallant struggle in the enemy's own quarters in 1755, when they obtained a favourable committee of the Common Council, who reported that the construction of a new bridge would prejudice the navigation, and be very injurious to the interests of the City, but whose report was condemned by a majority of 132 to 106, their movements were but of a faint and melancholy character. They appear to have been led on this occasion by the Company of Watermen, who, when the proposed Act was before Parliament, once more mustered the West-country bargemen, now re-inforced by the market-gardeners, and a number of other witnesses, in order to make as goodly a show as possible in support of the allegations of its petition; which declared, as in the previous instances (with a constancy of purpose we cannot too much admire when we consider how peculiarly vexatious the *facts* had since proved), that all sorts of dangers to the navigation were to be apprehended. But the opposition had little of the warmth that had characterised the previous case: the Company was, in all probability, shrewd enough to see that the measure would be successful, but then another and more valuable Sunday ferry was about to be destroyed; so, as it was also shrewd enough to see the utility of a bold front, it demanded more than was expected, and was thus enabled to retire from the contest with a very handsome compensation. The Act passed in 1756. One of the reasons which induced the City to adopt this unexpected course was the dangerous condition of London Bridge, and the possibility of its being shut up for a considerable period, of course to great and general inconvenience and loss. Another reason was the advantages anticipated from the increase of good houses, and consequent improvement in the value of the land around the extremities of the proposed bridge, which would tend to enable it the better to bear its quota of the land-tax (one-sixteenth the assessment of the whole kingdom). But the moving impulse, we suspect, is to be found in the jealousy of the growing prosperity of Westminster. In an able scheme for the general improvement of the City published in the year 1754, and which is given at large in Maitland, the writer, in one part, says, "Many well-wishers to the City, by way of retaliation, or rather of self-preservation, begin to think no less than an absolute necessity" the business of erecting a new stone bridge; and, in another part, in enumerating the advantages of such a structure, says, "At present the City have the justest grounds for being alarmed at the schemes already laid or laying for new and magnificent streets, new inns, stage-coaches, livery-stables, and trades of all kinds in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge. And it is of the last importance for the city of London seriously to reflect that when these schemes, which are now little more than embryos, shall come to maturity, it will be too late to hope for bringing back those advantages into the City which may now be affected by their proposed bridge, if very speedily resolved on." The citizens determined that no blame for want of speed should apply to them; a few weeks after the appearance of this document proceedings were commenced. The spot chosen was a memorable one in the history not only of London, but of our country generally. Often, no doubt, has the question arisen in the minds of persons unversed in metropolitan historical lore, as the appellation of the bridge they were crossing struck their attention, whence the nature of the connection between things raising ideas so strangely contrasted as monasteries and friars, and bridges, omnibuses and cabs? We can only answer

that *here* was one of the most magnificent of the great religious establishments which formed, at one period, so marked a feature of London; and that it has left to the locality a long train of the most interesting and important recollections, of which the name given to the district, the bridge, and the adjoining road, is now the only existing memorial.

The order of Black Friars came into England in 1221, the year of their founder Dominic de Guzman's death. Their first house was at Oxford, their second in London at Holborn, or Oldbourne, on the site now occupied by Lincoln's Inn. The cause of their removal from thence does not appear; but in 1276 Gregory Rocksley, then mayor, in conjunction with the barons of the city, gave to Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, a cardinal of Rome and an ecclesiastic, eminent not merely for his rank, "two lanes or ways next the street of Baynard's Castle, and also the tower of Montfichet, to be destroyed" for the erection of a house and church for the Black Friars; and there they settled. The materials of the Castle of Montfichet, which had been built by and derived its name from a relative and one of the followers of the Conqueror, were used for the new church, which Kilwarby made a magnificent structure. A striking instance of the favours shown to the Brotherhood was given in the permission of Edward I. for the taking down of the city wall from Ludgate (standing just above the end of the Old Bailey) to the Thames for their accommodation, which had then to be rebuilt so as to include their buildings within its shelter. The expenses of this rebuilding and of a "certain good and comely tower at the bend of the said wall," wherein the king might be "received, and tarry with honour" to his ease and satisfaction in his comings there, were defrayed by a toll granted for three years on various articles of merchandise. Nor did Edward's liberality rest here. Every kind of special privilege and exemption was granted to the house and the precincts. Persons could open shops here without being free of the City; malefactors flying from justice found sanctuary within the walls; and the inhabitants were governed by the prior and their own justices.

A surprising list of names of eminent personages is given by our historians as having been buried in the church of the Black Friars; and the circumstance is not to be wondered at if, as Pennant observes, "to be buried in the habit of the order was thought to be a sure preservative against the attacks of the devil." Here lay the ashes of Hubert de Burgh, the great Earl of Kent, translated from the church at Oldbourne, and his wife Margaret, daughter of the King of Scotland; Queen Eleanor, whose heart alone was interred here, with that of Alphonso her son; John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward III.; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, so distinguished for his intellectual accomplishments, who was beheaded in 1470, one of the victims to the wars of the Roses; Sir Thomas Brandon, 1509, the uncle of the Duke of Suffolk, who took Henry VIII.'s beautiful sister Mary into France as the bride of the French king, and after the death of the latter, a few months later, brought her back as his own; Sir Thomas and Dame Parr, the parents of Henry VIII.'s last wife; and earls, knights, ladies, and other persons of rank too numerous to mention. But historical memories of still greater moment belong to the church of the Black Friars. Here, in 1450, met that famous Parliament of Henry VI., in which his queen's favourite, Suffolk, was impeached, and was about to be tried, when by a manœuvre

previously arranged between him and the weak king, he preferred placing himself at the disposal of Henry, by whom he was banished for five years. Suffolk hugged himself too soon on his escape. Encouraged by the general detestation in which he was held, some of his rivals about the court most probably, (for it was never exactly known who,) caused him to be waylaid as he was crossing from Dover to Calais by a great ship of war, the captain of which greeted his appearance on his deck with the significant salutation "Welcome, traitor!" Three days after he was, as is well known, executed in a cock-boat by the ship's side. It is a startling illustration of a man's character, as well as of a time, to find no inquiry, much less punishment, following such an act. In this church another Parliament made itself noticeable by its daring to have a will of its own in opposition to that of Henry VIII., when that monarch, in 1524, demanded a subsidy of some eight hundred thousand pounds to carry on his unmeaning wars in France, but was obliged to content himself with a grant cut down into much more reasonable limits. Of this Parliament Sir Thomas More was speaker, and to his honour be it said, that although he was a great personal favourite with the court, and treated there with extraordinary marks of respect and affection, he acted with admirable firmness and dignity both towards his overbearing royal master, and that master's equally overbearing servant, the Chancellor Wolsey. In answer to the latter's application, More thought it would not "be amiss" to receive the Chancellor as he desired, who accordingly came into the house with his maces, poleaxes, cross, hat, and great seal, and with a retinue which filled every vacant part of the place. But when Wolsey, after explaining his business, remained silent, expecting the discussion and business to proceed, he was surprised to find the assemblage silent too. He addressed one of the members by name, who politely rose in acknowledgment, but sat down again without speaking: another member was addressed by Wolsey, but with no better success.

At last the great Chancellor became impatient; and looking upon him who was to be his still greater successor, said, "Masters, as I am sent here immediately from the King, it is not unreasonable to expect an answer: yet there is, without doubt, a surprising and most obstinate silence, unless indeed it may be the manner of your House to express your mind by your Speaker only." More immediately rose, and, with equal tact and courage, said the members were abashed at the sight of so great a personage, whose presence was sufficient to overwhelm the wisest and most learned men in the realm; but that that presence was neither expedient nor in accordance with the ancient liberties of the House. They were not bound to return any answer; and as to a reply from him (the Speaker) individually, it was impossible, as he could only act on the instructions from the House. And so Wolsey found himself necessitated to depart. Although much modified, the demands of the King were still so heavy that the people were dissatisfied. They were indeed greatly distressed, and no doubt thought the paying of any taxes to be but a dark piece of business: so, as the Parliament had commenced among the Black Friars, and ended among the Black Monks (at Westminster), they kept the whole affair in their recollection by the name of the Black Parliament.

The next event, in the order of time, is one of the deepest interest in the history

of the place. It was here that, on the 21st of June, 1529, Wolsey and his fellow Cardinal, Campeggio, appointed by the Pope to act with him in the matter of the proposed divorce of Henry and Catherine, sat in judgment, with the King on their right, and Catherine, accompanied by four bishops, on their left. When the King's name was called, he answered "Here!" but the Queen remained silent when hers was pronounced. Then the citation being repeated, the unhappy Queen, rising in great anguish, ran to her husband, and prostrating herself before him, said, in language that would have deterred any less cruel and sensual



[Trial of Queen Catherine.]

nature from the infamous path he was pursuing, "Sir, I beseech you, for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right: take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel; and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or on what occasion given you dis-

pleasure? Have I ever designed against your will and pleasure, that you should put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure," &c. At the conclusion of a most admirable, womanly, and yet dignified address, she rose, left the court, and never entered it again. She died at Kimbolton in 1536, heart-broken, but refusing to the last to renounce her rights and title of Queen. Even in that period, which so often awakes the injurer to a sense of the wrongs he has committed, and crowds into a few hours or days a world of unanticipated and then useless anguish, her royal husband remained consistent in cruelty, refusing her permission even to see her daughter once—but once—before she died. One of Catherine's judges had scarcely less reason than herself to remember that eventful day in the Black Friars. Wolsey, unable to prevail with Campeggio to give a decision at the time, seems to have been suspected by Anne Boleyn (then waiting the Queen's degradation to fill her place) to have acted but lukewarmly in the matter. Henry, too, had grown tired of his gorgeous Chancellor, and began to think of the value of his trappings. To sum up shortly the result: in that same Black Friars, where he had endeavoured to bully one Parliament, the sentence of *premunire* was passed against him by another; and the man who had there sat in judgment upon Catherine, and been throughout the chief instrument in Henry's hands to doom that noble and virtuous lady to a lingering death, found that day's proceedings the immediate cause of his own downfall, and still speedier dissolution. The blow which Catherine's innocence, and moral fortitude and pious resignation, enabled her for a time to bear up against, killed Wolsey at once.

Such are the chief historical recollections of the great House of the Black Friars. There are some minor matters connected with its history, which are also deserving of notice, as bearing indirectly on the subject of our paper. The privileges before mentioned, it appears, produced continual heart-burnings between the city and the inhabitants of the favoured part, and violent quarrels were the consequences. We have an illustration of the feelings which prevailed in the circumstance that one of the priors having found himself obliged to pave the streets without the wall joining to the precinct, and a cage or small prison being afterwards there set up by the city, the prior pulled it down, saying, "Since the city forced me to pave the place, they shall set no cage there on my ground." At the dissolution, Bishop Fisher, who held it *in commendam*, resigned the house to the king. The revenues were valued at the very moderate sum of 100*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* The prior's lodgings and the hall were granted to Sir Francis Bryan in 1547. We need scarcely add that these, with the church, and all the old privileges, have long since been swept away; although in 1586 a protracted, and for a time successful, struggle was maintained for the latter, by the inhabitants both of the Black and the White Friars (adjoining) in the courts of law in opposition to the city. Two or three passages of the statements made on this occasion will not be without interest for our readers. The city claimed the liberties, on the ground that the precincts were in London, offering, as a kind of proof that their right had been acknowledged, the circumstance that divers felons had been tried by the city for crimes committed within the precincts during the friars' time. Accordingly they now claimed from the crown all waifs, strays, felons' goods, amercements, escheats,

&c., the execution of all processes, the expulsion of all foreigners, the assize of bread, beer, ale, and wine, the wardmote-quest, and such other jurisdictions as they had in the rest of the city. The answer was very long and elaborate. With regard to the felons it was observed, that they were probably apprehended in London with the stolen things on them, and, therefore, were properly arraigned in the city; or that they were arraigned by the king's special commission, which would have been no infringement of the friars' rights. In another part of the document various statements were made of the rights and privileges granted to the house, and of the complete failure of the city at various times to encroach upon them: thus, as to the first, it appears that in addition to the favours lavished upon their house by Edward I., the succeeding monarch made them free of all tenths, fifteenths, subsidies, quotas, tallages, or other burdens whatsoever granted, or to be granted, by the clergy or commons; and as to the latter, that besides numerous instances of successful resistance during the existence of the House, "Sir John Portynarie reported in his Life, that immediately after the dissolution the Mayor pretended a title to the liberties, but King Henry VIII., informed thereof, sent to him to desist from meddling with the liberties, saying, 'He was as well able to keep the liberties as the friars were.' And so the Mayor no further meddled, and Sir John Portynarie had the keys of the gates delivered to him; and a fee for keeping the same." Among the other arguments used were the loss to the crown—"Her Majesty may lose ten thousand pounds a day by lands within the said precincts, which may escheat to her, which, if the city will have it, is reason the city should give Her Majesty a good fine for it;" [this looks a little like spite:] and a bold answer to the allegations of the city as to the social state of the neighbourhood in question:—"They pretend to win favour to their cause, that they seek their liberties only for reformation of disorders, when gain is the mark they shoot at. But the Black Friars, for good order of government, may be a lanthorn to all the city, as shall be plainly proved, and is now inhabited by noblemen and gentlemen." The respectability here claimed for the neighbourhood of the Black Friars in 1586 does not appear to have been a mere counsellor's flourish, for among other residents about the period were Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Worcester, to whose mansion, on the occasion of his marriage with an heiress of the house of Bedford in 1600, Queen Elizabeth came as a visitor. She was met at the water side by the bride, and carried to her house in a lectica* by six knights, where she dined.

Lord Cobham also, it appears, had a house in the neighbourhood, with whom her Majesty supped the same day, when a characteristic incident occurred, in connexion with Essex, then fast losing ground in the favour of his royal mistress. It appears from the Sydney Papers, transcribed in Pennant, that "there was a memorable mask of eight ladies, and a strange dance new invented. Mistress Fitton went to the Queen and wooed her dance. Her Majesty (the love of Essex rankling in her heart) asked what she was? '*Affection*,' she said. '*Affection!*' said the Queen: '*Affection is false.*' Yet her Majesty rose up and danced." The French ambassador also resided in Blackfriars during the succeeding reign, as we learn from the record of a terrible accident which happened

* *Lectica*, a kind of litter, the Roman bier.

in his house, and which seems to have sadly alarmed honest Stow with the idea that it was not merely a kind of judgment for our national sins, but a warning to be heedfully observed, lest still worse should follow. It appears that a celebrated Jesuit preacher, Father Drury, addressed a large audience in a room in the upper part of the house, and that during the sermon, the place being badly built or decayed, fell, and nearly a hundred persons perished.

Seeing, then, that Blackfriars was a place of such repute in the beginning of the seventeenth century, one would hardly expect to find it by the latter part of the eighteenth so altered, that one of the recommendations of the new bridge should be the certainty of its working a purification of the district, and redeeming it from the state of poverty and degradation into which it had fallen. In a pamphlet ‘On the Expediency, Utility, and Necessity of a New Bridge at or near Blackfriars, 1756,’ the site of the approach on the Middlesex shore is described as being occupied on both sides of the Fleet-ditch by a “body of miserable ruins in the back of Fleet Street, between that and Holborn on one side, and between the other and the Thames, and so again from each side of Ludgate.” And a builder examined before a committee of the House expressed his opinion that the houses and ground included were not worth five years’ purchase. A question put to another witness examined on the same occasion seems to show the cause of this state of things. He was asked whether, in case the bridge was built as desired, the vicinity of the Fleet, Ludgate, Newgate, and Bridewell would not be an objection to the building better houses? and he owned in some parts it might. The Fleet and Newgate prisons are subjects too large to be touched upon here; the others we shall have occasion to mention in a subsequent part of our paper. We close this part of our subject, therefore, with a picturesque glimpse of the predecessor of Farringdon Street, at a time when the ditch yet reached up to the foot of Ludgate Hill; and beyond, the old Market extended through the centre of the present area to the bottom of Holborn. “In walking along the street in my youth,” says Pennant, “on the side next to the prison, I have often been tempted by the question, ‘Sir, will you please to walk in and be married?’ Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with ‘Marriages performed within’ written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco.”* We have noticed the most thriving trade of the district, that of the “Fleet-parsons,” in our last number.

At the extremity of this street the City then determined to build its new bridge. On the other side of the river the aspect of affairs was still more favourable. In the maps of the reign of Elizabeth we perceive opposite the Black Friars, on the Surrey shore, one long but single line of houses, with handsomely laid-out gardens at the back, and here and there a few other scattered habitations, surrounded by extensive fields, with trees, &c. And although, no doubt, this as well as every other part in the immediate neighbourhood of the City had become much more populous a century later, when the Bridge was built, yet the amount of the purchase-money for houses and land, on the Surrey as compared with the Middlesex

* Pennant’s London, 3rd ed. p. 221.

side, shows how much the Bridge has done for all this part: for the first, was paid 1500*l.*; for the last, 7500*l.*; whilst the ferry alone cost 12,500*l.* The first step taken by the committee to whom the direction of the new work was intrusted was that of advertising for plans; and there was no lack of communications. They were for a time fairly puzzled between the different schemes laid before them, and had a heavy task to investigate the separate claims of bridges with semi-oval, and bridges with semi-circular arches; bridges with iron railings, and bridges with stone balustrades. They had every possible motive to decide carefully; for not only was the good taste and judgment of the City at trial—as, according to their choice, the attempt might end in failure and disgrace, or in success and honour—but the competitors were evidently the *élite* of their class, and the affair altogether was attracting much attention. It may be sufficient to say that Smeaton was among the rejected, and that Samuel Johnson engaged in the controversy raised upon the merits of the different kinds of arches. The plan which roused the opposition of the learned moralist was that of a young man of six-and-twenty, named Mylne, who was unknown to most, if not all, of the chief persons of influence connected with the management of the affair, but who, it was said, possessed unusual ability and attainments. His father was an architect of Edinburgh, descended from a family who had been master-masons to the sovereigns of Scotland for several generations. At an early period he had been sent to Rome to pursue his studies, where he had gained the first prize in the first architectural class, and had subsequently made the tour of Europe, from which he was but now returned. His plan described a bridge of nine elliptical arches, the centre a hundred feet wide, and the others on each side decreasing towards the extremities of the structure, till the breadth of the last should be seventy feet. The length of the bridge was to be nine hundred and ninety-five feet, the breadth forty-two. In general form, the whole bridge presented one continuously rounded line or arch, which had a particularly beautiful effect, and which was still further enhanced by the double Ionic columns adorning the face of every pier, though their introduction may be thought an architectural license barely admissible, considering how little the duty they had to do—that of supporting small projecting recesses, evidently placed there for the purpose. No sooner was it known that this plan had been received with the greatest favour by the judges (to whose credit be it recorded that, whilst Mylne's talents alone pleaded for him, there were among the other competitors men whose cause was forwarded, as much as it was possible, by noblemen and others of the highest personal influence) than assailants rushed forward from all quarters, who were as spiritedly met by defenders; and a paper war raged, which, commencing with the form of the arches, ended with the propriety of the sentiments and the accuracy of the Latinity of the inscription placed beneath the work on the occasion of laying the first stone. Johnson, as we have said, was an opponent of Mylne's; and answer and counter-answer came thick and fast. We should have been glad to have transcribed a passage from Johnson's part of the controversy; but it is so entirely technical in its tone, as well as scientific in its nature, that we can find nothing of sufficient interest. We need only therefore say, that, in his accustomed vigorous style, he proved so completely the evils of the elliptical arches of Mylne, that one does not know whether to be most surprised at the

audacity of the architect in thereafter going on to erect them, or at the presumption of the arches themselves in venturing to stand for so many centuries, as they yet promise to do, in opposition to such an expression of opinion. These debates, it appears, led very properly to an impartial examination of the subject by eight competent gentlemen, who, in 1760, reported in favour of the plan. "The form of the elliptical arch was then considered not only best adapted to the navigation at all times of the tide, without raising the carriage-way to an inconvenient height, but also much stronger than the semicircular arch constructed in the common way, whilst at the same time its great width rendered fewer piers necessary. Mr. Mylne was accordingly chosen surveyor on the 27th of February, 1760."*

The first pile was driven in the middle of the Thames on the 7th of May in the same year, and was broken in the course of the ensuing week by one of our old friends, a West-country bargeman. As it appeared, however, to be from neglect only that his barge had been allowed to drive against it, he was let off with a fine. The foundations of every pier were to be piled, in order to guard against the recurrence of such accidents as the sinking of the pier at Westminster Bridge a few years before. Mylne, like Labelye, built his piers with caissons; and it appears the latter were laid somewhat carelessly, as they are now in a very distorted position. There is lying in the British Museum (the gift of the architect himself) a model of a part of his bridge, representing the plan of his centre frames (the wood-work on which the stone is laid during the formation of the arch), which shows that in this part of his work he was original and eminently happy. The first caisson was "launched with great dexterity" on the 19th of May, but the tide was not high enough to float it off to its destined station, and the populace assembled were greatly disappointed. On the 2nd of June it was conveyed to its moorings within the piles, and duly descended to its place. The first stone was laid on the 31st of October by the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Chitty, attended by the members of the Committee, and a brilliant assemblage of other personages, when various coins were deposited in the proper place, and certain large plates, of pure tin, with an inscription in Latin stating that the work was undertaken "amidst the rage of an extensive war," and ending with the following glowing eulogy on the minister: "And that there might remain to posterity a monument of this City's affection to the man who, by the strength of his genius, the steadiness of his mind, and a certain kind of happy contagion of his probity and spirit (under the Divine favour, and fortunate auspices of George II.), recovered, augmented, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and influence of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of William Pitt." Among the other medals deposited in the stone was a silver one, which had been cherished as the memorial of the young architect's first triumph, the medal given him by the Academy at Rome. Should some future antiquary, say in the year of Our Lord 5842, have the rummaging of these stores, we may imagine the delight with which he would arrive at this.

We have little more to say concerning the erection of the Bridge. It appears,

* Condensed account of a Report to the Common Council, 1784, in 'Penny Cyclopædia,' vol. iv. p. 484.

from the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' that on the 1st of October, 1764, the great arch was opened, and that the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, &c., in the City barge, "with her oars in full play, passed through it. The workmen ranged themselves round the rim of the arch, one man to each stone, on the occasion, which had a very pretty effect in showing the magnificence of the arch, by a comparative view of the men and the stones." It was opened for foot passengers in 1766, a temporary footway having been made across the arches; for horses in 1768; and completely on the 19th of November, 1769. The embankments and approaches, which were works of considerable difficulty, occupied some years longer. The funds for the work had been raised by loan, on the security of the City, the loan to be repaid by tolls levied on the bridge. These were very successful, producing, in the first twelve weeks, 758*l.*, and in a subsequent year (from Lady-day, 1782, to Lady-day, 1783) above 8000*l.*: ultimately Government bought the tolls, and made the bridge free. The entire expense was nearly 300,000*l.*, but it is greatly to the credit of the architect that he built the bridge itself for some 160*l.* less than his estimate: he said the expense should not exceed 153,000*l.*; it was just 152,840*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* Our readers, after this statement, will be surprised to hear how shabbily he was treated. He had been engaged during the progress of the work at a salary of 300*l.* a-year, with the promise of a further remuneration of five per cent. on the money laid out. Some honest gentlemen, however, objected to the payment of the per centage; and Mylne was obliged to assume a hostile position before he could obtain it in 1776.

So entirely is this gentleman's name now connected with Blackfriars Bridge, that we shall make no apology for giving two or three further notices of his career. The Bridge, of course, brought him into great repute; and among many other agreeable proofs of public estimation was that of his filling the post once occupied by Wren, the Surveyorship of St. Paul's. He has left there a memorable record of himself. He it was who first suggested the placing over the entrance into the choir the magnificent epitaph or inscription on Wren, *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*. Here, too, lie his remains, near the tomb of him he so much revered. He died on the 5th of May, 1811. Having mentioned his controversy with Johnson, it is pleasant to have to add that the latter afterwards acknowledged his full merit, and they became intimate. With an interesting anecdote we conclude these brief notices of an able architect and high-principled man: "Mr. Mylne made some very great alterations and improvements at King's Weston for the late Lord de Clifford, then Mr. Southwell, who knew him at Rome, and from his bridge at Blackfriars conceived a very high idea of his talents. Concerning this seat, Mr. Mylne's clerk used to relate the following anecdote. On Mr. Mylne's arrival there he commenced making a plan, by which he discovered a small room in the house to which there were no means of access, and, in cutting into it, they found to their great astonishment a quantity of old family plate, together with the records of a barony granted in the reign of Henry III. to that family, in consequence of which Mr. Southwell took the title of Lord de Clifford. This room was probably shut up during the rebellion in the reign of Charles I."*

* Chalmers's Gen. Biog. Dictionary, vol. xxii., p. 549.



Among the buildings removed in the formation of the approaches to the Bridge were two that we must not pass unnoticed. In the periodical publications of the time we read that on the 30th of July, 1760, the Commissioners of City Lands sold Ludgate, near the new bridge, for 148*l.*, or, in other words, for the presumed value of the materials; and it was then taken down. Such is the brief record of the destruction of the once famous gate, said to have been first built by the barons during the reign of King John, from the stones of the houses of a number of Jews they caused to be pulled down; but which, if Geoffrey of Monmouth is to be believed, had a right to date its origin from no less a personage than the redoubted British king Lud, who, according to the same particular authority, erected it in the year 66 before Christ. A curious evidence of the truth of the first-mentioned circumstance was discovered when the gate was rebuilt in 1586, in the shape of a stone with the following Hebrew inscription: "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac;" and which had no doubt been fixed originally upon the front of one of the Jews' houses. An equally curious evidence of the faith of the City in Geoffrey's story was presented both by the old and the new gate, each of which had on one side statues of King Lud and his two sons, Androgeas and Theomantius, or Teomanticus. Other authorities think the original name was Fludgate, derived from the Saxon appellation of the Fleet. Ludgate was turned into a prison during the reign of Richard II.; when it was ordained that all free men of the City should, for debt, trespasses, accompts, and contempts, be imprisoned in Ludgate, whilst traitors, felons, &c., were to be committed to Newgate. About 1454 the gate was enlarged, and had a chapel added to it by Sir Stephen Forster, who, it is said by Pennant, Maitland, and others, was moved to that work by the grateful remembrance of its connexion with a touching and romantic incident of his own history. According to them he was once a prisoner in Ludgate, and was "begging at the grate,"* when he was by a certain rich widow interrogated what sum would discharge him. He replied twenty pounds, which she generously disbursed, and, taking him into her service, he, by an indefatigable application to business, gained the affections of his mistress to such a degree, that she made him her husband; and, having greatly enriched himself by commerce, amidst his affluence bethought himself of the place of his confinement.† It appears, from the same authority, the merchants and tradesmen were accustomed to place themselves here in their pecuniary misfortunes (to avoid, we presume, being sent to a worse gaol by their creditors); and that, when Philip of Spain came through London on his first visit in 1554, the year of his marriage with Mary, there were thirty of these prisoners in confinement, whose united debts amounted to 10,000*l.*, and who presented to that monarch a remarkably well-written Latin document, begging him to redress their miseries and free them. They asked this "the rather, for that that place was not a gaol for villains, but a place of restraint for poor unfortunate men; and that they were put in there, not by others, but themselves fled thither, and that not out of fear of punishment, but in hopes of better fortune." The friendly author of this address was no less a person than Roger Ascham. The other building to which we have referred was the beautiful bridge erected by Sir George Waterman, in the year of his mayoralty,

* Most readers will remember the existence of this shameful custom in connexion with the present Fleet prison.

† Maitland, vol. i. p. 27.

1672, over Fleet ditch, and opposite Bridewell hospital. This was removed during the formation of the Bridge approaches, October 19, 1765, and on the same day that the sewer extending from thence to the Thames was completed.

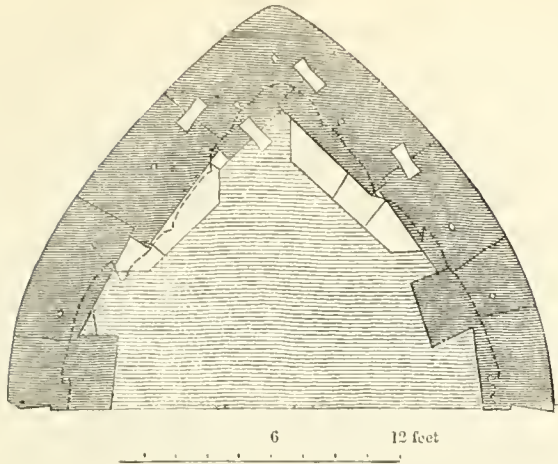
Among the public buildings alluded to in the Committee of the House of Commons as tending to keep respectable persons from the neighbourhood of the Black Friars was that of Bridewell. It will perhaps be remembered that in our account of Christ Church we stated that in the comprehensive plan presented by the City to Edward VI. the rioters, vagabonds, strumpets, &c., of the metropolis were to be sent to this place. This was a sad degradation of the once-regal palace, the occasional home of a long succession of monarchs from the very earliest periods. The original building was formed in part from the remains of an old Saxon castle which Stow supposes to have stood on the same site. The name is derived from a well in the neighbourhood dedicated to St. Bride or Bridget. The place having fallen to great decay, Henry VIII., on the occasion of the announced visit of the Emperor Charles V., rebuilt the whole in the space of *six weeks*, and in a truly magnificent manner. But after all the expense and trouble, the Emperor, when he came in 1522, preferred lodging in the Black Friars, and leaving the new palace to his suite. A gallery of communication was then thrown right across the Fleet from one house to the other, and an opening cut through the City Wall. Henry himself subsequently resided here occasionally, and in particular during the period of the trial of Catherine in the Black Friars. When Edward VI. devoted it to the purpose already pointed out, it is said to have been once more in a dilapidated state: if so, we need not much wonder at the speed with which the builders had "run it up." Bridewell was thenceforward used as a house of correction for rogues and vagabonds, and for disobedient and idle apprentices, all parties being employed chiefly in beating hemp or picking oakum. The treadmill is now used there, and the silent system has been introduced. It is to be observed that as a prison Bridewell has the high distinction of having been the first place of the kind in England where reformation was a leading object. There were confined in the prison, during the year 1837, 770 males and 352 females. It was also made a house of industry, and a place of education for poor children, who were taught different trades by certain persons dignified by the title of arts masters, but who were merely so many poor broken-down tradesmen. The boys wore a peculiar dress, and in that guise made themselves so great a nuisance to the neighbourhood that in 1755 a report was made to the governors. This, be it observed, is almost the precise period when the Act of Parliament for the Bridge was being obtained. From the time of their change of dress an improvement is said to have taken place. The boys are now removed to the "House of Occupation" near Bethlehem Hospital. The jurisdiction of Bridewell and of Bethlehem Hospital are in the hands of the same body of governors. The site of Bridewell is now greatly limited. When Pennant wrote, it appears, much of the original building (by which we presume he means that of Henry VIII.) remained; such as "great part of one court with a front, several arches, octagon towers, and many of the walls;" also "a magnificent flight of ancient stairs" leading to the Court of Justice, "a handsome apartment." All this has now disappeared with the exception of one of the octagonal towers. A dark-coloured stone front about the middle of

Bridge Street marks the entrance to Bridewell, with a head of the youthful Edward VI. over the door of the vaulted passage. At the end of this passage a door on the left conducts up to the hall, &c., and the iron gateway in front, down a flight of steps, into the court of the ancient palace, now a large quadrangle, with two of its sides mostly occupied by gloomy prison-walls and barred windows. In one corner of this place is the octagonal tower referred to, of brick, which has been newly faced in comparatively recent times, and which is pierced with narrow slit-holes, giving light to the interior. The top, no doubt, commanded a fine prospect of London in the time of Henry: it is now so surrounded with loftier buildings that one sees nothing more picturesque than house-tops and chimneys.

The hall is entered through two or three fine apartments, of which it forms the suitable termination. It is a noble room, lighted by a handsome range of windows on each side, the centre windows being set in alcoves. The walls round the lower part of the room, at a certain height, are covered with tablets containing the names of benefactors to the united hospitals. Above these tablets, between the windows, pictures occupy all the vacant spaces, of different degrees of merit, from the worthy alderman on his horse, which forms the subject of the gigantic picture over the fireplace at one end of the room, to the two Lelys, and the one famous Holbein, which occupy the corresponding place at the other extremity. Lely's pictures are portraits of Charles II. and James II., Holbein's represents the grant of the charter of Bridewell to Sir George Barnes, the then Lord Mayor. Among the other personages introduced are William Earl of Pembroke, Thomas Goodrich Bishop of Ely and Lord Chancellor of England, and the painter himself, whose name, at least, is said to be given to the figure in the right corner. It is uncertain whether this picture was completed by Holbein, as he, as well as the young king, died very soon after the event here represented. The chapel is quite modern, and in no way noticeable.

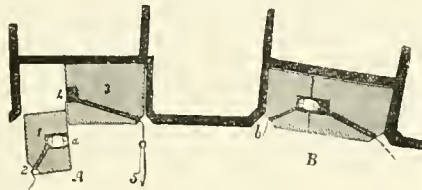
The repair of Blackfriars, like that of Westminster Bridge, has been of late years a most expensive and laborious business; we scarcely remember the time when one or other of these bridges has not been under the hands of the engineers and builders. This arises from the soft nature of the Portland stone, of which both bridges are erected, and its peculiar unfitness to resist the action of water. Blackfriars being examined in 1833 by Messrs. Walker and Burgess (the foundations by means of Deane's patent helmet), it was found that almost every part of the work required reparation—new piling, for which coffer-dams had to be made, new cutwaters, new arch-stones, &c. The extent of the repair needed may be best understood from the estimated expense, 90,000*l*.! But it was inevitable, so an Act of Parliament was obtained, and the work proceeded with. The foundations of the piers were first rendered secure by a casing of sheet piling covered with granite masonry. The cutwaters were then raised as well as repaired, so as to shorten the Ionic columns above, which is considered to be an improvement in the general appearance of the Bridge. In the way of reparation the accompanying drawing will show at a glance what has been done. The dotted line marks the extent to which decay had penetrated, and the parts that had to be removed.

The replacing the old decayed arch-stones with new was a work of consider-



[Cut showing the plan of the cutwater restored.]

able difficulty ; and most ingenious was the method by which the difficulty was overcome. In the room of the single stone taken away, two were driven in, and the manner in which these were afterwards united may be best understood from the subjoined cut :—“Figure A shows a stone just ready to be driven to its place ;



1 is the wedge in which the plug *a* is kept steady by a cord which comes through a hole to the chamfer, and is made fast round a piece of wood at 2 ; 3 is the other half already set, with its hole 4 to receive the plug when 1 is driven home ; 5 is a weight (most commonly a mason's chisel, which keeps the cord tight that is attached to the end of the plug marked *a*, by which it is drawn into the hole 4. Figure B shows a stone finished, with the plug drawn into the hole of the stone which was first set. Soft mortar is then forced through the hole *b* so as to fill up the whole of the space round about the plug, which being thus imbedded, it is impossible for it to move.”*

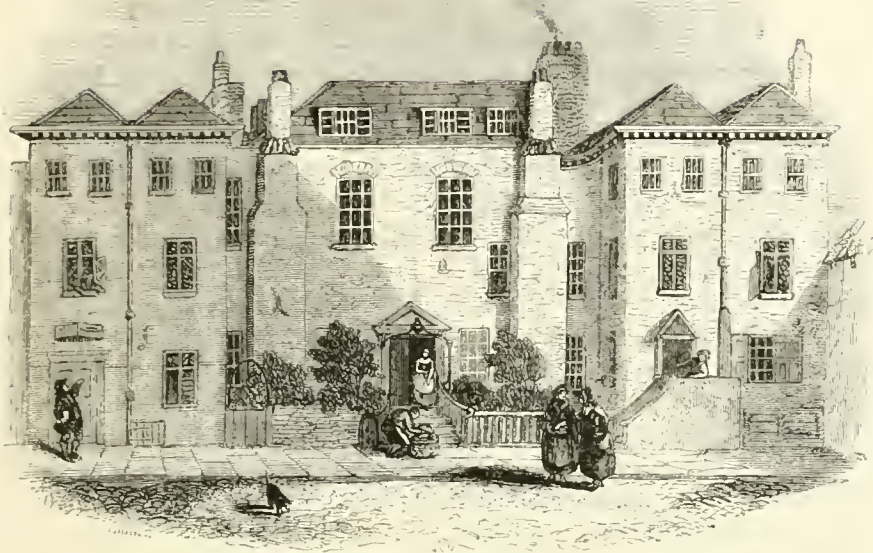
The improvements of the Bridge (only terminated in November, 1840), were well purchased at the inconvenience of the latter being rendered for some time impassable except on foot. In the interim it was found that the roadway of the crown had been lowered several feet, and the approaches raised. Those only who have been accustomed to mark the dangers of the old descent in slippery weather, or the severe and painful exertion imposed on horses drawing heavy loads, can fully appreciate the advantages of this change. In architectural beauty, however, the alterations appear to some to have been for the worse. The beautiful arch, extending from shore to shore, formed by the upper line of the bridge, is lost by the raising of its ends : that sacrifice was perhaps necessary, and

* ‘Penny Cyclopædia,’ article ‘Blackfriars,’ vol. iv.

therefore must be quietly submitted to. But why, it is asked, was the picturesque open balustrade, which gave to the Bridge, as seen from the water or the neighbouring banks, such an inconceivable lightness and grace, why was this to be exchanged for the dull heavy parapet which now usurps its place? Since there was so little regard paid to Mylne's design, the propriety may be doubted of allowing the Ionic columns to remain at the expense of another great improvement that was proposed, the widening of the Bridge; particularly as the columns now seem more out of place than ever.



[Blackfriars Bridge, 1859.]



[Cromwell's House.]

LIX.—CLERKENWELL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the last chapter of 'Waverley,' while alluding to the imperceptible gradations by which national and political changes are wrought, remarks, "Like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted."

As with political changes, so is it with the topographical features of a country, a district, or a parish. We may see houses and streets springing up around us; we may see green fields turned into brick-fields, and pleasant paths into paved streets; we may find a little road-side inn transformed into a dazzling "gin-palace," and direction-posts and mile-stones replaced by gas-lamps; the stage-coach may be superseded by the "cab" and the omnibus, and the drowsy and decrepit watchman by the active policeman. These changes, if watched as they proceed, become familiar to us: we are rendered accustomed to one change before another occurs; and, like the growth of a brother or sister with whom we live, we are hardly conscious that the change is really occurring. But if we direct a glance back to a former period, forgetting the steps by which the present has resulted from the past—if we "fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted"—we regard the amount of change as something almost inexplicable, and wonder how such things can be.

Those who reside in the outskirts of London have such changes as these presented to them in a very marked degree. North, south, east, and west—on all sides—a period of twenty years is sufficient to change the whole appearance of the border of London, if such a border can be found. The parish of CLERKENWELL was, two generations ago, a part of this border; for it was separated very decidedly from the village of Islington, green fields and country paths forming the communication from one to the other. But now where are the fields or the paths? And where are the fields and gardens which, even fifteen or twenty years ago, lay at the north and the west of the New River Head? They are gone, or going so rapidly that we can scarcely trace them. Let any one now look around him from the “Angel” at Islington, and remember that it was this spot which was thus alluded to in 1780:—“It was customary for travellers approaching London to remain all night at the Angel Inn, rather than venture after dark to prosecute their journey along ways which were almost equally dangerous from their bad state and their being so greatly infested with thieves.” Let him then turn his attention to the western end of Perceval Street, in St. John’s Street Road: here, in 1780, “persons walking from the City to Islington in the evening waited near the end of St. John’s Street, in what is now termed Northampton Street (but was then a rural avenue, planted with trees, called Wood’s Close), until a sufficient party had collected, who were then escorted by an armed patrol appointed for that purpose.”* Not only has this important highway ceased to present the discouraging characteristics here mentioned, but the whole vicinity on both sides has since become crowded with streets.

Although the parish of Clerkenwell extends beyond the New or Paddington Road towards the north, yet the district to which the name of Clerkenwell was more particularly attached in past times is that immediately surrounding the Green, the Close, and St. John’s Square. The village of Clerkenwell ramified from the Priory of St. John as a centre, and was for many ages included within a small circuit around it: nearly all which is northward of the Close may be regarded as modern. Before taking a rapid glance at the changes which this part of London has undergone, and showing its chief peculiarities at the present day, it may be well to mention the limits within which Clerkenwell as a parish is bounded. The Goswell Street Road, from the Charter House to the “Angel” at Islington, forms the eastern boundary of the parish; the northern boundary lies at about one-sixth of a mile northward of the Paddington Road, from High Street, Islington, or rather the Liverpool Road, to near King’s Cross: the River Fleet then forms the western limit of the parish, from King’s Cross (once Battle Bridge) to Saffron Hill; and an irregular line from Saffron Hill, past the south-end of St. John’s Lane, to the Charter House Garden, completes the boundary.

This district is supposed to have been formerly a continuation of the great moor or morass which extended from Spitalfields to Moorfields and Finsbury; not itself actually a morass, but a succession of gentle pastures and slopes, bounded on the east by the morass, and on the west by the “River of Wells,” afterwards the “River Fleet,” then the “Fleet Ditch,” and, finally, the common

* J. and H. S. Storer, and T. Cromwell, “History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell,”—a book to which we shall be much indebted in the following pages.

sewer.* There is evidence, from a consideration of the relative levels of the surrounding spots, that there must have been here a pleasant alternation of hill and dale: the River of Wells flowing along a depressed channel between two hills, where are now the abodes of filth and wretchedness; and the Holeburne or Oldbourne, with vineyards on its banks, flowing into the former at the spot now known as Holborn Bridge. Fitzstephen, in the year 1190, speaks of the "open, pleasant meadows, the flowing rivulets, and the noise of the water-wheels," in the suburbs on the northern side of the City wall.

We have reason to believe, from details given in a former chapter,† that the site of the assemblage of streets now forming Clerkenwell was, six hundred years ago, a green and pleasant country spot, having numerous springs and wells, which were resorted to in holiday fashion. About the same period were founded those two monastic or ecclesiastical establishments, which formed a nucleus for the dwelling-houses built on the spot: we mean the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Nunnery of St. Mary. These were situated on the two opposite sides of what is now Clerkenwell Green, the Priory on the south, and the Nunnery on the north; and Mr. Cromwell gives the following imaginary picture of the scene by which the inmates were surrounded:—"On every side but that towards the City they had the prospect of wooded hills and uplands, intermingled with vales of luxuriant verdure; contiguous was the well-dressed, and, we will doubt not, richly productive vineyard; and at unequal distances from their precincts, towards the west, the ground fell into those romantic steepes and secluded dells amongst which the river took its course, and created, as it rushed through the numerous mills erected over it, the 'delightful' sounds which enkindled the descriptive enthusiasm of Fitzstephen. In the contemplation of such a scene, we could for the moment forego all the advantages resulting from that altered state of things which has closed the view of it for ever, and almost sigh for the return of times, when the spread of commerce and the improvements of civilisation had not deprived our suburb of natural beauties of so rich an order."‡

There is very little evidence remaining to show the rate or the manner in which buildings gradually sprang up around the Priory and the Nunnery. In Aggas's Map of London, dated 1563, very few streets or houses are represented in this neighbourhood, except those immediately contiguous to, or occupying the site of, the monastic buildings. Cow Cross, Turnmill Street, and the southern end of St. John Street, are represented; but bounded on three sides by little else than fields. By the year 1617, according to Malcolm,§ a number of fine houses had been built in the district, which were inhabited by persons of rank and fashion. A list of twenty-three "Lords," "Ladies," and "Sirs" is given, as having lived in Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell Green, St. John's Square, St. John's Lane, and St. John Street, in that year. How large would be the circle, round the same centre, which would include an equal number of the titled and the high-born at the present day?

In the year 1708 the number of houses in Clerkenwell were reckoned at 1146; in 1724, 1529; and in 1772, 1889. The changes which occurred during these intervals were of two kinds, viz. the increase of buildings generally northward of

* See 'London,' Chap. xiii.; "Underground," p. 229.

† Ibid. p. 226.

‡ History of Clerkenwell, p. 13.

§ Londinium Redivivum, vol. iii. p. 225.

the site of the Priory ; and the departure of titled and wealthy persons to other parts of London. It is probable that we may place at the beginning of the last century, or the latter end of the preceding one, the commencement of that remarkable localisation which has ever since distinguished the spot. What was the circumstance which led to the establishment of the *Watch-makers*, *Clock-makers*, and *Jewellers* of the metropolis in the parish of Clerkenwell we do not know ; nor have we heard any plausible reason assigned by those who, residing on the spot, and carrying on these branches of manufacture, might be supposed to be best informed on the matter. But be the case what it may, the fact is certain. Although there are dealers in these articles of traffic in other parts of the metropolis, the real *makers* are to be found in Clerkenwell ; not without exception, certainly, but with exceptions so few as to render the rule more striking. From St. John's Square to the New River Head, and from Goswell Street to Coppice Row, there is scarcely a street which does not contain some artisans in these departments of handicraft ; and in many of the streets nearly the whole of the houses are thus occupied. Let any one, as a matter of curiosity, make a tour of inspection, and glance at the door-plates and inscriptions : he will see a curious exemplification of what is here stated. He must not, when he sees the designations, " escapement-maker," " engine-turner," " fusee-cutter," " springer," " secret-springer," " finisher," " joint-finisher," &c., imagine that these are avocations of totally different kinds from those alluded to above : they all form, as we shall endeavour to show in a future page, only a small part of the subdivisions to which the watch-manufacture has been subjected. There are not, as in Bermondsey, large buildings and open yards to indicate the nature of the staple manufacture carried on ; nor are there, as in Spitalfields, humble private dwellings, whose windows present a characteristic appearance. The house of a Clerkenwell watch-maker is simply a " private house," in the common English acceptation of the term ; having in some cases a workshop constructed in the rear. There are a few of these houses which have an open shop at the ground-story, for the sale of articles connected with watches and jewellery ; but in by far the greater number of instances the inscription on the doorplate alone indicates the nature of the business carried on within. :

As the present is best illustrated by comparing it with the past, we will take a rapid circuit of the district chiefly occupied by these manufacturers, and shew what are the changes which the principal streets have undergone, and how they are now occupied.

Let us begin at the " spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." There is a part of St. John Street, not very far from Smithfield, which presents a much greater width than any other portion of the street, and greater than we customarily find in London. It occurs at the spot where St. John's Lane terminates at St. John Street. In what is now the roadway of this wide portion of the street once stood Hicks's Hall, having a carriage-way on all four sides of it, in the same manner as the Sessions House now has on Clerkenwell Green. This Hall was built in the year 1610, for the accommodation of the Justices of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, who had previously met at a common inn called the " Castle," in St. John Street, where they were much inconvenienced by " carriers, and many other sorts of people."

The place here indicated is the southernmost extremity of Clerkenwell parish, and is not unworthy of notice from the associations connected with its vicinity. Southward of it we have the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew; eastward, the Charter House; and northward the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem—all of which have occupied our attention in former chapters of this work. Within a short distance, too, is the busy market of Smithfield, the supply of which gives rise to some of the busiest scenes which St. John Street presents. On the evenings of Thursday and Sunday, and on the mornings of Friday and Monday, the whole length of St. John's Street, from end to end, is rendered bustling and diversified by the passing of cattle and sheep to Smithfield.*

The portion of Clerkenwell included between St. John's Street and Goswell Street, and terminated at the north by Islington, and on the south by the Charter House, comprises probably about one-fifth of the area of the parish, the southern half of it being much more ancient than the northern. Wilderness Row, leading from one of the above-named streets to the other, separates the parish of Clerkenwell from the grounds of the Charter House; and this is the locality of the "Pardon Churchyard," alluded to in our account of the Charter House † as having had such celebrity soon after the plague of 1349. The streets immediately north of this spot do not partake, in any great degree, of the character which we have assigned to modern Clerkenwell: they are in general small and humble.

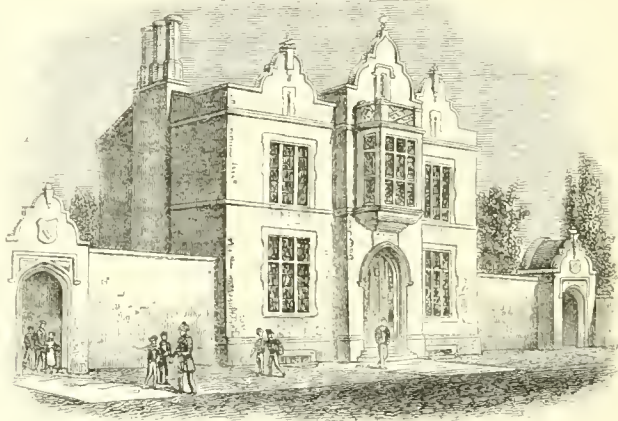
When we arrive northward as far as Compton Street, which is one of the numerous streets leading from one of the great thoroughfares to the other, we approach a district which, until the present century, presented but a sprinkling of houses here and there, instead of the compact mass of streets now exhibited. The names of Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wynyate, and Ashby, which these new streets present, are given from various names and titles pertaining to the Marquis of Northampton, the principal ground-landlord of the district. There is still to be seen, at the corner of Ashby Street, a large house which was once the town residence of the Northampton family, and the vicinity of which has undergone singular changes since the period when the house was thus occupied. The plot of ground which now forms Northampton Square was then a garden, or part of a garden, situated behind and belonging to the mansion. On every other side were open fields and rural paths. Now how great is the difference! The house itself has undergone various changes and subdivisions, the garden is an inhabited square, and the fields and paths are transformed into streets which are inhabited principally by the class of persons before alluded to. The sameness, the dulness, the quiet respectability, which distinguish the "watchmaking" streets of Clerkenwell, are nowhere more observable than within the quadrangular space bounded by Goswell Street Road, Wynyate Street, St. John's Street Road, and Compton Street. We may here observe that a small portion of the parish of St. Luke, immediately eastward of the district here described, is occupied in a similar manner.

Immediately adjacent to the Northampton estate, and occupying the principal portion of the ground from thence to the "Angel" at Islington, is a valuable estate belonging to the Brewers' Company, the acquisition of which is traced to a

* See 'London,' 'Smithfield.'

† 'London,' vol. ii. p. 114.

circumstance tinged with much of the air of a romance. Stow mentions the popular notion entertained on the matter; while subsequent documents have tended to confirm it. In the latter end of the sixteenth century the spot of ground here indicated was used as a cow-lair. One morning a Miss Wilkes, daughter of a gentleman who owned this property, was walking here with her maid, and observing a woman milking a cow, was seized with a whim to try her own skill in a similar manner. She had scarcely stooped in the act of putting her wish into execution, when an arrow, from the bow of a gentleman who was exercising himself in archery in the neighbourhood, pierced and carried away her high-crowned hat. Impressed with an agitated consciousness of the narrow escape which her life had had, she resolved to raise some monument of her gratitude on that same spot, should she ever become its possessor. After an interval of many years, and when she had become the wife of Sir Thomas Owen, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, she purchased the field, and built thereon ten alms-houses, and a free grammar-school, which she afterwards bequeathed to the Brewers' Company. On the gable front of the school were fixed three arrows—one on the apex, and the other two on the corners—as a memorial of the event. That the alms-houses and the school were built by Lady Owen, and by her presented to the Brewers' Company, is a matter of no doubt; and the story of the arrow is so pretty a one that it deserves to be true likewise.



[Lady Owen's School.]

Let us now pass over to the western side of St. John's Street, and see what are the changes which time and manufactures have made. Beginning again at the "place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood," and passing up St. John's Lane, we come to the time-honoured spot which occupied our attention in a former chapter.* Not only has the building over the Gate, as was there detailed, been transformed into a public-house, but the Square, which was at one time part of the Priory precincts, and afterwards a place of residence for the titled and the wealthy, has become a region of watchmakers and jewellers. The "secret springer" and the

* 'London,' Chapter XXXIV., 'St. John's Gate.'

“hand-maker,” the “enameller” and the “lapidary,” have usurped the place of the Hospitallers of St. John: romance and chivalry have departed, and have made way for the apron and the work-bench. Each is fitted for a certain stage in the progress of society; and while we acknowledge that the former wrought some good in their day, we have scarcely a right to regret that such times are passed away.

When passing through the little avenue called “Jerusalem Passage,” which leads from St. John’s Square to Clerkenwell Green, or rather to Aylesbury Street, we have on the left a mass of houses which occupy both sides of the site of the northern wall of the Priory. Imagine Clerkenwell Green to be really a green, bounded on the south by a wall, through a postern-gate in which the priors and monks had ingress and egress; and on the north by the wall of the Nunnery, also with its postern-gate. Imagine also a fine open country on all sides (except perhaps on the south), with vineyards and meadows, and springs and rivulets. We shall then have an idea of what this spot once was. The subsequent changes tell their own tale. Red Lion Street, branching out southward from the Green, passes through what was once the garden of the Priory, and exhibits, even to a greater extent than St. John’s Square, the peculiar features of modern Clerkenwell. In order to convey to those who are not familiar with this district an idea of the peculiarity to which we have so often alluded, we perhaps cannot do better than instance the street here mentioned. Out of about eighty houses in this street, between fifty and sixty are occupied by manufacturers of clocks, watches, or jewellery, either under those designations, or some of the many subdivisions to which the manufacture is subjected.

Aylesbury Street, now a street of middle-class shops, once boasted of its mansions and its gardens. In the space which now separates this street from St. John’s Church once stood Aylesbury House and Gardens, the town-residence of the Earls of Aylesbury in the reign of Charles II. By the year 1720 it was spoken of as being “still standing, but let out in tenements;” and a portion of it is still supposed to form the house at the north-east corner of St. John’s Square.

But Aylesbury Street derives something like celebrity from another circumstance, which connects it with the Shaksperian times. In a small street, branching from it on the north, called Woodbridge Street, but formerly known as Red Bull Yard, once stood the celebrated “Red Bull Theatre,” one of the many which existed in London during the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. It is said to have rivalled in size the “Globe” theatre at Bankside, and the “Fortune” near Whitecross Street; and to have excelled all the others. There are many scattered notices of the theatre in the writers of that period, from which it appears to have been held in much repute. During the puritanical furor of a later date, this theatre, like the others, seems to have fallen in the shade: but it was not, like some of them, actually destroyed; for we find that short comic pieces were acted there during the reign of Charles II. In a small octavo volume, of which two copies exist at the British Museum, called ‘The Wits, or Sport upon Sport,’ written by Francis Kirkman in 1673, there is a frontispiece representing the interior of the Red Bull Theatre, with actors on a square platform, and audience on all four sides. In the preface to the book is a paragraph which throws some light on the con-

dition of the theatre at that time :—"When the publique theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest, and comedies, because the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented, then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humors and pieces of plays" (alluding to several which the volume contains), "which, passing under the name of a merry, conceited fellow, called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of ropedancing or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the auditors; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the actors, as any of our late famed plays. I have seen the RED BULL playhouse, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back from want of room as entered; and as meanly as you may now think of these drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians then and now in being." It is supposed to have been at this theatre that the first *woman* ever acted on the English stage, the female characters having been played by boys and youths till about the time of the restoration; for one Thomas Jordan, an actor at the Red Bull, wrote a prologue to introduce "the first woman that came to act on the stage" as Desdemona. At what time this theatre was destroyed does not clearly appear; but its site is probably now occupied by part of a distillery, which extends from thence into St. John Street.

At the corner of Jerusalem Passage and Aylesbury Street, according to Messrs. Storer (Malcolm places it "next to St. John's Gate," which may perhaps mean the same thing), resided the eccentric Thomas Britton, who was known to high and low as the "Musical small-coal man." The lower part of his house was a receptacle for small-coal, in which he was a dealer; but the upper floor was a concert-room, where he indulged a taste, or we may properly call it a passion, for music in a very singular way. There were but few concerts in London at that time (about a century and a half ago), and the novelty of the thing was, no doubt, quite as attractive as its excellence. The concert-room, which was ascended by a kind of ladder in the open air, attracted, as Dibdin relates, "all the fashion of the age, who flocked regularly every week to taste a delight of which the English were grown so fond, that it was considered as vulgar then not to have attended Britton's Concert as it would be now not to have heard Banti." These concerts were "got up" by certain lovers of music, who, desirous to encourage merit in one of humble station, and struck, probably, with the whimsicality of the circumstance, formed themselves into a musical club, whose meetings were held in Britton's house, he himself playing the viol-di-gamba. The celebrated Dubourg, the violinist, made his first appearance before the public as a child, standing upon a stool in this room. Britton was not only a lover of music; he was also a collector of drawings, prints, books, manuscripts, and musical instruments of rare or obsolete forms. Some of these he collected for distinguished noblemen, who made him their agent; and he is said to have frequently met his employers in a bookseller's shop at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, on which occasions he would "pitch his coal-sack on a bulk at the door" (for he was an itinerant vendor), "and, dressed in his blue frock, which was necessarily somewhat discoloured by his occupation, step in and spend an im-

proving hour with the company." This singular character died in the year 1714; and the site of his "musical small-coal warehouse" is now occupied by a public-house.

We have spoken of a Nunnery which once bounded Clerkenwell Green on the north. This occupied the site of what are now the parish church and the Close; indeed, the latter was the Nunnery Close, and the former, before it was rebuilt about half a century ago, was part of the ancient conventual church. The Nunnery was built nearly at the same period as the adjacent Priory of St. John, and continued in existence till the dissolution by Henry VIII. Scarcely anything is known of its history, its architectural features, or its historical associations; differing very widely, in this respect, from the Priory. After the Reformation, when that great event, as well as the dissolution of the monastic establishments, had rendered necessary a remodelling of the parochial affairs of so many parts of England, the church of St. Mary's Nunnery was made a parochial church, and dedicated to St. James, the other portions of the Nunnery enclosure passing into the hands of the Duke of Newcastle; while the choir of the church of the Priory became known as St. John's Church.



[St. James's Church.]

The Duke (then Earl) of Newcastle built a family mansion on the site, and partly out of the ruins of the Nunnery, a little northward of the old church. Whoever would now look for this, one among many large mansions once to be found in Clerkenwell, or rather for the site which it once occupied, must pass from the Close through Newcastle Street in the direction of the church, leaving the entrance to the New Prison on his left. He will then be standing where Newcastle House stood until about half a century back. The Earl of Newcastle, on whose estates the enormous sum of three-quarters of a million sterling was levied by Cromwell's Parliament, and who returned to England from exile at the

Restoration, "spent nearly the whole remainder of his life in the retirement afforded by his seat at Clerkenwell, where he took much pleasure in literary pursuits, and paid some necessary attention to repairing the injuries sustained by his fortune." On the opposite side of the Close once stood a large house called Cromwell House, said traditionally to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. In the last century, according to Storer, it was "in the occupation of William Blackborow, Esq., many years in the commission of the peace for the County of Middlesex, who died here, at an advanced age, September 16, 1794. It was destroyed by fire some years since, and the spot on which it stood is occupied by the modern buildings of Cromwell Place." All the antiquities of what was once the Nunnery Close are gone,—the Nunnery itself, the old church, Newcastle House, Cromwell House, all have given way to the present narrow streets, filled with the private houses of working tradesmen. The Nunnery Close and Clerkenwell Close are the same; yet how different! The modern St. James's Church and the Clerkenwell Bridewell are the only two erections in or around it worth a glance in respect to aught save manufacturing industry.

There is a narrow belt of the parish of Clerkenwell, which, as we stated in a former page, is bounded on the west by the Fleet ditch; indeed, the ditch separates it from the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. This part of the parish, lying westward of Turnmill Street and Coppice Row, differs greatly from most of the districts which we have passed through. There are few "watchmakers," few "jewellers," few respectable streets, few associations by which we may look back upon the past through the present. The streets, the houses, and the inhabitants are generally of a humble class. There is, however, a little northward of the Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green, a spot which has given no less than a name to the whole parish. It must be remembered that the district or belt now under consideration slopes down very rapidly from the Green to the Fleet ditch, as any one may see who wishes to reach Hatton Garden by this route; and along this slope the water was wont, in ancient times, to flow from certain springs to the "River of Wells." One of these springs, called "Fay's Well," is believed to have been situated near the junction of Turnmill Street and Cow Cross Street, and was closed over about the middle of the last century. Westward of this, at a little distance from Clerkenwell Green, in Ray Street, was the "Clerks' Well," from which the parish is named. Of the early history of this well, and of the dramatic performances which are said to have been held around its brink, we have before spoken.* We need, therefore, here merely state that it was situated just without the western wall of the Nunnery; and was in after years presented to the parish by the then owner of the ground. Whoever would wish to see a record of this ancient well, let him proceed from Clerkenwell Green through Ray Street towards Coppice Row; and by the side of a tiny shop, occupied by a "Dealer in singing-birds," he will see a misshapen and rudely-constructed pump, with an inscription denoting that the water which flows from that pump is derived from the "Clerks' Well."

Of those who have witnessed and admired (or perhaps censured) the 'Beggar's Opera,' few would now know the locality there mentioned by the name of "Hockley-in-the-Hole." It was a *Bear Garden* situated near the northern end

* Vol. i. p. 226.

of what now constitutes Ray Street ; and as Mrs. Peachum says to Filch, “ You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour,” we may draw a probable inference of the degree of respectability attached to its name.



[Bear-baiting in the Seventeenth Century.]

Westward of this spot, and extending in the direction of Bagnigge Wells, is a district once known as the Jervoise Estate. On the site of the row of houses now called Cobham Row, at the eastern end of Mount Pleasant, formerly resided Sir John Oldecastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, a distinguished nobleman in the reign of Edward III. He it was who promulgated Wickliffe's writings among the people, an act for which he was burnt in the year 1417. His memory was held in great respect by the public at large, and for a long period afterwards the plot of ground on which his house stood was named after him. At a subsequent period a house of entertainment, called the “Sir John Oldecastle,” was opened on this spot. About ninety years ago a portion of the Cobham Estate was presented by the then proprietor to the trustees of a Small-pox Hospital, the first of its kind in Europe. The institution, at its first establishment, consisted of three buildings : one in Old Street, one at Islington, and the one here alluded to ; but afterwards the arrangements were confined to two Hospitals—that at Battle Bridge, St. Pancras, for preparing and inoculating patients ; and that on the Cobham Estate, for receiving the patients as soon as the disease appeared, and also those who caught the disease naturally. The Hospital at Coldbath Fields was held in the house formerly known as the “Sir John Oldecastle,” which was itself supposed to comprise a part of the ancient mansion of that nobleman ; but a new building was subsequently constructed, and used as a Small-pox Hospital till the year 1795, when the operations of the charity were removed to St. Pancras. The estate, at

a later period, passed into the hands of "Lady Huntingdon's Connexion," who occupy the neighbouring chapel in Exmouth Street. By degrees, streets have been built around the spot once occupied as the Hospital, and the whole neighbourhood is known by the general name of Coldbath Fields.

The name just given, as well as those of Bagnigge Wells, Sadler's Wells, the London Spa, and the "Wells" alluded to by the earlier topographers, point to one of the distinguishing characteristics of this locality. The tract of ground immediately eastward of the Fleet River appears to have been singularly rich in springs, many of which were medicinal. A "cold spring" was discovered near the top of Mount Pleasant, about a century and a half ago, and was, by the proprietor of the estate on which it was found, converted into a bath, which, under the name of the "Cold Bath," was said to be "the most noted and first about London." The entrance to the bath may still be seen in a short street branching out of Mount Pleasant, but its appearance is very different from that represented in a picturesque view of the spot in 1811. Another of these spots, so well known as "Sadler's Wells," derives its name from a spring which was discovered in the garden of one Sadler, who was the proprietor of a "music-room," the forerunner of the present theatre. The water was said to be ferruginous, and so valuable for certain complaints, that the well was visited by "five or six hundred persons every morning." A third instance is the once famous "Islington Spa," situated a little southward of the theatre, in a street leading into St. John's Street Road. This spa was opened so long as two centuries ago, and was visited by persons of distinction from the west end of the town. Two of the daughters of King George II. were accustomed to drink the waters there daily. Even to the present day a glimpse may be obtained of the pretty gardens belonging to the "Islington Spa," which, like the "Cold Bath," has not yet lost all its once high reputation. A fourth instance is, or was, afforded by the "London Spa," a medicinal spring of much repute on the spot now occupied by a public-house of the same name, at the eastern end of Exmouth Street. With this may be associated the "New Wells," situated a little southward of it, where now is Rosoman Street; but both have long ceased to show any evidence of existence. Lastly, we may mention the "Bagnigge Wells," reputed to have been once the country residence of Nell Gwynne, and afterwards celebrated for a medicinal spring discovered there.

Our purpose, in this topographical sketch, being only to notice such matters as illustrate the changes which Clerkenwell has undergone from age to age, and not to offer particular descriptions of churches, prisons, theatres, and private buildings, we shall say but little of the remaining parts of the parish. Nearly all the portion northward of Exmouth Street and Rosoman Street was open fields until comparatively modern times, the New River Head,* and the buildings connected with it, being the only occupied spot of any importance from thence to the New Road; but now there are streets and squares in great number, either built or building; and "Spa Fields," whose name is unfavourably associated with certain riotous proceedings in bygone days, are no longer to be met with. Valleys and depressions have been filled up; eminences have been lowered; water-pipes, and gas-pipes, and pavements, have been laid down; brick and tile fields have been

* See vol. i. p. 238.

levelled; churches have been opened; wells and springs, spas and baths, are becoming less and less frequented; and the whole district is losing, by the natural operation of commercial speculation, what little of romance once pertained to it. Of that portion of the parish which is situated northward of the New Road, and which is more generally known by the name of "Pentonville," the same remark may be made: it is entirely occupied by streets of modern houses.

It is scarcely possible to pass through the streets of Clerkenwell without entertaining a wish to know somewhat of the arrangements by which the peculiar manufactures of the district are carried on. If we cannot obtain an answer to the question, "Why are so many manufacturers of one kind assembled in this spot?" we may at least gain a little insight into the commercial economy by which the trade is regulated; and to this we now draw the reader's attention.

Very little is known respecting the early history of the watch and clock manufacture in London, or even in England. It appears to have made a noiseless progress, and to have left but few records of its advancement. A pamphlet, published in 1704, purports to convey the 'Reasons of the English Clock and Watch Makers against the Bill to confirm the pretended new Invention of using precious and common Stones about Watches, Clocks, and other Engines;' and another contains 'Reasons humbly offered by the Jewellers, Diamond-cutters, Lapidaries, Engravers in Stone, &c., against the Bill for Jewel-Watches.' These documents seem to point to the period when the jewelling of watches was first introduced—a term which relates, not to the outward adornment by means of jewels, but to the use of hard stones as a material in which to make pivot-holes for a watch movement. It is plain that the manufacture of a watch must have attained a considerable stage of advancement before such a refined improvement as this would be thought of; and we may reasonably conclude that the trade of watchmaking was an important one in England nearly a century and a half ago.

From time to time parliamentary inquiries have been made into matters affecting in a greater or less degree this branch of manufacture; and from these sources we gain a little information concerning the internal arrangements of the fraternity. The peculiar construction of a pocket-watch, whereby its qualities cannot be estimated by the purchaser except by experience, led to the custom of engraving the name of the maker on some part of the watch as a guarantee of its excellence; and there were enactments making a neglect of this precaution a punishable offence. The trade was also placed under the control of a company, which was thus described by a witness examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1817:—"All the clockmakers and other persons using that trade within London and ten miles compass therefrom, are incorporated into one body politic, with powers to make bye-laws for the government of all those persons who should use the trade throughout England, and to control the importation of foreign clocks and watches into this country, and mark such as were imported." By the custom of thus marking foreign watches with the stamp of the Clockmakers' Company—by the custom of marking the works of each English watch with the name of the maker, and by the custom of stamping the gold or silver cases at Goldsmiths' Hall, the number of watches produced in England became tolerably well ascertained, although the number of men employed therein appears never to have been determined. Mr. Jacob ("On the

Precious Metals") estimates the average annual number of watches which pass through Goldsmiths' Hall at fourteen thousand gold and eighty-five thousand silver. This estimate is a good deal under that which is given in a Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, made in 1818. It is there stated that in the year 1796 there were 191,678 watches marked at Goldsmiths' Hall; but that in consequence of the imposition of a duty on clocks and watches, and also of a licence-duty for the sale of watches, the number marked was reduced, by the year 1798, to 128,798; from which it was estimated that sixty thousand watches less were made in London in 1798 than in 1796. These enactments were afterwards repealed, but the number never again reached the standard of 1796.

An ordinary gold or silver watch passes through considerably more than one hundred hands, each workman performing a part of the operation to which his whole attention is directed, and differing from that of every other. It is perhaps still more surprising that this minute subdivision relates, after all, only to what may be termed the finishing of a watch; for the watch "movements" are made almost wholly in Lancashire. On opening a pocket-watch, we see that there are two parallel brass-plates, having between them the greater portion of the wheels belonging to the watch: this portion is known by the manufacturers under the general name of the "movement," and is that to which we here refer. Whether it is that the Lancashire watch-movements excel those which could be made in Clerkenwell in excellence or in price, we shall not attempt to decide; but certain it is that almost every English watch, of whatever quality, has its "movement" made in Lancashire.

Let us follow the "movement" in its progress towards completion. On its arrival in London it is purchased by the "watch-manufacturer," a tradesman who hires the services of the numerous sub-branches alluded to above. It is to be supplied with the "motion-work" or mechanism in connection with the hands; with a "spring" and connecting mechanism; with an "escapement," or apparatus for insuring the uniform "going" of the watch; with a "case," generally of silver or gold; with a "dial," generally enamelled, but sometimes of chased metal; with a "glass," and with other appendages. The manufacturer gives these various parts to be made by certain persons who undertake definite portions; and these parties further subdivide to a degree of minuteness scarcely credible. The "escapement-maker," for instance, so far from being one workman who manufactures everything relating to an escapement, may be a "duplex-escapement maker," or a "lever-escapement maker," or a "horizontal-escapement maker;" he may also have under him many workmen, each of whom is employed in, and is competent only to the manufacture of, some one particular part of some one kind of escapement. The enamelled dial of the watch, too, instead of being perfected by one man, passes through the hands of several: one man forms the dial out of sheet copper; another coats it with the beautiful enamel; a third paints the letters and figures in enamel colours; and a fourth adjusts the dial to the other parts of the watch. The case, in like manner, passes through many hands; for besides the workmen employed in actually making it, there is the "secret-springer," who forms the mechanism by which the two halves of the case close together; the "engine-turner," who engraves those curious devices which ornament the cases of some watches; the "pendant-

maker," who constructs the loop and apparatus by which the watch is suspended from the chain, guard, or watch-ribbon. The "hands" of the watch form a branch of the manufacture totally distinct from the others; so does that of the "watch-key;" and even that of the little "index," by which we regulate the "going" of the watch when too fast or too slow. Some of the wheels of the watch are considered so far distinct as to have their teeth formed by workmen who do not cut the teeth of other wheels. The "fusee" likewise, a conical piece of brass on which the chain is wound by the watch-key from the barrel, is made by one who is wholly employed as a "fusee-cutter." In the "jewelling" of a watch, some men are employed in preparing the stones, and others in making the pivot-holes. Thus we might go on dissecting a watch to its minutest parts, and showing that the more we do so, the more numerous shall we find the subdivision of workmen who made the watch.

The "watch-maker," or "watch-manufacturer," is a tradesman who understands the relative positions and the combined action of all the parts of a watch, and is therefore competent to bring into one whole all the various parts which have been thus made. They are generally persons possessing some considerable capital, as occupying the channel through which the purchaser deals with the actual makers. The watch-manufacturers of Clerkenwell are the class to which we here more particularly allude; for many of the retail dealers in watches in other parts of London merely purchase the articles in a finished state, to sell again at a profit.

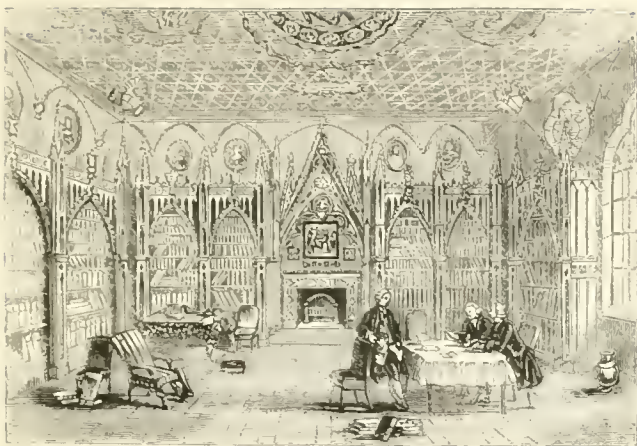
We are now enabled to form an idea of the manner in which this system of manufacture gives rise to the present condition of Clerkenwell, as the centre of the watch-trade. There are not two or three hundred men employed in a large factory, to make a watch throughout; but there are thirty or forty distinct classes of tradesmen, comprising, perhaps, three times that number of minor subdivisions, all living and working at their own homes, and contributing the various parts to a watch, which is finally completed by the "watch-manufacturer." Some of these thirty or forty are men possessing sufficient capital to employ in their workshops a considerable number of workmen, among whom they can carry out the principle of the division of labour to a still greater extent; while others are humble artisans who work at their own homes, taking no more work than they can execute with their own hands, or perhaps with an apprentice. A writer on the clock-manufacture, some years ago,* makes the following observations on one of the results to which this system of minute subdivision is likely to lead:—"The custom of working by piecemeal from established models, which, it must be allowed, contributes greatly to expedition and cheapness, has no doubt conduced to exclude calculation and geometrical principles from the workshops of the present day. Whence it arises that, if we wish to be introduced to the workman who has had the greatest share in the construction of our best clocks, we must often submit to be conducted up some narrow passage of our metropolis, and to mount into some dirty attic, where we find illiterate ingenuity closely employed in earning a mere pittance, compared with the price which is put on the finished machine by the vendor."

* Rees's Cyclopædia, 'Clock.'

It is curious to compare the condition and habits of life of the Clerkenwell watch-makers with those of the Swiss artisans. There are some districts in Switzerland, the inhabitants of which are almost wholly occupied in the watch manufacture. Dr. Bowring, in his *Report on Swiss Manufactures* (1836), states : “ The Jura mountains have been the cradle of much celebrity in the mechanical arts, particularly in those more exquisite productions of which a minute complication is a peculiar character. During the winter, which lasts from six to seven months, the inhabitants are, as it were, imprisoned in their dwellings, and occupied in those works which require the utmost developement of skilful ingenuity. Nearly a hundred and twenty thousand watches are produced annually in the elevated regions of Neuchâtel. In Switzerland, the most remarkable of the French watchmakers, and among them one who has lately obtained the gold medal at Paris for his beautiful watch-movements, had their birth and education ; and a sort of honourable distinction attaches to the watch-making trade.” Without entering far into the question of the alleged injury which the English manufacturer has been said to suffer from the importation of foreign watches, there is a remark which was made to Dr. Bowring by one of the principal watch-manufacturers of Geneva, which seems to us too important to be omitted :—“ The watches of English manufacture do not come into competition with those of Swiss production, which are used for different purposes, and by a different class of persons. Notwithstanding all the risks and charges, the sale of Swiss watches is large, and it has not really injured the English watch-making trade. The English watches are far more solid in construction, fitter for service, and especially in countries where no good watchmakers are to be found, as the Swiss watches require delicate treatment. English watches, therefore, are sold to the purchaser who can pay a high price : the Swiss watches supply the classes to whom a costly watch is inaccessible.”*

It may perhaps be right to state that the making of a clock is not subjected to so many minute divisions as that of a watch ; but be they few or many, the part of the metropolis to which we must look for most of the makers of both these specimens of human ingenuity is CLERKENWELL.

* Report, p. 98.



[The Library, Strawberry Hill.]

LX.—STRAWBERRY HILL.—WALPOLE'S LONDON.

[Concluded from No. LVII.]

LET us seat ourselves with Horace Walpole in his library at Strawberry Hill, and see the relation which the clever man of fashion bears to literature, and to the men of letters his contemporaries. There he sits, as he was painted by the poor artist Muntz, whom he patronised and despised, lounging in a luxurious arm-chair, soft and bright in its silk and embroidery, the window open, through which he occasionally looks on the green meadows and the shining river, in which he feels a half-poetical delight.* He turns to his elegant room, where "the books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side door-case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's." The books themselves are a valuable collection, some for use, and some for show; and it is easy to perceive that for the most part they have not been brought together as the mere furniture of the bookcases, but have been selected pretty much with reference to their possessor's tastes and acquirements. Here is a man, then, of fortune, chiefly derived from sinecures bestowed upon him by his father; of literary acquirements far beyond the fashionable people of his day; with abundance of wit and shrewd observation; early in his career heartily tired of political intrigue, and giving up himself to a quiet life of learned leisure mixed with a little dissipation; and yet that man, pursuing this life for half a century, appears to have come less in contact with the greatest minds of his day than hundreds of his contemporaries of far inferior genius and reputation. With the exception perhaps of General Conway, Walpole has no correspondence with any of the really eminent public men of his time; and the most illustrious of his literary friends, after Gray is gone, are Cole, the dullest of antiquaries, and Hannah More.

* See page 156.

Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, terms Walpole "an insufferable coxcomb;" and we have no doubt the bold churchman was right. Walpole was utterly destitute of sympathy, perhaps for the higher things of literature, certainly for the higher class of literary men. He had too much talent to be satisfied with the dullness and the vices of the people of fashion with whom he necessarily herded; but he had not courage enough to meet the more intellectual class upon a footing of equality. For the immediate purpose of this paper, it is of very little consequence what Walpole himself individually thinks of literature and men of letters; but it is of importance to show the relation in which the men of letters stood to the higher classes, and the lofty tone in which one whose passion was evidently the love of literary fame spoke of those to whom literature was a profession, and not an affair of smirking amateurship.

Pope had been dead two or three years when Horace Walpole bought Strawberry Hill: they were not therefore neighbours. In 1773, Walpole, speaking depreciatingly of his contemporaries, says, "Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray;" but he writes not a word to any one of what he had seen of Pope, and the only notice we have (except a party account of the quarrel between Pope and Bolingbroke) is, in 1742, of Cibber's famous pamphlet against Pope, which subsequently raised its author to be the hero of the 'Dunciad.' Walpole is evidently rubbing his hands with exultation when he says, "It will notably vex him." Pope died in 1744. Of the small captains who scrambled for the crowns of the realms of poetry, after the death of *this* Alexander, there was one who founded a real empire—James Thomson. Walpole says, "I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or *The Seasons*; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside, who writes Odes: in one he has lately published he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles for fear they should break their heads?"* Gray, as every one knows, was Walpole's friend from boyhood. The young men quarrelled upon their travels, and after three years were reconciled. Walpole, no doubt, felt a sort of self-important gratification in the fame of Gray as a poet; yet, while Gray was alive, Walpole thus described his conversation: "I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray; he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences: his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."† Yet Walpole was furious when Boswell's book came out, and Johnson is made to say of Gray, "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere: he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great: he was a mechanical poet." In 1791 Walpole writes, "After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him—the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavoured, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent

* Horace Walpole to Mann, March 29, 1715.

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1718.

down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe."* Walpole, we have little doubt, considered himself as the patron of Gray, and Johnson's opinion was an attack upon his *amour-propre*. His evident hatred of Johnson probably belonged as much to the order as to the individual. The poor man of genius and learning, who, by his stern resolves and dogged industry, had made himself independent of patronage, was a dangerous example. The immortal letter to Chesterfield on the dedication of the Dictionary was an offence against a very numerous tribe.

It is easy to understand, from Walpole's letters, how an author, however eminent, was looked upon in society, except he had some adventitious quality of wealth or birth to recommend him. In 1766 Walpole thus writes to Hume: "You know, in England, we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and, of course, leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us, but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must own this conduct very sensible; for, in truth, we are a most useless tribe." It is difficult to understand whether this passage is meant for insolence to the person to whom it is addressed: for what was Hume but an author? "*We* read their works"—*we*, the aristocratic and the fashionable—to which class Hume might fancy he belonged, after he had proceeded from his tutorship to a mad lord into the rank of a *chargé d'affaires*. But then "in France they spoil *us*;" here the aristocrat is coquetting with the honours of authorship in the face of his brother author. Perhaps the whole was meant for skilful flattery. Walpole's real estimate of the literary class is found in a letter to Cole, who was too obtuse to take any portion of the affront to himself:—"Mr. Gough wants to be introduced to me! He is so dull, that he would only be troublesome; and besides, you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them and divert myself." . . . Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publication; though he is one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead: but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system and my humour. . . . I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson, down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray."†

Walpole was too acute not to admire Fielding; yet he evidently delights to lower the man, in the gusto with which he tells the following anecdote:—"Rigby and Peter Bathurst t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper—that they must come next morning. They did not understand that

* Horace Walpole to Miss Berry, May 26, 1791.

† Horace Walpole to Cole, April 27, 1773.

freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting, with a blind man, a ———, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized."* Scott, in his life of Fielding, suggests that something of this anecdote may belong to the "aristocratic exaggeration" of Walpole; and that the blind man might have been Fielding's brother, who was blind; in the same way the three Irishmen might not necessarily have been denizens of St. Giles's; and the female, whom Walpole designates by the most opprobrious of names, might have been somewhat more respectable than his own Lady Caroline. We are not sure that, under the worst aspect, the supper at Fielding's was more discreditable than the banquet of minced chickens at Vauxhall. (See No. LVII., page 104.) Fielding at this period, when his crime was a dirty table-cloth, thus writes of himself:—"By composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred a-year, of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than three hundred; a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

Walpole himself, in the outset of his literary career, appears, as was to be expected from his temperament and education, miserable under what was then, and is now, called criticism. After the publication of the 'Royal and Noble Authors,' he writes, "I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered."† If he had lived in these times, he might have been less thin-skinned. Those were not the days of reviews and magazines, and newspapers. The 'Monthly Review' was set up in 1749, and the 'Critical Review' in 1756. There was only an 'Evening Post,' and one or two other starveling journals. Those were the days when the old Duchess of Rutland, being told of some strange casualty, says, "Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down." "Lord, Madam," says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true." "Oh, no matter, child, it will do for news into the country, next post."‡ Horace Walpole might well have compounded for a little of the pert criticism of the reviews of his day, to be exempt from the flood of opinion which now floats the straws and rushes over the things which are stable. Fortunate was it for him and for us that he lived before the days of newspapers, or half he has told us would have been told in a perishable form. A Strawberry Hill man could not have existed in the glare of journalising. He would have been a slave in the Republic of Letters, although he affected to despise court slavery. He must, in the very nature of things, have been president and member of council of some half-dozen of the thousand and one societies with which London now abounds; and he would have had the satisfaction of walking in the *conversazione* horse-mill of hot rooms and cold coffee three times a week

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 18, 1749. † Horace Walpole to the Rev. Henry Zouch, May 14, 1759.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, Dec. 23, 1712.

during the season, amidst the same round of masks, all smiling, envious, jobbing, puffing, and bepudded. He was only familiar with one Society, the Antiquarian; and he thus speaks of it:—"I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since." The Antiquarian Society then consisted of a few harmless and crotchety people, who wrote dull books which nobody read but themselves. But the dull men in time came to understand the full value of gregariousness; the name of Society at length became Legion; and literary and scientific London resolved itself into one mighty coterie, in which the ninety-nine dwarfs are put upon stilts, and the one of reasonable stature consents to move amongst them, and sometimes to prescribe laws, in the belief that he himself looms larger in the provincial distance. This clever organization came after Walpole's time. Possibly he might have liked the individual men of letters better, if the pretenders to literature, appending all sorts of cabalistic characters to their names, had set him up as their idol. As it was, there was a frank genial intercourse between the best men of his time, which was equally independent of puffing and patronage. The club life of the Burkes and Johnsons was precisely the opposite of the society life of our own days. We of course see nothing of the club life in Walpole's writings; but it is a thing which has left enduring traces. Walpole was not robust enough to live in such an element.

In the days when periodical criticism was in its nonage, men of letters naturally wrote to each other about the merits of new works. There is probably less of this in Walpole than in any other letter-writer equally voluminous; yet he sometimes gives us an opinion of a book, which is worth comparing with that more impartial estimate which is formed by an after-generation, when novelty and fashion have lost their influence, and prejudice, whether kind or hostile, ceases to operate. We may learn from the mistakes of clever men as to the merits of their contemporaries, to be a little humble in forming our own opinions. Let us hear what Walpole has to say of Sterne:—"At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy;' the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion in his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed."* Gray, who by nature had a keen relish for humour, formed a juster opinion of Sterne, though he scarcely did him justice:—"There is much good fun in 'Tristram,' and humour sometimes hit, and sometimes missed." Goldsmith, who was probably jealous of the Yorkshire wit's sudden reputation, called him "a very dull fellow," which Johnson denied; but Johnson himself disparaged Sterne almost as much as Walpole. Were any of these eminent men quite right in the matter? There were many reasons why Sterne should offend Johnson—reasons which have condemned him in our own day to neglect. But for real creative comic power he was never exceeded, but

* Horace Walpole to Sir David Dalrymple, April 4, 1760.

by *one* Englishman: his humour, as well as his pathos, has its roots in a rich poetical soil. Walpole, however, did not always set up *nil admirari* as his motto. Thirty years after, Darwin arose; and he at once mounted like a balloon into the empyrean of popularity, and there collapsed. Walpole thus raves about the 'Botanic Garden':—"I send you the most delicious poem upon earth. If you don't know what it is all about, or why, at least you will find glorious similes about everything in the world, and I defy you to discover three bad verses in the whole stack. Dryden was but the prototype of the 'Botanic Garden' in his charming 'Flower and Leaf;' and if he had less meaning, it is true he had more plan; and I must own, that his white velvets and green velvets, and rubies and emeralds, were much more virtuous gentlefolks than most of the flowers of the creation, who seem to have no fear of Doctors' Commons before their eyes. This is only the Second Part; for, like my king's eldest daughter in the 'Hieroglyphic Tales,' the First Part is not born yet:—no matter. I can read this over and over again for ever; for, though it is so excellent, it is impossible to remember anything so disjointed, except you consider it as a collection of short enchanting poems—as the Circe at her tremendous devilries in a church; the intrigue of the dear nightingale and rose; and the description of Medea; the episode of Mr. Howard, which ends with the most sublime of lines—in short, all, all, all is the most lovely poetry."* Darwin has utterly perished, and can never be resuscitated: his whole system of art was false. Walpole admired him because he was bred up in a school of criticism which regarded *style* as the one thing needful, and considered that the most poetical language which was the farthest removed from the language of common life: hence in some respects his idolatry of Gray, and his contempt of Thomson. Cowper, the only one poet of his later years who will live, is never once mentioned by him. The mode in which he addresses himself to Jephson, the author of 'Braganza' and several other mouthing tragedies, appears to us now inexpressibly ridiculous: "You seem to me to have imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, *though your play is superior to all theirs*. . . . You are so great a poet, Sir, that you have no occasion to labour anything but your plots."† This is the natural result of Walpole being brought up in the French school of criticism. His correspondence with Voltaire shows the process by which he was led to think that such a word-spinner as Robert Jephson, captain of foot, and a nominee of Lord Townshend in the Irish Parliament, imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, and produced a play superior to all theirs. In the preface to the second edition of 'The Castle of Otranto,' Walpole thus expressed himself in defence of his introduction into a serious romance of domestics speaking in common language: "That great master of nature, Shakspeare, was the model I copied. Let me ask if his tragedies of 'Hamlet' and 'Julius Cæsar' would not lose a considerable share of their spirit and wonderful beauties if the humour of the grave-diggers, the fooleries of Polonius, and the clumsy jests of the Roman citizens were omitted, or vested in heroics? Is not the eloquence of Antony, the nobler and affectedly-unaffected oration of Brutus, artificially exalted by the rude bursts of nature from the mouths of their auditors?

* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, April 28, 1789.

† Horace Walpole to Robert Jephson, Esq., October 17, 1777.

These touches remind one of the Grecian sculptor, who, to convey the idea of a Colossus within the dimensions of a seal, inserted a little boy measuring his thumb. No, says Voltaire, in his edition of Corneille, this mixture of buffoonery and solemnity is intolerable. Voltaire is a genius—but not of Shakspeare's magnitude." Three or four years after this Voltaire wrote a civil letter to Walpole on the subject of his 'Historic Doubts,' and Walpole, in reply, took occasion to apologise for the remarks he had made on Voltaire in the 'preface to a trifling romance.' Voltaire replied, defending his criticism; and the vindicator of Shakspeare is then prostrate at the feet of the Frenchman: "One can never, Sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, Sir, goes still further; for you have supported your arguments without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest, perhaps, to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head: for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you; nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakspeare against your criticism, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you, even before I had the honour of your acquaintance: it would be ungrateful now, when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon."* It is evident from this letter that it was the merest egotism which originally led Walpole to set up for the defender of Shakspeare. Voltaire, in common with all of the then French school, held that the language of princes and heroes must be sublime and dignified; or, in other words, they must utter a language not formed naturally and fitly either for the development of exalted passions or ordinary sentiments. Introduce the simple language of common life amongst this conventional dialogue, and an essential discord is necessarily produced. Voltaire, as all the other French dramatists have done, entirely banished the natural language, and fitted the waiting-maid with the same form of raving for the white handkerchief as they bestowed upon the princess. This was consistent. They fancied Shakspeare was inconsistent and barbarous when the comic came in contact with the serious, and the elevated was blended with the familiar. They did not see the essential difference between *their* heroic and *his* heroic. He never takes the sublime and the terrible out of the natural; and in the most agonizing situation we encounter the most common images. Neither did Walpole see this essential distinction; and thus he has his ready echo of "barbarism and

* Horace Walpole to Voltaire, July 27, 1736.

irregularity." Had he understood Shakspeare, he would not have yielded his position.

In his first letter to Voltaire, Walpole says, "Without knowing it, you have been my master; and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours." The adroit Frenchman must have laughed a little at this compliment. Walpole was thinking of his Letters, of which the world had then no knowledge. If Voltaire had turned to the works of the Strawberry Hill press, he would have seen little imitation either of his philosophy or of his style. Voltaire, the most subtle of scoffers, was upon occasions an enthusiast. He had a heart. Walpole, even to his most intimate friends, was a scoffer and a scandal-monger; never moved to any thing like warmth, except when talking about the constitution (by which he meant the protection of certain privileged persons in the exclusive enjoyment of public wealth and honour); and only growing earnest in his old age when he was frightened into hysterics about the French Revolution, having in his greener years called the death-warrant of Charles I. '*Charta Major*.' He hates authors, as we have seen, because "they are always in earnest, and think their profession serious." If this be a true description of the authors of Walpole's time, the world has lost something by a change; for in our own day a writer who is in earnest is apt to be laughed at by those who conceive that the end of all literature is to amuse, and that its highest reward is to have, as Sterne had, "engagements for three months" to dine somewhere, always provided that there is a lord's card to glitter in the exact spot of the library or drawing-room where the stranger eye can best read and admire. This is fame, and this is happiness. But the silent consolation of high and cheerful thoughts,—the right of entering at pleasure into a world filled with beauty and variety,—the ability to converse with the loftiest and purest spirits, who will neither ridicule, nor envy, nor betray their humble disciple,—the power of going out of the circle of distracting cares into a region where there is always calm and content,—these great blessings of the student's life, whether they end or not in adding to the stock of the world's knowledge, are not the ends which are most proposed according to the fashion of our day to a writer's ambition. The "earnest author" is too often set down for a fool—not seldom for a madman.

To the class of writers that Walpole shunned Rousseau belonged, with all his faults. Walpole's adventures with this remarkable man are characteristic enough of the individual and of the times. His first notice of Rousseau is in a letter from Paris to Lady Harvey, in 1766:—"Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations." Walpole committed a mistake in not seeing that the singularities and affectations were an essential part of the man, and in not treating them therefore with charity and forbearance. After Rousseau had left Paris, Walpole, the hater of impostures, the denouncer of Chatterton as a forger and liar, wrote a letter, purporting to be

from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, which had prodigious success in the French circles, and of course got into all the journals of Europe. This was at a time when the "genius" was proscribed and distressed. Walpole was very proud to his confidential friends of the success of this hoax:—"I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately, which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape."* Walpole had no objection to Rousseau's principles; he insulted him because he was a vain man who affected singularity, or, what was more probable, could not avoid being singular. There was honesty at least in Johnson's denunciation of him:—"I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." Johnson would have banished Rousseau to the plantations in talk, but assuredly would have given him a dinner in Bolt Court, and, if his poverty had become extreme, would have admitted him amongst his odd pensioners. Walpole's success in the pretended letter was complete. He writes to Conway: "As you know, I willingly laugh at mountebanks, political or literary, let their talents be ever so great. . . . The copies have spread like wildfire; *et me voici à la mode!*" Rousseau, in deep affliction, wrote a letter to the editor of the 'London Chronicle,' in which the fabrication had been printed, denouncing it as "a dark transaction." The vanity of Walpole, in regard to this letter, which consists of twenty lines in decent French, in which there is very little humour and no wit, is almost as insane as the vanity of Rousseau. He writes to Chute, to Conway, to Cole, to Gray, to all mankind, to tell of his wonderful performance. To Cole he says, "You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe *quite ruined the author* with many philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger."† When Rousseau had quarrelled with Hume, six months after, it was one of the unhappy man's suspicions that Hume was concerned in the letter from the King of Prussia; and then Walpole thus writes to Hume: "I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him."‡ We have a suspicion that Walpole's delicacy was sometimes measured by his cowardice. Warburton, writing to Hurd, took a just view of the whole transaction: "As to Rousseau, I entirely agree with you that his long letter to his brother philosopher, Hume, shows him to be a frank lunatic. His passion of tears, his suspicion of his friends in the

* Horace Walpole to Chute, January, 1766.

† Horace Walpole to Cole, January 18, 1766.

‡ Horace Walpole to Hume, July 26, 1766.

midst of their services, and his incapacity of being set right, all consign him to Monro. Walpole's pleasantry upon him had baseness in its very conception. It was written when the poor man had determined to seek an asylum in England, and is, therefore, justly and generously condemned by D'Alembert. This considered, Hume failed both in honour and friendship not to show his dislike; which neglect seems to have kindled the first spark of combustion in this madman's brain. However, the contestation is very amusing, and I shall be sorry if it stops, now it is in so good a train. I should be well pleased, particularly, to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole; and I think they are only fit for one another."

There can be no doubt that Walpole's coxcombity must have been "insufferable" in his own day, except amongst a favoured few. It is perfectly clear, from his letters, that he had no reverence for anything—but himself. His affectation was as excessive as that of Rousseau; but it went in another direction. He fancied that he could afford to speak contemptuously of all political men; although, whilst himself a politician, he was the merest tool of party, and never made a single honest attempt to earn one penny of the thousands which the nation bestowed upon him. As a man of fashion, he was eternally holding up his friends to ridicule; though he went quite as far in their follies as a feeble frame would carry him. As a man of letters, he affected to despise nearly all other men of letters: what is there but affectation in thus writing to Hume—"My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men."* What is the secret of all this affectation? He wanted a heart, and he thought it very clever to let the world know it; for he was deeply imbued with the low philosophy of his age, which thought it wisdom to appear to love nothing, to fear nothing, to reverence nothing.

The world in Walpole's own day took up an opinion which it will not easily part with—that he behaved heartlessly to the unfortunate Chatterton. In March, 1769, when Chatterton was little more than sixteen years old, he addressed a letter from Bristol to Horace Walpole, offering to supply him with accounts of a succession of painters who had flourished at Bristol, which accounts, he said, had been discovered with some ancient poems in that city, specimens of which he enclosed. It was about six months before this that Chatterton had communicated to Felix Farley's '*Bristol Journal*' his celebrated '*Description of the Friars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript*;' and very soon after the publication of that remarkable imitation of an ancient document, he produced, from time to time, various poems, which he attributed to Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, and which became the subject of the most remarkable literary controversy of modern times. Walpole replied to Chatterton's first communication with ready politeness; but when Chatterton solicited his assistance in quitting a profession which he disliked, his application was neglected, and the poor boy threw himself upon the world of London without a friend. He then demanded his manuscripts, in a letter which was too

* Horace Walpole to Hume, November 6, 1766.

manly and independent to receive from Walpole any other name than "impertinent." The manuscripts were returned in a blank cover. This was the extent of Walpole's offence; and, looking at the man's character, it is impossible to think he could have acted otherwise. He probably doubted the ability of the friendless boy to furnish the information he required; he suspected that the papers sent to him were fabricated. When Chatterton wrote to him as one man of letters has a right to address another, he could not brook the assumed equality; and he revenged himself by the pettiness of aristocratic insolence. Had he sought out the boy who had given this evidence of his spirit as well as of his talent, he would not have been Horace Walpole. The unhappy boy "perished in his pride" in August, 1770. Walpole was assailed for many years for his conduct towards Chatterton, and he seems at times to have felt the charge very keenly. He thus addresses himself to the editor of Chatterton's *Miscellanies*: "Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me; he was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were, disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master, and coming to London, and of his other extravagances. He had depended on the impulse of the talents he felt for making impression, and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said that I should have been blameable to his mother and society if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine Muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age." In 1777, when the 'Monthly Review' had been attacking him on the subject of Chatterton, he thus wrote to Cole: "I believe M^rPherson's success with 'Ossian' was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London till some time after he had undone and poisoned himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand, and even in that circumstance he told a lie: he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them." In this letter he adds, "I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius." Walpole does not appear to have seen that he was in this dilemma; either the poems which he had received from Chatterton were authentic, and, if so, the greatest curiosities in our language; or they were fabricated by an "astonishing genius." Walpole, we believe, did not see the extraordinary merit of the poems. His taste was not of the highest quality. When the world agreed that a great spirit had been amongst them, and had perished untimely, Walpole, in self-defence, dwelt upon his "forgery" and his "impositions." He probably forgot that a work had been published in 1765, under the following title, "The Castle of Otranto, a Story translated by William Marshal, Gent., from the original Italian of Ouphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto:" and that the preface to this translation from the Italian thus commences—"The following work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529." Who can say that, if Chatterton had lived, he would not have avowed the Rowley poems to be his own, as Walpole afterwards

acknowledged the ‘Castle of Otranto?’ And where, then, would have been the forgery any more than in the fabrication of the “Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas?”

Ten years after Chatterton’s death Walpole quieted his conscience by continuing to call the marvellous charity-boy “young villain” and “young rascal;” but an occasion rose in which genius might be patronised without incurring the risk of an impertinent letter. Miss Hannah More had found a milk-woman at Bristol who wrote verses; and they were just such verses as Hannah More and Horace Walpole would think very wonderful; so a subscription is to be raised for the milk-woman, Mistress Ann Yearsley. “Her ear,” according to a letter of Walpole to Miss More in 1784, “is perfect,” her “taste” is unexceptionable. Walpole prescribes her studies: “Give her Dryden’s ‘Cock and Fox,’ the standard of good sense, poetry, nature, and ease. . . . Prior’s ‘Solomon,’ (for I doubt his ‘Alma,’ though far superior, is too learned for her limited reading,) would be very proper. . . . Read and explain to her a charming poetic familiarity called the ‘Blue-stocking Club.’” Imagine that poor Chatterton had been more unfortunate than he really was—*had* been patronised by Horace Walpole, permitted a garret to sleep in, advanced to the honours of the butler’s table, and taught by the profound critic, that Spenser was wretched stuff, and Shakspeare’s



[Horace Walpole.]

‘Midsummer Night’s Dream’ “forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books.”* The milk-woman became restive

* Horace Walpole to Bentley, February 23, 1755.

under the control of Hannah More, and she quarrelled with her patroness, upon which afflicting occurrence Walpole thus condoles with his friend: "You are not only benevolence itself, but, with fifty times the genius of a Yearsley, you are void of vanity. How strange that vanity should expel gratitude! Does not the wretched woman owe her fame to you, as well as her affluence? I can testify your labours for both. Dame Yearsley reminds me of the Troubadours, those vagrants whom I used to admire till I knew their history; and who used to pour out trumpery verses, and flatter or abuse accordingly as they were housed and clothed, or dismissed to the next parish. Yet you did not set this person in the stocks, after procuring an annuity for her!" * It is impossible to have a clearer notion of what Walpole and such as Walpole meant by patronage. The Baron of Otranto would have thought it the perfection of benevolence to have housed and clothed a troubadour; but the stocks and the whipping-post would have been ready for any treasonable assertion of independence. The days of chivalry are gone, and, heaven be praised, those of patronage are gone after them!

Walpole, like many other very clever men, could not perfectly appreciate the highest excellence, and yet could see the ridiculous side of the pretenders to wit and poetry. He laughs, as Gifford laughed, at 'Della Crusea;' and he has told the follies of Batheaston with his characteristic liveliness:—

"You must know that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle-tree, a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new-christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam Riggs, an old rough humorist who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a Captain Miller, full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich, who carried me to dine with them at Batheaston, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth Muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The Captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*, and, that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle—with—I don't know what. You may think this is fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published. Yes, on my faith, there are *bouts-rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them, by Corydon the venerable, alias George Pitt; others, very pretty, by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short

* Horace Walpole to Hannah More, October 14, 1757.

since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull—for you cannot read so long as I have been telling.”*

When poetry was essentially an affair of “hearts” and “darts,” it was no wonder that a mob of silly fashionable people set up for poets. The whole age was wanting in taste: it was not poetical because it was superficial. But it was a very different age from our own, when the national intellect is divided between utilitarians and those called by utilitarians non-utilitarians. May it long be so divided! May those who believe only in what is gross and palpable to sense go apart from those who cherish what belongs to the spiritual. Ask them not to believe. Let them make the most of their microscopes, their telescopes, their chemical affinities, their scalpels. Yet, a new generation will be fed and grow upon what they despise. It is feeding, and it is growing. Its aliment is as abundant as the rain, the dew, and the sunshine. It has nothing exclusive, to gratify a small distinction; and it will not feed upon husks. The Walpoles belong to neither class of this day.

The intercourse between Hannah More and Horace Walpole began in 1781. It was an odd intimacy; but compliments freely received and bestowed made it agreeable, no doubt, to both parties. Here is a pretty note from Horace Walpole, written with a crowquill pen upon the sweetest-scented paper: “Mr. Walpole thanks Miss More a thousand times, not only for so obligingly complying with his request, but for letting him have the satisfaction of possessing and reading again and again her charming and very genteel poem, the ‘*Bas Bleu*.’ He ought not, in modesty, to commend so much a piece in which he himself is flattered; but truth is more durable than blushing, and he must be just, though he may be vain.”† Walpole could bear flattery better than Dr. Johnson: “Mrs. Thrale then told a story of Hannah More, which, I think, exceeds in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson’s saying. When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him: she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, ‘Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.’”‡ As Miss More grew older, she, no doubt, grew wiser; and Walpole himself, with a very prevailing inclination to ridicule what he called her saintliness, came to respect her for her virtues, instead of continuing to burn incense to her genius. The last indication of their friendship appears in his giving her a Bible, which she wished he would read himself.

We have now run through the London of Horace Walpole, with reference only to his connection with the fashion and the literature of his times. His cor-

* Horace Walpole to Conway, Jan. 15, 1775.

† Horace Walpole to Hannah More, May 6, 1781.

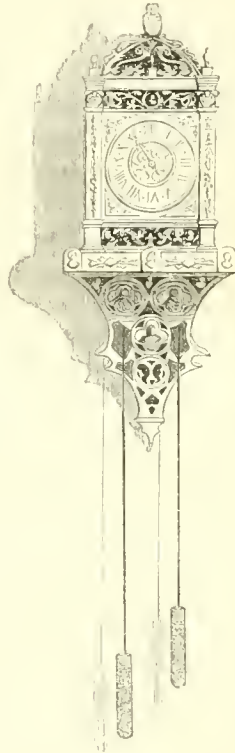
‡ Madame d’Arblay’s Diary, vol. i. p. 103.

response, as we have before observed, indicates little association with the more eminent literary men of his long day, and no very great sympathy for the best things which they produced. There is scarcely any other general aspect of London of which his works hold up a mirror. The chief value of his letters consists in his lively descriptions of those public events whose nicer details would, without such a chronicler, be altogether hid under the varnish of what we call history. It is evident that with such details our work has no concern. We shall conclude, therefore, with a brief notice or two, by Walpole, of the physical increase of London. In 1791 he thus writes to the Miss Berrys:—"Though London increases every day, and Mr. Herschel has just discovered a new square or circus somewhere by the New Road, in the Via Lactea, where the cows used to be fed, I believe you will think the town cannot hold all its inhabitants, so prodigiously the population is augmented. I have twice been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly (and the same has happened to Lady Ailesbury), thinking there was a mob, and it was only nymphs and swains sauntering or trudging. T'other morning, *i.e.* at two o'clock, I went to see Mrs. Garrick and Miss Hannah More at the Adelphi, and was stopped five times before I reached Northumberland House; for the tides of coaches, chariots, curricles, phaëtons, &c., are endless. Indeed the town is so extended, that the breed of chairs is almost lost; for Hercules and Atlas could not carry anybody from one end of the enormous capital to the other. How magnified would be the error of the young woman at St. Helena, who, some years ago, said to a captain of an Indiaman, 'I suppose London is very empty when the India ships come out.' " And again, in the same year, "The Duke of St. Albans has cut down all the brave old trees at Hounslow Heath; nay, he has hired a meadow next to mine, for the benefit of embarkation; and there lie all the good old corpses of oaks, ashes, and chestnuts, directly before *your* windows, and blocking up one of my views of the river! But, so impetuous is the rage for building, that his Grace's timber will, I trust, not annoy us long. There will soon be one street from London to Brentford—aye, and from London to every village ten miles round! Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses—nor do I wonder; London is, I am certain, much fuller than ever I saw it. I have twice this spring been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, to inquire what was the matter, thinking there was a mob:—not at all; it was only passengers. Nor is there any complaint of depopulation from the country: Bath shoots out into new crescents, circuses, and squares every year; Birmingham, Manchester, Hull, and Liverpool would serve any king in Europe for a capital, and would make the Empress of Russia's mouth water."

The last letter of Horace Walpole is a striking contrast to the vivacity, the curiosity, the acute observation, which made him for sixty years the most lively of correspondents:—"I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything; and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses, consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who

are each brought to me once a year to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family; and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats or balls."* Like the clock at Strawberry Hill, which Henry VIII. gave to Anne Boleyn, Walpole was fast ceasing to be a timekeeper: he was a worn-out relic of the past.

* Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, January 13, 1797.





[Vauxhall Bridge.]

LXI.—VAUXHALL, WATERLOO, AND SOUTHWARK BRIDGES.

THE “Silent Highway,” the “Tunnel,” and the bridges of London, Westminster, and Blackfriars, having been already treated of, there remain only the more recent structures above-named for the present paper. In thus concluding the entire subject of the Thames and the modes of communication between its opposite banks, we shall adopt a method that will enable us, whilst noticing in detail the particular bridges in question, to look at the whole of these great works in a more connected manner than we have hitherto had a favourable opportunity of doing. At the same time we may notice some of those interesting buildings or memorials that enrich the intervening parts of the river. A stranger, visiting for the first time these edifices of which he had heard so much, should pass directly from one to another, whilst the impressions made on his mind are yet fresh, each illustrating each, and thus survey the whole. The exceeding lightness of the iron arches of Vauxhall, for instance, will thus impress more strongly on his mind the gigantic, almost castle-looking solidity of Westminster, and speak as plainly of the different dates of their erection as if he beheld the figures written up on their fronts. Thus, also, he will see with what happy propriety the bridges, and their positions in the metropolis, are united: Vauxhall, at one extremity, will remind him that he is approaching the termination of this vast aggregate of peopled

habitations, where, if "trade" still "stirs and hurries," it is with greatly decreased velocity and amount, whilst London, at the other, is equally characteristic of the wonderful traffic it was built to accommodate; and Waterloo, almost midway between the two, and in the very heart of the metropolis, is, in its graceful beauty and its perfect strength, the building above all others best fitted to be the central object, towards which the other bridges on both sides seem, as it were, to lead. The best mode of viewing the bridges when, as is most commonly the case, time is of consequence, and a rapid survey alone desired, is to take the steam-boat from Chelsea to London Bridge. As we stand upon the newly-erected pier, with its two handsome stone archways, waiting the departure of the boat, we may include in our survey Battersea Bridge, a still better starting-point for the eye than Vauxhall, with its rude timber superstructure, and its eighteen or twenty piers. This was built in 1771 by a company of proprietors, fifteen in number, who advanced each 1500*l*. We cannot see Putney Bridge,—that is too far up the river, but it is of little consequence; for in style, we may say with an alteration of the well-known phrase, it out-Batterseas Battersea. But though Putney Bridge is of little consequence in itself, its history has one passage too rich to be omitted, and which illustrates very amusingly the nature of the opposition that so long retarded the erection of a second bridge in or near London. From the Hon. Mr. Grey's collection of the Debates of the House of Commons during the latter portion of the seventeenth century, we extract the following recorded opinions:—

"Tuesday, April 4 (1671).—A bill for building another bridge over the river Thames from Putney was read.

"Mr. Jones, member for London.—This bill will question the very being of London: next to the pulling down of the borough of Southwark, nothing can ruin it more.

"Mr. Waller [the poet].—As for the imposition laid by this bill, men may go by water if they please, and not over the bridge, and so pay nothing. If ill for Southwark, it is good for this end of the town, where court and parliament are. At Paris there are many bridges; at Venice hundreds. We are still obstructing public things.

"Sir Thomas Lee.—This bill will make the new buildings at this end of the town let the better, and fears the bill is only for that purpose.

"Colonel Birch.—Finds it equal to men whether it does them hurt or they think it does them hurt.

"Sir William Thompson.—When a convenience has been so long possessed as this has been, it is hard to remove it. This will make the skirts (though not London) too big for the whole body; the rents of London Bridge, for the maintenance of it, will be destroyed. This bridge will cause sands and shelves, and have an effect upon the low-bridge navigation, and cause the ships to lie as low as Woolwich; it will affect your navigation, your seamen, and your western barges, who cannot pass at low water. Would reject the bill.

"Colonel Stroude.—In no city where bridges are were they all built at a time. No city in the world is so long as ours, and here is but one passage for five miles.

"Mr. Boseawen.—If a bridge at Putney, why not at Lambeth, and more?

“ Sir John Bennet.—Says the Lord Mayor and Aldermen did agree to it, if it were for no other reason than to be secured from a bridge at Lambeth.

“ Mr. Love.—The Lord Mayor of this year is of a different opinion from him of the last year. If carts go over, the city must be destroyed by it,” &c. &c.

The Bill was rejected by 67 to 54.

The steam-boat now receives us, and we are soon gliding rapidly on towards Vauxhall, passing in our way many a place or building of literary or historical interest. There on our left, just beyond the pier, you see, in that handsome row of lofty aristocratical-looking houses facing the river, the building once occupied by the famous Don Saltero, and where you may still take a cup of coffee or a glass of wine, and muse over all the old memories of the famous Museum of Curiosities. On the same side, within the walls of that ancient church with its brick tower, lie buried the mutilated remains of the great Chancellor More (a fine monument marks the spot); and it was there that, whilst Lord Chancellor, he was accustomed to put on a surplice, and sing in the choir with the other choristers. We look in vain for any traces of More's house; that house which Henry at one time so loved to visit, and where More introduced Holbein to his notice; that house at which Erasmus too was a frequent visitor whilst in England, and of which he speaks in such delightful terms. “ With him” (More), he says, “ you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion: it would be more just to call it a school and an exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness.” The great court of Chelsea Hospital here too extends its front to the water, with its porticoes and piazzas, reminding us of the poor orange girl, Nell Gwynn, who, according to the tradition, lived to influence a king's mind to the accomplishment of such a work; and where those trees, with their intensely black foliage expanded horizontally on the air, attract the eye, is the botanical garden of the Apothecaries' Company; and the trees are cedars of Lebanon, grown, we believe, from slips of the original Syrian trees of Scripture, presented to Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the garden. On the other side of the river the white stones of the “ marge,” and the bright green of the sward of the embankment above, show that London has not yet extended so far; indeed, in the proper season one may see the ripe corn waving to and fro in the broad low-lying meadows of Battersea beyond. The steam-boat here stops for an instant nearly opposite a place famous in the annals of Cockney diversions, the Red House. From whence there is little to attract attention till we reach Vauxhall.

This structure was at first called Regent Bridge, we presume from the circumstance that the first stone was laid by Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent (George IV.); but one chief advantage of the proposed structure having in all probability been the facility it would afford to the visitors of the famous gardens, the name of Vauxhall was eventually given to it. We have now, probably, lost the gardens for ever; it is pleasant therefore to have some memorial of the

spot made so familiar to us by the writings of our great men. Vauxhall Bridge is of iron, and, it is said, the lightest structure of the kind in Europe. It has been supposed that we are the inventors of iron bridges, but the nation that lays claim to so many other wonders undoubtedly has the best right to this, as may be seen from a reference to Du Halde's work on *China*. Vauxhall, like Putney and Westminster, was opposed by the City—the event shows with what success. The work was carried on by a body of shareholders, who were to be repaid by tolls. The original proposer was a gentleman we have before had occasion to mention as the projector of tunnels, Mr. Ralph Dodd, who certainly does seem to have had the misfortune of constantly witnessing other men reaping the honours he had sown. The managers of Vauxhall seem to have been particularly difficult to please. Not only Mr. Dodd, but Sir J. Bentham and Mr. Rennie were for a short time employed by them, whilst, after all, the design of the existing bridge belongs to Mr. James Walker. The work was commenced on the 9th of May, 1811, the weather that day being so bad that, although the coins, &c., were deposited by the Regent's proxy, the stone was left for the time uncovered. In September, 1813, Prince Charles, eldest son of the Duke of Brunswick (so soon after killed at Waterloo), laid the first stone of the abutments on the Surrey side. The entire work was finished in 1816, at an expense of about 300,000*l.*, and opened in the month of July. The iron superstructure with its nine arches is supported on rusticated stone piers. The arches are equal; each 78 feet in span; the roadway measures 36 feet across; and the entire length of the bridge is 809 feet.

We are again on our way, and some of the passengers are wondering what that strange-looking building can be, with so many angular wings and small extinguisher-capped towers or buttresses on the left: that is the Penitentiary, where Bentham had hoped to have seen his views on prison discipline carried out, but was thwarted by the personal influence of King George III., in opposition to his own ministry; and although the building was erected according to his designs, the plan pursued with regard to discipline was not Bentham's. As we pass the Horseferry, where, prior to the erection of the bridge we are fast approaching (Westminster), passengers were accustomed to cross, we are reminded of one proposal that has never yet been carried into effect—a proposal for another metropolitan bridge, to extend from the Horseferry to Lambeth stairs, beside the gateway of Lambeth Palace. It was to be called the Royal Clarence Bridge, and an Act was brought into Parliament. But there the matter seems to have stopped, and is likely to remain; so we must content ourselves, if we desire to cross the Thames here, with the same mode of conveyance which prevailed so far back as the seventh century; when, according to the old legend, St. Peter descended to perform himself the act of dedication to himself of the new church which Sebert, King of the East Saxons, had just built on the site of the ruins of a temple of Apollo, flung down by an earthquake. St. Peter, it appears, descended on the Surrey side, with a host of heavenly choristers, but the night being stormy had great difficulty in finding any one to carry him over. Edrie, a fisherman, at length crossed with him in his wherry, beheld the illumination which streamed forth from the church windows, and then took the saint back to the Surrey shore; being rewarded on his way by a miraculous draught of salmon,

and the promise that if he gave a tenth to the church, he should never want plenty of that fish. Such is the relation of the circumstances attending the earliest erection of a church on the site of the abbey whose beautiful towers yet appear above the line of the unfinished houses of Parliament, but which promise when completed to shut them entirely out from our present point of view. In our account of Westminster Bridge we have referred to the sinking of the western pier of the fifteen foot arch, and the consequent removal of the arch. We are now passing through it, and the circumstance reminds us of a feature of this accident which previously escaped our attention. A great deal of ingenuity was shown in rebuilding the arch, which was made double; we have since found that Stukely was the author of the plan which Labelye followed on that occasion, and from his communication to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1760, in which he lays claim to the "interlaced arch," the enthusiastic antiquary appears to have been very proud of it.

From Westminster to Waterloo there is little on either side of individual interest to attract the attention, unless the scientific mysteries of the shot-towers on one side, or the grave respectability of many of the old houses yet remaining on the other, with their projecting bow windows—those not unworthy-looking descendants of the old palatial mansions of the place—be considered exceptions. There is the fine water-gate, too, of Inigo Jones, the last remnant of the mansion of the haughty Duke of Buckingham. Waterloo Bridge is now immediately



[Waterloo Bridge.]

before us; and, as we gaze long and earnestly on that exquisite combination of all that is most valuable in bridge architecture with all that is most beautiful,—the broad and level roadway, and the light and elegant balustrade, the almost indestructible foundations, and the airy sweep of the arches they support,—we feel the justice of Canova's opinion, that this is the finest bridge in Europe; and can appreciate the great artist's enthusiasm when he added that it was alone worth coming from Rome to London to see. And in Canova's words the opinion of professional men, English and foreign, as well as of the most enlightened

connoisseurs, has found voice. Can our readers imagine a paltry wooden bridge standing in its room? We had a narrow escape of such an anti-climax between the bridge and its central position. The first movers in the affair had determined on the erection of a timber structure, with the idea of raising tolls sufficient in time to have built one of stone: we fear it would have been a very long time. The opposition of the City in this case had a salutary effect. For three successive sessions the matter was hotly contested, and the company put to enormous expense; but at last they manfully resolved to have a structure worthy of the spot, and an Act for a stone bridge was obtained in 1809. The proprietors were incorporated under the title of the "Strand Bridge Company," with power to raise 500,000*l.*, but which was subsequently increased from time to time, and ultimately above a million was expended on the work. The man whose name is so indissolubly connected with some of the mightiest outward manifestations of the greatness of London, her bridges and docks (we refer to the late Mr. John Rennie), was applied to for designs. This gentleman was the son of a farmer of Phantassie, in Haddingtonshire (Scotland), and had risen to the eminence he enjoyed through the successive stages of a country schoolmaster, who, whilst teaching what he himself knew, was a most assiduous attendant upon the lectures of others, and thus stored up that deep and extensive acquaintance with mechanical philosophy which was afterwards to be so valuable;—a working mechanist, earning his livelihood with his own hands and by the sweat of his own brow; and lastly, a confidential assistant of Messrs. Watt and Boulton, who employed him in the construction of the immense flour-works which stood for a short time near Blackfriars Bridge, but which were burnt down in 1791, only two years after their erection. From this period his talents became widely known and were in continual requisition. The stone bridges of Kelso, Musselburgh, &c., the Grand Western, the Aberdeen, and the Kennet and Avon Canals, the drainage of the fens at Witham in Lincolnshire, the London Docks, the East and the West India at Blackwall, the new docks at Hull, the Prince's at Liverpool, those of Dublin, Greenock, and Leith, and lastly, the famous Breakwater of Plymouth, are but a portion of the works which he has been the chief means of giving to our country. In London one half the bridges, and those the finest, may be said to belong to him; for whilst Waterloo and Southwark were built under his direct superintendence, he also furnished the designs for London, which, after his death in 1821, were acted upon by his son, the present Sir John Rennie. Two designs were furnished for the proposed Strand Bridge, one with seven, the other with nine arches: the last was adopted. The site chosen was the space extending from a little to the west of Somerset Place, on the Middlesex shore, to a part close by Cuper's Bridge on that of Surrey. The name of Cuper is connected with a once famous garden, a sort of small and low Vauxhall, which Pennant remembered as the resort of the profligate of both sexes. Cuper, it appears, had been gardener to the collector of the well-known statues, the Earl of Arundel, and begged from his noble master several of his mutilated statues to ornament the "Garden." The place was also noted for its fireworks. Of the alterations in the respective neighbourhoods on both sides the river since the erection of the bridge, the traces are too legible, on the most cursory

inspection, to need much explanation. The great street or road from the bridge to the Obelisk in St. George's Fields is entirely new, as is also the continuation of Stamford Street into the Westminster Road. The splendid approaches on the other side also date from the erection of the bridge. During the progress of the latter, the site of Waterloo Place was partly occupied by remains of the Savoy Palace, its fine Gothic windows and buttressed walls exciting the grief of many an antiquary who came to look on them for the last time. With these was also swept away the chapel of the German Reformed Protestants.

The first stone of the bridge was laid on the 11th of October, 1811, when a block of Cornish granite was lowered over an excavation containing gold and silver coins of the reign, and a plate with a suitable inscription. The foundations, unlike those of Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, were laid in coffer-dams. This was the most expensive, but the most certain and durable mode. The ground was found to consist mainly of a stratum of gravel over a stratum of clay, into which piles of beech and elm, twenty feet long and twelve thick, were driven in three concentric rows. The whole was then strengthened by masonry. The surface of the piers, as well as of the abutments and entire superstructure, were built of blocks of Craigneith and Derbyshire granite. In building the arches, the stones were rammed together with great force, so that when the centres were removed not one of them sunk more than an inch and a half. It has been well said that the accuracy of the work is as extraordinary as its beauty. Not the least noticeable part of the bridge are the series of arches on each side, which raise the road to the level of the bridge. There are no less than thirty-nine of these semicircular brick arches on the Surrey side, each of sixteen feet span, in addition to one of larger dimensions, that crosses the road now lying buried, as it were, in the hollow beneath; and sixteen on the Strand side. Over these arches is carried a magnificent roadway of 70 feet in width. If to the length of the bridge, 1326 feet, we add the abutments, 54, and the range of brick arches, 1076, we have a total length of 2456 feet! A writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' some years ago, speaking of the pride of the Parisians in their three new bridges (for they, like us, added that number to their capital in the early part of the present century), says that even in surface and mass alone Waterloo would surpass the three bridges united. Certainly the dimensions we have given divest the remark of any appearance of exaggeration.

As the work advanced towards completion, the name (Strand Bridge) was altered, for reasons thus expressed in the Act of Parliament of 1816, relating to the structure:—"Whereas the said bridge, when completed, will be a work of great stability and magnificence, and such works are adapted to transmit to posterity the remembrance of great and glorious achievements, and whereas the company of proprietors are desirous that a designation shall be given to the said bridge which shall be a lasting record of the brilliant and decisive victory [Waterloo], achieved by his Majesty's forces, in conjunction with those of his allies, on the 18th day of June, 1815." The bridge thus received the appellation it now bears. Similar considerations fixed the date of the public opening. "June 18 (1817).—This day, the anniversary of the glorious victory of Waterloo, the magnificent new bridge which crosses the Thames from the Strand was opened with appro-

priate ceremonies. In the forenoon a detachment of the Horse Guards posted themselves on the bridge, and about three o'clock a discharge of two hundred and two guns, in commemoration of the number of cannon taken from the enemy, announced the arrival of the Prince Regent, and other illustrious personages, who came in barges from the Earl of Liverpool's at Whitehall. The royal party passed through the centre arch, and landed on the Surrey side, where the procession formed. It was headed by the Prince Regent; with the Duke of York on his right, and the Duke of Wellington on his left, in the uniform of field-m Marshals; followed by a train of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and members of both Houses of Parliament. On reaching the Middlesex side of the bridge, the company re-embarked, and returned to Whitehall. Every spot commanding a view of the bridge was crowded with spectators."*

About this very time, whilst the public admiration was universally lavished upon the work, a curious claim appeared in the publication from which we transcribe the foregoing account of the opening of the structure. It was known that Mr. Ralph Dodd had been the original projector of a bridge at this part of the Thames, as well as at Vauxhall; but it appears he was by no means satisfied with that amount of acknowledgment, but expressly claimed the design of the existing edifice; and, by way of proof, offered to exhibit his original plans to whoever thought proper to see them. † This is curious, but still more so is the fact that we do not find any immediate answer given to the statement in the publication where it appeared—if indeed, which seems doubtful, one was given to it at all.

Another claim to some of the chief features of Waterloo Bridge has been put forward by the French for their bridge at Neuilly; and certainly the architect of that bridge set the example of the equal arches and level roadway, which were adopted in the bridges of Vauxhall and Waterloo. The arches of the latter are of a semi-elliptical form, having a span of one hundred and twenty feet, and a height of thirty above the high water even of spring-tides. The piers, thirty feet wide, are decorated by double (three-quarter) columns of the Grecian Doric style, supporting an entablature, which forms within a square raised recess. Standing on the seat of this recess, one has perhaps the finest view of London that can be obtained, and which is enhanced by the quiet and comparative solitude of the place—a strange advantage, by the way, for such a bridge, and one that, however much we may individually appreciate, we should be glad to see lost by the removal of its cause—the toll. A Society has been for some time in active operation, which will no doubt ultimately succeed in doing away with this very injurious restriction on the utility of the structure. The tolls on Vauxhall and Southwark Bridges, which also fall within the scope of the Society's labours, will no doubt share the same fate. The great increase of passengers over Waterloo since the reduction of the toll from a penny to a halfpenny, shows how many must have previously submitted to inconvenience for the sake of the veriest trifle apparently, but which perhaps was felt not to be a trifle, and may serve as a still more valuable illustration of the multitudes who would avail themselves of this bridge if there was no toll whatever imposed.

* *Gent.'s Mag.*, 1817.

† *Ibid.* May, 1817.

The expense of Waterloo Bridge has excited much comment, and it was, as we have stated, above a million—a most enormous sum to be expended in a single work; but the homely principle, that it is better to do a thing well at first, than trust to after-patchings and improvements, was never more strikingly illustrated than in the bridges of London. Waterloo is built of granite, in the most perfect manner, and the foundations and piers have been laid so as to last for ages uninjured; but certainly it was dear, or at least expensive. On the other hand, Blackfriars and Westminster are—partly from the soft nature of the stone, partly from the inadequacy of the foundations—constantly under repair (something like a hundred thousand pounds, we believe, is now being expended on the latter); but they were cheap! The beauty of Waterloo Bridge every one can see; its strength must be tested by time: but it seems certain, that if ever a work was built with promise of permanence it is this. How much intelligent foreigners have been impressed with its solid grandeur, we may see in the enthusiasm of M. Dupin, the author of the well-known work on the ‘Commercial Power of England,’ who says, “If, from the incalculable effect of the revolutions which empires undergo, the nations of a future age should demand one day what was formerly the new Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels every sea,—the most of the edifices, devoured by a destructive climate, will no longer exist to answer the curiosity of man by the voice of monuments; but the Waterloo Bridge, built in the centre of the commercial world, will exist to tell the most remote generations, ‘This was a rich, industrious, and powerful city.’ The traveller, on beholding this superb monument, will suppose that some great prince wished, by many years of labour, to consecrate for ever the glory of his life by this imposing structure; but if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing this work—if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostrius and the Cæsars—he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruit of the efforts of a few obscure individuals, lost in the crowd of industrious citizens.”

In taking a farewell glance at this bridge, we remember with pain how many unfortunates have stood shivering in those very recesses, taking *their* last farewell of the world in which they had experienced so much misery. We have no idea, nor do we wish to have, of the entire extent of this dreadful evil, which has of late years given a new and most unhappy kind of celebrity to Waterloo Bridge, but the cases of accomplished and attempted suicide here must have been fearfully numerous. A suicide, as it almost deserves to be called, of another but scarcely less harrowing kind, will be in every one’s memory, and of which we have already spoken, that of the American diver, Scott.*

Between Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges, the magnificent façade of Somerset House, and the fresh-looking gardens of the Temple, are the chief objects of attraction—each calling up a long train of historical memories. The name of the first recalls the memory of the reckless statesman who built the earlier mansion

* Vol. i. p. 418.

here with the materials derived from the old Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the cloisters of old St. Paul's, the tower and part of the body of the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, and the inns of the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield and Coventry, Llandaff, and an inn of Chancery called the Strand Inn, in which Oeeleve, a poet of the reign of Henry V., is supposed to have studied. As to the Temple Gardens, who does not remember the famous scene of the Roses in Shakspeare's 'Henry VI.'? It was into these very gardens, as being "more convenient," that the contentious lords, Plantagenet and Somerset, adjourned from the hall, where they were "too loud," and Plantagenet, impatient at finding the other nobles unwilling to give an opinion as to who is right in the quarrel, exclaimed—

" Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

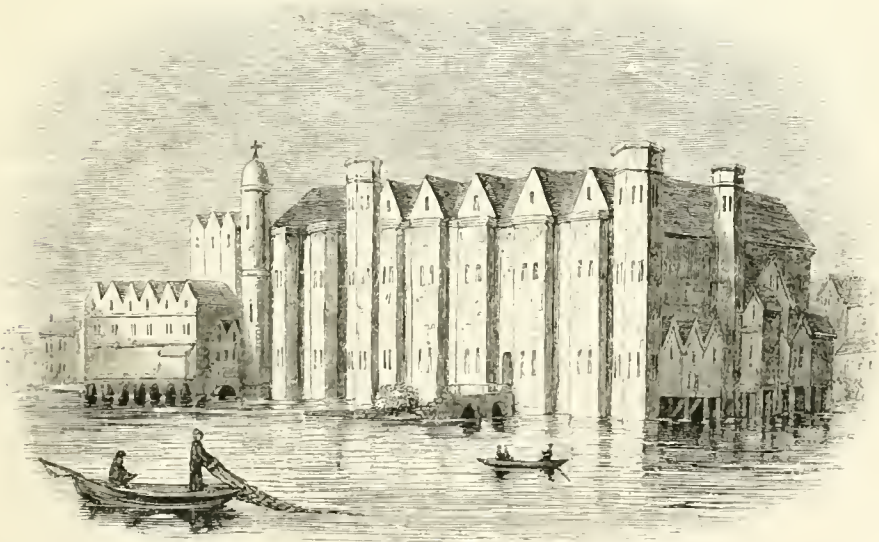
On which Somerset adds,

" Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

And thus began the "quarrel" which did indeed, in the words of Plantagenet, "drink blood another day;" and in which, with just retribution, the nobles whose ambition, or pride, or jealousy, brought on their country so dire a calamity, brought at the same time on their own kindred, and their own order generally, a most sweeping destruction. A picturesque scene of a still earlier time is also connected with the Temple Gardens. Immediately after the news reached Edward I. that Bruce had been crowned at Scone as monarch of Scotland, great preparations were set on foot for a fresh expedition into that country, and among the rest, solemn proclamation was made that the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward II.) would be knighted on the feast of Pentecost, and all the young nobility of England were summoned to receive a similar honour at the same time. On the eve of the day appointed, May 22, two hundred and seventy noble youths, with their pages and retinues, assembled in these gardens, where purple robes, fine linen garments, and mantles woven with gold, were distributed to them. We may imagine the splendour and bustle of the scene. The trees were cut down to enable them to pitch their tents. The greater part of the immense assemblage watched their arms in the Temple Church, the others in the Abbey of Westminster.

The steam-boat is now passing by Blackfriars Bridge, which is so altered from what it was, that if the shade of the architect could revisit the earth, in order once more to look on his great work, we doubt whether he would recognise it: he certainly would not acknowledge it as *his* Blackfriars. As the idea of one change is suggestive of another, we cannot but remark, as we look around us here, what great alterations this part of London in particular has known. Bridewell, a prison, a house of industry, a regal palace, a Saxon stronghold;

the White and Black Friars, homes for holy and peaceful men—then the one a den of thieves (Alsatia) into which Justice dares not enter, the other a fashionable May Fair, and now both lost in the undistinguishable mass of London; Baynard's Castle also utterly swept away; the Fleet, again, a concealed sewer, an open ditch, a navigable canal spanned by bridge after bridge, a wide and possibly rapid river: for such it must have been if the records speak truly that make Sweyn, in his invasion in 1012, pass up the Fleet with all his vessels as far as King's Cross, and there anchor; and there is one noticeable corroborating fact—an anchor has been found at that very part. These are but individual illustrations of the extensive changes wrought in the lapse of time in the neighbourhood before us. We have referred to Baynard's Castle. It stood here on the left just beyond Blackfriars Bridge, at the end of the City Wall, which, after passing along the side of the Fleet so as to shelter the Blackfriars, turned round and extended for a short distance on the bank of the river. As to its antiquity, it may be sufficient to say that it was founded by one of the Conqueror's followers, Baynard, who died in the reign of Rufus, and that it was one of the two castles described by Beckett's secretary, Fitzstephen, in the reign of Henry II.; and as to its size, that at a meeting of the great estates of the kingdom in 1547 Richard Duke of York lodged in it with his four hundred retainers. In 1303 it belonged to Robert Fitzwalter, as we learn from a very curious document, consisting of a declaration of his rights as castellan and banner-bearer of the City, formally made, and at great length, to John Blondon, mayor. In this he recites in what manner he ought to come to St. Paul's in time of war to declare himself ready to do his service, and in what manner he ought to be met, how they are then to ride forth in company, the sort of horse and amount of money they are



[Castle Baynard, as it appeared in the Seventeenth Century.]

to give him, the mode of summoning the commoners to join them under the "banner of St. Paul's," and the march to Aldgate, and if need be the there issuing forth to do battle, with the amount he is to receive for every siege he undertakes (100 shillings), &c. "These be the rights that the said Robert hath in time of war." As to his rights in time of peace, they consist of his soke or ward in which he enjoys particular privileges (locally, we presume, the Castle Baynard Ward of the present day); such as a certain degree of control over the punishment of criminals: traitors, it appears, were to be "tied to a post in the Thames at a good wharf, where boats are fastened, two ebbings and flowings of the water." The said Robert, also, was to be called to every great council of the City, and when he came to the hustings at Guildhall "the mayor or his lieutenant ought to rise against him and set him down near unto him; and so long as he is in the Guildhall, all the judgments ought to be given by his mouth," &c. &c. The castle was burnt down in 1428, and rebuilt by Duke Humphrey. Among the historical events which signalise the history of Castle Baynard is the assumption of the crown here by Edward IV. in 1460, in opposition to the reigning monarch, Henry VI.; and the commencement of a new and more eventful phase of the "brawl" begun in the Temple Gardens. But the most interesting of these events is the performance of a similar act by Richard III. here—a scene which Shakspeare has also made familiar to every one—the scene where Gloster appears in the gallery between two bishops, and accepts, with such an exquisite show of reluctance, the crown offered by the poor mystified Lord Mayor. Here, too, Lady Jane Grey's *faithful* council, which had removed from her side at the Tower in order to do her better service, the moment they arrived declared for Queen Mary, and set the seal to the illustrious victim's fate. Castle Baynard was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Not the least interesting part of the river is that now lying on our right between the bridges of Blackfriars and Southwark, and known generally from a very remote period as the Bankside. The stairs towards which yonder wherry with its somewhat heavy load is gliding are called Paris Garden Stairs, the last relic of the once popular place of amusement when bear-baiting was not only a fashionable but a queenly sport. Paris Garden was also a regular playhouse at one period, for one of Ben Jonson's critics, Dekker, reproaches him with his ill success on the stage generally, and in particular with his performance of 'Zuliman' at the Paris Garden. In 1582 the scaffolding supporting the spectators fell during a performance, and great numbers were killed or severely injured. This was looked on as a judgment by many. Beyond Paris Garden were the two chief Bear Gardens, properly so called, as they seem to have been used for such purposes only, and not for dramatic entertainments: the name is yet preserved in that of a street opening from Bankside. Stow describes them as places wherein were kept "bears, bulls, and other beasts to be bayed; as also mastiffs in several kennels nourished to bait them. These bears and other beasts are there baited in plots of ground, scaffolded about, for the beholders to stand safe." Farther on still were the stews or brothels, licensed as they are to this day in Paris. Their very antiquity imparts a certain degree of interest and respectability to a revolting subject. It appears that "In

a Parliament holden at Westminster, the eighth of Henry II., it was ordained by the Commons, and confirmed by the King and Lords, that divers constitutions (or rules) for ever should be kept within that lordship or franchise according to the old customs that had been there used time out of mind." "Old customs" in force "time out of mind" before the reign of Henry II., must be indeed old. There is a curious historical passage connected with these houses. Till the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection they belonged to no less a person than William Walworth, mayor of London; and although we do not exactly wish to insinuate that the worthy mayor was roused by the spoil of this part of his property which ensued at the instance of the rebels, yet it may have done something towards sharpening his zeal, and made him bestir himself so effectually as he did at the critical moment. The original number of houses was eighteen, which were reduced to twelve in the reign of Henry VII. They must have presented a strange-looking aspect from the river, with their signs "not hanged out, but painted on the walls, as a Boar's Head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Crane, the Cardinal's Hat, the Bell, the Swan, &c." Stow, the writer of the foregoing quotation, goes on to say, "I have heard ancient men of good credit report that these single women were forbidden the rites of the church so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from Christian burial if they were not reconciled before their death. And therefore there was a plot of ground, called 'Single Women's Churchyard,' appointed for them, not far from the parish church."* The nuisance was at last abolished by "sound of trumpet" towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII. And here, too, on the Bankside was the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare's theatre, situated very nearly in a line with the approach to the present Southwark Bridge, which now bestrides with its colossal arches about the same part of the river as that through which the courtiers of Elizabeth and James's reigns, in all their bravery of costume, were wont to pass to and fro, to welcome some fresh novelty from the world's master mind, and learn, if they were capable of it, some new lessons in that wondrous school of humanity.

Southwark Bridge was erected at an expense of about 800,000*l.*, by a company of proprietors, who obtained the necessary Act of Parliament in 1811. On the third reading of the Bill in the House of Commons, Sir T. Turton, in answer to the opposition offered by Sirs W. Curtis and C. Price, of civic fame, remarked that Mr. Rennie had given it as his opinion that London Bridge after one hard frost might not last one year: an excellent reason certainly for expediting the erection of a new bridge in the vicinity. The spot selected was from Bankside on the Surrey shore to a place close by the Three Cranes Wharf, and between that and Queenhithe, on the opposite or Middlesex bank; a part of some note even from the very remotest periods of metropolitan history. It forms a portion of the Vintry Ward, so called from the vintners or wine merchants of Bordeaux, who from a very early period were accustomed to bring their lighters and other vessels laden with wine to this part, and there land it by means of cranes (whence the name of Three Cranes Wharf), for sale during the next forty days.

* Survey, p. 449.

But in the reign of Edward I. the vintners complained that they could neither "sell their wines, although paying poundage, neither hire houses nor cellars to lay them in." In consequence, that monarch ordered redress to be given, and houses were built for the merchants' accommodation, with vaults, &c., for the stowage of their wines. To make room for them a characteristic feature of very old London was swept away. "There is in London," says Fitzstephen, "upon the river's bank, a public place of cookery, between the ships laden with wine, and the wines laid up in cellars to be sold. There ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried, or sodden, fish both small and great, ordinary flesh for the poorer sort, and more dainty for the rich, as venison and fowl. If friends come on a sudden, wearied with travel, to a citizen's house, and they be loth to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat, the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomach, and in the mean time go to the water-side, where all things are at hand answerable for their desire. Whatsoever multitude, either of soldiers or other strangers, enter into the city at any hour, day or night, or else are about to depart, they may turn in, bait there, and refresh themselves to their content, and so avoid long fasting, and not go away without their dinner. If any desire to fit their dainty tooth, they need not to long for the *accipenser*, or any other bird; no, not the rare *Godwit* of Ionia. This public victualling place is very convenient, and belongs to the city."* The vintners, however, proved too powerful for the cooks, and so the latter had to leave the field to their antagonists. The original name of Queenhithe was Edred's hithe (*i. e.* Edred's harbour). Formerly ships were brought up thus far to discharge their cargoes, London Bridge having a drawbridge which opened to allow them to pass. The name *Queen's hithe* is supposed to be derived from Henry III. having given its profits to his spouse, and at the same time the ships of the cinque ports were compelled to bring their corn thenceforward only to this place.

The bridge was begun on the 23rd of September, 1814, and the first stone of the south pier laid by Lord Keith on the 23rd of May, 1815, who, with the other gentlemen of the committee of management, partook of a cold collation on a temporary bridge erected on the works. The whole was finished in less than five years, and was opened, without any particular ceremony, at midnight (the bridge being brilliantly lighted with gas) in April, 1819. As an iron bridge this is confessedly without a rival. The arches are, for instance, the largest in existence, the centre one having a span of 240 feet, and each of the two side ones measuring 210 feet. The arch of the famous bridge at Sunderland has a span very nearly equal to this centre arch, but still it is less. As we now pass beneath this gigantic semicircle, and gaze upward upon the great iron-ribbed framework which supports it, one feels half unconsciously inclined to fancy Cyclopean hands must have been here at work. But the engineer, in the sublimity of his views, smiles at our wonder, and reminds us that Telford had previously proposed to erect a bridge at this spot with *one* arch only: "the force of *wonder* can no farther go;" we do not know, in these days, what we may venture to disbelieve. With the exception of

* Translation—Stow's Survey, p. 711.

the piers and the abutments, the whole of Southwark Bridge is of cast iron. The preparing the foundations was a work of unusual magnitude and expense, on account of the extraordinary dimensions of the arches; of still greater difficulty and importance was the business of casting the superstructure, which took place at the iron-works of Messrs. Walker and Co., Rotherham, Yorkshire. Many of the solid pieces of casting weighed ten tons. There are eight great ribs, from six to eight feet deep, riveted to diagonal braces, in each arch; and the height of the centre arch above low water is 55 feet. The entire weight of iron is about 5,780 tons. In building the bridge a mistake was committed that might have been attended with serious consequences, if timely discovery had not been made. To prevent the natural expansion of the metal with heat, some of the most important joinings of different parts of the work were tightly wedged with iron wedges. But as, in fact, nothing could prevent expansion under the operation of heat, it was found that a very unequal strain was produced, tending to the fracture of the entire bridge. The masons were accordingly employed night and day till the wedges were removed. Having mentioned this oversight, it is but proper to state that the accuracy of the work generally was most surprising. The centre arch sunk at the vortex, on removing the timber framework, just one inch seven-eighths, and that was all.

The erection of the bridge was followed, as in all the previous instances, by rapid and extensive changes in the neighbourhood, though, in the case of Southwark, these were confined chiefly to the Surrey side. The character of this part may be gathered, in some degree, from the notices we have given of the chief features of the place, the bear-gardens, brothels, &c.; and it need not, therefore, excite any surprise to find the extensive district, reaching from Bankside to the King's Bench, described, before the bridge was built, as covered with "miserable streets and alleys." Many of these, indeed, yet remain, but the carrying that fine road from the foot of the bridge direct to the Elephant and Castle has greatly improved the aspect and prosperity of the district.

In reviewing generally the collateral effects of the erection of the bridges of London, we are more particularly struck with what they have done for that part of the metropolis which lies on the opposite shore. If we remember the great branches they have sent out, Westminster Bridge Road, Waterloo Road, Great Surrey Street, and Southwark Bridge Road, and each again putting forth a new system of offshoots; if we remember that St. George's Fields *were fields* in the middle of the last century, and Lambeth Marsh *a marsh* even at the commencement of the present; or, in a word, if we remember that the extensive districts comprised within the boundaries of Southwark and Lambeth were, before the erection of these edifices, little better than a scattered assemblage of lanes and isolated houses and gardens, whilst now they form, with the parts adjacent, one dense, continuous, and prosperous town, which may be said to have Battersea on one side, and Greenwich for the other, for its proper limits, we shall have then some idea of the extrinsic, as well as of the intrinsic, greatness of the metropolitan bridges.

We conclude with the following document, for which we are mainly in-

debted to Messrs. Britton and Pugin's work on the Public Buildings of London:—

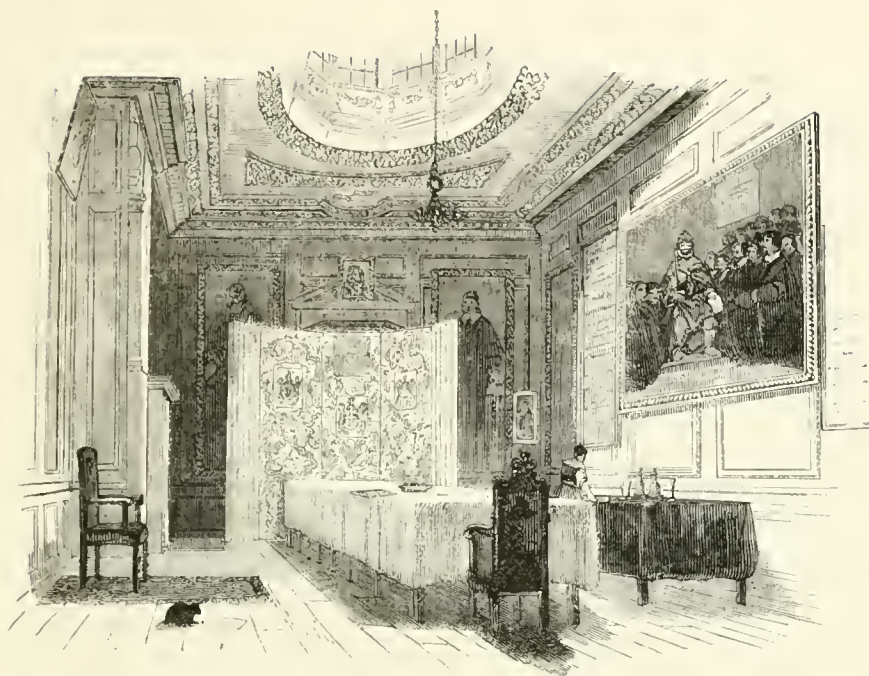
TABULAR VIEW OF THE BRIDGES OF LONDON,

Showing their extreme Length from bank to bank, their extreme Width, their Height from low water to the top of the parapet, their number of Arches and Span of Central Arch, their Materials, times of Commencement and Completion, the Names of their Architects, the surface of Waterway between the piers, and the extent of Space occupied by the piers in the width of the river.

	Length.	Width.	Height.	Arches.	Span of Centre.	Materials.	Commenced.	Finished.	Architects.	Waterway.	Solids.	
	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.						Ft.	
1. London, Old . . .	930	20	40	19	70	Stone and rubble	1176	1209	{ Peter of } { Colechurch }	{ Above } { Below }	{ 540 } { 273 }	{ 396 } { 657 }
" altered by Mr. Dance and Sir R. Taylor . . .	—	48	—	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2. London, New . . .	920	56	55	5	150	Granite, &c. .	Mar. 15, 1824	1831	J. Rennie	690	92	
3. Southwark . . .	700	42	55	3	240	Iron . . .	Sept. 23, 1814	1819	" "	660	48	
4. Blackfriars . . .	995	42	62	9	100	Portland stone	June, 1760 .	1769	R. Mylne	793	207	
5. Waterloo . . .	1326	42	54	9	120	Cornish granite	October, 1811	{ Opened } { June 18, 1817 }	{ J. Rennie } { }	1080	160	
6. Westminster . . .	1220	40	58	15	76	Portland stone	January, 1739	1750	Labelye	820	246	
7. Vauxhall . . .	809	36	—	9	78	Iron . . .	May, 1811 .	July, 1816	James Walker	—	—	



[Southwark Bridge.]



[Court-Room, Barber-Surgeons' Hall.]

LXII.—BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL.

AMONG the types of an earlier time, now daily disappearing from our gaze, there is one feature of our old English streets which deserves at least a word of respectful recollection at parting. Who has not in childhood gazed on that long, gaily-striped, mystic-looking wand—let us not here debase it by associations that have so often injured its dignity, let us not call it pole—fixed over certain well-known places in his neighbourhood, and wondered what could be its use or meaning? We have yet visions before us of an old Elizabethan mansion in an antique corner of one of the most antique-looking towns in England, with projecting stories supported by strange monsters in fine old black carving, one of which—a huge piece of workmanship—seemed ever to brandish one of these awful instruments over the heads of all who approached the mysterious-looking precincts. We cannot to this day dispel the fancy that in that uncouth, grinning shape we beheld a kind of deposed household divinity of the once-flourishing Company of Barber-Surgeons—a *lar* fallen from its high estate, and driven into that remote solitude. Yes, these characteristic features of our old streets are

passing away, and in one sense the circumstance is to be regretted. They are the last popular symbols of the low state, even in very recent times, of a science which peculiarly affects the people's welfare; and might yet be a warning against a belief, by no means extinct, that surgery and physic, like reading and writing, "come by nature." Few readers but will remember that the existing pole is an imitation of the one formerly held in the hands of patients during bleeding, and the stripes represent the tape or bandages used for fastening the arm, whilst both pole and tape, as soon as done with, were again hung up outside the shop, to tempt passers-by to an operation they were by no means reluctant to, as being a generally favourite specific for all disorders. We hope the ghosts of those days were not of a revengeful nature, or the ancient Barber-Surgeons of this class must have had a weary time of it, considering the number of persons they must have prematurely dismissed with their terrible poles, and tapes, and basins.

With the poles, too, the "name" of the Barber-Surgeons is in process of extinction, but not so their "local habitation:" that yet remains, and a curious and interesting place it is. Among those narrow streets and alleys which surround the Post-Office, to the north and the east, is one, in the former direction, called Monkwell Street. Remembering to have met with the same street under the less euphonious appellation of Mugwell Street, in the books of the Company, under the date of sixteen hundred odd, we had suspicions that the alteration, suggestive of monasteries, and shaved heads, and cool and quiet cloisters, was not altogether a fair one; but it appears from Stow that the present is but a restoration of the original appellation, which was derived from a hermitage or chapel of "St. James in the Wall," inhabited by a hermit and two chaplains belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Garadon. "Of these monks, and a well pertaining to them, the street took that name." And in Monkwell Street is the Hall of the Barbers' (formerly the Barber-Surgeons') Company. The conjunction which now seems so strange to us, may be dated, it appears, from the custom which prevailed among the monks and Jews—almost the only practitioners of the healing art during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries—of employing barbers to assist in the baths, in applying ointments, and in various other surgical operations; and, as to surgery in particular, after the prohibition of the clergy, in 1163, from undertaking any operation involving bloodshed, the art fell into the hands of the barbers and smiths, but chiefly into those of the former. The first step towards combining this now important body into a united and chartered Company was taken by Thomas Morestede, surgeon to the three Henries, the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. A record in the 'Fœdera' gives us an interesting glimpse into the state of surgery during Morestede's time. It appears that in Henry V.'s army (the army of Agincourt) there was but one surgeon present at a certain period—Morestede himself:—his fifteen assistants, whom he had pressed under a royal warrant, not having yet landed. The scientific attainments of these assistants were not, we may be sure, very extraordinary, when we find that three of them were to act as archers as well as surgeons, that the whole fifteen received only archers' pay, and Morestede only the pay of an ordinary man-of-arms. But in surgery, as in physic, alchemy was the grand storehouse of all the secrets men

could desire to know ; and whilst learned men were busy devising how we were to live for ever, who could expect they should care for the *manner* in which we lived during such a petty amount of time as the ordinary period of life? or inquire into the best mode of curing a wound, or safely taking off a limb, whilst unfailing youth, and strength, and beauty, for the whole human race, might be lying hidden in every crucible.

The promises of the alchemists were, indeed, so great in the noontide of their glory, that one is half ashamed to transcribe one of their latest, made in the days of their comparative decline, to Henry VI. In the protections granted to three "famous men" by Henry VI., whilst prosecuting their studies, the object of the former is said to be the discovery of "a certain most precious medicine, called by some the mother and queen of medicine ; by some the inestimable glory ; by others the quintessence ; by others the philosopher's stone ; by others the elixir of life ; which cures all curable diseases with ease, prolongs human life in perfect health and vigour of faculty to its utmost term, heals all healable wounds, is a most sovereign antidote against all poisons, and is capable of preserving to us and our kingdom other great advantages, such as the transmutation of other metals into real and fine gold and silver." "Cures all curable diseases," indeed, "heals all healable wounds!" We wonder the monarch, with the faith that he possessed, which, however often "tried in the fire," was never found wanting, who, we verily believe, must have anticipated that the time would come when the Eastern salutation would cease to be a compliment, and that the King (oh! glorious days for monarchs!) would "live for ever"—we wonder, we repeat, Henry condescended to accept such an anti-climax to all his visions of wealth and immortality. But we would not have our readers suppose that he got what was promised. Neither would we be understood as absolutely condemning the medicine itself. For that matter, we should have been glad if the "famous men" had left us the recipe. To return, Morestede, with Jacques Fries, physician—and John Hobbes, physician and surgeon—to Edward IV., petitioned for a grant of charter, which was given by Edward and his brother Gloucester, in the first year of the reign ; and the Company of Barbers practising Surgery were incorporated in the name of St. Cosmo and Damianus, brethren, physicians, and martyrs. Then, probably, it was that the first building in Monkwell Street was erected. The authority of the Company extended over all persons practising their arts in and about London ; they were empowered to examine all instruments and remedies ; to bring actions against ignorant persons, and against those who practised without having been admitted into their body. This association was clearly a practical evidence of the progress of rational principles in the art, and in itself a new advance. In lapse of time the surgical portion of what we may call the Company's constituents appear to have grown dissatisfied with the connection with the remainder ; or it may be that the Company had grown exclusive or arbitrary ; so they formed a separate and unmingled body, calling themselves The Surgeons of London. To meet this new state of affairs, physicians and surgeons, by the Act of the third of Henry VIII. were alike obliged to obtain a licence to practise from the Bishop of London, or the Dean of St. Paul's. The favours shown by Henry VIII. to the curative professions would seem to imply that he had some glimmering of an idea

that knowledge was better than ignorance, the regularly educated surgeon a more trustworthy guide than the illiterate quack; but his sympathies seem to have been decidedly with the weaker vessels, the old women, &c. See how, in a few years, he repents of his attack upon them in the Act just referred to: "Whereas, in the parliament holden at Westminster, in the third year of the King's most gracious reign, amongst other things for the avoiding of sorceries, witchcraft, and other inconveniences, it was enacted that no person within the City of London, nor within seven miles of the same, should take upon him to exercise and occupy as a physician or surgeon, except he be first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London and other, under and upon certain pains and penalties in the same Act mentioned; sithence the making of which said Act, the Company and Fellowship of Surgeons of London, minding only their own lucre, and nothing the profit or ease of the diseased or patient, have sued, troubled, and vexed divers honest persons, as well men as women, whom God hath endued with the knowledge of the nature, kind, and operation of certain herbs, roots, and waters, and the using and ministering of them, to such as be pained with customable diseases, as women's breasts being sore, a pin and the web in the eye, uncomes of hands, scaldings, burnings, sore mouths, the stone, strangury, saucellim, and morfew; and such other like disease; and yet the said persons have not taken anything for their pains or cunning, but have ministered the same to the poor people only for neighbourhood, and God's sake, and charity. And it is now well known that the surgeons admitted will do no cure to any person but where they shall know to be rewarded with a greater sum or reward than the cure extendeth unto: for in case they would minister their cunning to sore people unrewarded, there should not so many rot and perish to death for lack of surgery as daily do; but the greater part of surgeons admitted be much more to be blamed than these persons they trouble. . . . In consideration whereof, and for the ease, comfort, succour, help, relief, and health of the king's poor subjects, inhabitants of this his realm, now pained, or that hereafter shall be pained or diseased, be it ordained, established, and enacted of this present Parliament, that at all time from henceforth it shall be lawful to every person being the King's subject, having knowledge or experience of the nature of herbs, roots, and waters . . . to minister in and to any outward sore, uncome, wound, imposthumations, outward swellings, or disease, any herb or herbs, ointments, baths, poultices, and plasters, according to their cunning, experience, and knowledge," &c., &c.* Gale, an eminent surgeon of the same reign, speaks in somewhat different language of these people, though at the same time showing that the King was by no means alone in his opinions of the unprofessional practitioners. He says, "If I should tell you of the ungracious witchcrafts, and of the foolish and mischievous abuses and misuses that have been in times past, and yet in our days continually used, ye would not a little marvel thereat. But forasmuch as it hath not only turned to the dishonour of God, but also the state of the Commonwealth, I have thought it good to declare unto you part of their wicked doings, that it may be unto you, which professeth this art, an example to avoid the like most wretched deeds. These

* 14th and 15th Henrici Octavi, cap. viii.

things I do not speak to you of hearsay, but of mine own knowledge. In the year 1562 I did see in the two hospitals of London, called St. Thomas's Hospital and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the number of CCC and odd poor people that were diseased of sore legs, sore arms, feet, and hands, with other parts of the body so sore infected, that a hundred and twenty of them could never be recovered without loss of a leg or an arm, a foot or a hand, fingers or toes, or else their limbs crooked, so that they were either maimed or else undone for ever. All these were brought to this mischief by witches, by women, by counterfeit javills,* that take upon them to use the art, not only robbing them of their money, but of their limbs and perpetual health. This fault and crime of the undoing of these people were laid unto the chirurgeons—I will not say by part of those that were at that time masters of the same hospitals—but it was said that carpenters, women, weavers, cutlers, and tinkers did cure more people than the chirurgeons. But what manner of cures they did I have told you before; such cures as all the world may wonder at—yea, I say such cures as maketh the devil in hell to dance for joy to see the poor members of Jesus Christ so miserably tormented. . . . Of this sort (of pretenders) I think London to be as well stored as the country; I think there be not as few in London as three score women that occupieth the arts of physicks and chirurgery. These women, some of them, be called wise women, or holy and good women; some of them be called witches, and useth (are accustomed) to call upon certain spirits. . . .” And in another part he says, “ I will not speak of a multitude of strangers, as pouch makers and pedlars, with glass makers and coblers, which run out of their own countries, and here become noble physicians and chirurgeons, such as now is most in estimation, and ruleth all the roast in our country.” Such, practically, was surgery in the sixteenth century.

The disunion of the barber-surgeons' and the surgeons' companies appears to have been found inconvenient or mischievous after all; so during the same reign they were re-united by the Act 32 Henry VIII., under the name of masters or governors of the mystery and commonalty of barbers and surgeons of London, and were to enjoy all the privileges previously belonging to the single company. This was in 1541; then commenced the culminating period of the prosperity of the Barber-Surgeons' Hall.

In passing along Monkwell Street, the visitor is at once directed to the place by the quaint circular piece of carved-work, projecting so boldly out like a porch head from the wall over the entrance, with the very large and finely cut arms of the Company in the centre. The three razors form a conspicuous object on the shield. Beneath the arms is a great head, with coarse features and open mouth, and looking very much as we should fancy a gentleman of his aspect would under the hands of the ancient barber-surgeons during some of their operations. Animals, fruit, and a variety of other ornaments, help to fill up the details of this somewhat interesting piece of workmanship. Passing through the door and a low square passage, we enter a paved court, and the front of the building is before us. This is in no respect remarkable: it is of brick, with large round-

* Wandering or dirty fellows, according to Johnson.

headed and square windows intermingled, and was erected by subscription some years after the great fire of London, which, without absolutely burning the edifice down, considerably injured its exterior. The doors here open into a small vestibule, and then into the large apartment called the Hall, which has one or two noticeable features. The upper portion, forming a raised dais, is paved with marble in chequer-work, the gift (in 1646) of Mr. Lawrence Loc, chirurgeon, a member of the Company, who, "through his good affection thereunto, did for the worship thereof freely offer to give for the beautifying of the hall so many stones of black and white marble." The portion thus paved is of a curious semicircular shape, which at once attracts attention; and, on inquiry, the delighted antiquary is informed he is there standing within one of the very bastions, or bulwarks as they are called in the old writings of the Company, of the genuine Roman wall, here entirely perfect. The ceiling of the hall is simple, but handsome, being formed chiefly into bold oval compartments. A gallery over the entrance vestibule, two or three anatomical and other pictures, and rows of long tables, used by the worshipful Company for their annual dinner, complete the furniture of the hall, which has on the whole a deserted, cheerless aspect. From the hall let us pass to the Court-room, one of the choicest little rooms of the kind perhaps in London, for comfort, for elegance, and for just so much of antiquity as to harmonise with the associations of the place. And no wonder that it is so, when we consider who has here been at work. Its agreeable proportions, and its exquisitely decorated ceiling, are from no less a hand than Inigo Jones (the lofty elegant octagonal lantern is of later date); and kindred spirits have enriched its walls. Over the screen which conceals the door of entrance is a portrait of Inigo Jones: that is by Vandyke. The rich full-length of the well-known Countess of Richmond over the fire-place can only be by Sir Peter Lely. But what glorious picture is that facing the fire-place, with its numerous figures, each so individually characteristic, yet the whole so homogeneously expressive—a picture glowing as a Titian, and minutely faithful as a Gerard Dow? That is the great treasure of the Company, *the Holbein*, the greatest of the great painter's undoubted English works, and we should say the least known, except to the possessors of the fine print by Baron. It was painted to commemorate the re-union of the companies in 1541. In the centre is Harry himself, a magnificent full-length portrait, in which you might almost read every thing but the dates of the monarch's career. He is in gorgeous apparel, still more gorgeously painted. Gold brocade and ermine, ruffles and rings, will all bear the closest examination: so also the Turkey carpet beneath his feet. All the other figures, seventeen in number, are portraits (of members of the Company); a curious proof of which is to be found in the interesting cartoon or study for this picture in the College of Surgeons. The portraits are there separate pieces of paper pasted on in their proper places, and are evidently the original studies made by Holbein from the life. We are not aware that the existence of this cartoon is generally known. It is not mentioned by Walpole, though it seems to us scarcely less interesting than the picture painted from it. It has another interesting feature. In the painting there is a long inscription occupying a certain space of the upper part; in the cartoon, Mr. Clift, the curator of the museum



[Henry VIII. granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons.]

of the College, found, on cleaning a portion of it, some years ago, in the corresponding space, a window, through which was seen the old church of St. Bride; showing that the event recorded took place in the palace of Bridewell. May we offer a suggestion as to the cause of the discrepancy? The painting was at one period "tonched," as the phrase is; probably the window there, as in the cartoon, had become through time or neglect almost illegible, and so, in despair of recovering the original, this inscription was made to cover the place?

Among these gentlemen, kneeling before the monarch in their gowns, fur-trimmed, we have, first, three on the left (or Henry's right), who represent Alsop, Butts, and I. Chambre, all past masters of the Company. Chambre was Henry's own physician, and, according to a custom happily obsolete now, held ecclesiastical preferments. He was dean of the royal chapel and college adjoining Westminster Hall, to which he built "a very curious eloister at a large expense." Butts has obtained a wider celebrity, through the means of him who immortalizes by a word: he is the Dr. Butts of Shakspeare's 'Henry VIII.,' and is there introduced in an incident strictly true to history, and which Strype relates. In 1544 the Duke of Norfolk and other members of the privy council who belonged to the Catholic party made a strong endeavour to overthrow Cranmer, by formally accusing him of spreading heresies through the land. The King, the same night, sent Sir Anthony Denny to inform the archbishop of the circumstance. "The next morning," says Strype, in his Life of the prelate, "according to the king's monition and his own experience, the council sent for him by eight o'clock in the morning. And when he came to the council-chamber door he was not permitted

to enter, but stood without among serving-men and lacqueys above three-quarters of an hour; many councillors and others going in and out. The matter seemed strange unto his secretary, who then attended upon him, which made him slip away to Dr. Butts, to whom he related the manner of the thing; who by and by came and kept my lord company. And yet ere he was called into the council Dr. Butts went to the King, and told him he had seen a strange sight. ‘What is that?’ said the King. ‘Marry,’ said he, ‘my Lord of Canterbury is become a lacquey or a serving-man; for to my knowledge he hath stood among them this hour almost at the council-chamber door.’ ‘Have they served my lord so? It is well enough,’ said the King; ‘I shall talk with them by and bye.’” When the council did condescend to admit the prelate, it was to inform him that sentence of imprisonment was passed upon him. Crammer’s answer was the production of a ring which the King had sent him the night before, an original gift of the archbishop’s to Henry: we may conceive the looks of blank dismay all around; their proceedings stopped at once. This incident is highly honourable to Dr. Butts, but is only in accordance with other records of his character. He was the patron of the learned and accomplished Sir John Cheke; whom he first assisted to educate, and then to introduce into the world: it was he who invited Latimer to court, and it appears he was a warm friend of the Reformation. On the other side of the King, the first figure is that of T. Vycary, the then master, who is receiving the charter from the royal hands. Vycary was serjeant-surgeon to the courts of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and the author of the first anatomical work in the language—‘A Treasure for Englishmen, containing the Anatomy of Man’s Body,’ which was published in 1548. Its materials are almost entirely derived from Galen and the Arabian writers, so little advance had yet been made in that very important part of the healing arts, the foundation, indeed, on which they are built. The other members whose names are known are, I. Aylef, N. Sympson, E. Harman, J. Montfort, J. Pen, M. Alcocke, R. Fereis, X. Samon, and W. Tylly, of whom we need only mention the first, Aylef, a sheriff of London, and a merchant of Blackwell Hall, as well as a surgeon. His story was thus told on his tomb in the chancel of St. Michael’s, in Basinghall Street:—

“ In surgery brought up in youth,
 A knight here lieth dead;
 A knight, and eke a surgeon, such
 As England seld hath bred.
 For which so sovereign gift of God,
 Wherein he did excel,
 King Henry VIII. called him to court,
 Who loved him dearly well.
 King Edward, for his service sake,
 Bade him rise up a knight;
 A name of praise, and ever since
 He Sir John Ailife hight,” &c.

The picture is painted on oak, and is therefore likely to last for centuries. We conclude our notice of it with an interesting proof of the estimation in which it was held by James I., whose own autograph letter is in possession of the Company, and from which we now transcribe to the following effect:—“James R.

"Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we are informed of a table of painting in your hall, whereon is the picture of our predecessor of famous memory, King Henry VIII., together with divers of your Company, *which being very like him, and well done*, we are desirous to have copied: wherefore our pleasure is that you presently deliver it unto this bearer, our well-beloved servant Sir Lionel Cranfield, knight, one of our masters of requests, whom we have commanded to receive it of you, and to see it with all expedition copied, and re-delivered safely; and so we bid you farewell. Given at our court at Newmarket, the 13th day of January, 1617."

Among the other pictures of the Court-room are a portrait of Charles II., purchased by the Company in 1720, for 7*l.* 5*s.*; two full-length Spanish figures, a lady and a gentleman; a portrait of C. Barnard, serjeant-surgeon to Queen Anne; and a picture containing portraits of Sir C. Scarborough, physician to Charles II. and the two succeeding kings, and E. Arris, alderman, and master of the Company. Scarborough is habited in a red gown, hood, and cap, and is reading one of the anatomical lectures appointed by the College of Physicians. Arris, as the demonstrating surgeon, wearing the livery gown of the city, is holding up the arm of a dead body placed on a table. These lectures were received with great approbation. Scarborough, indeed, bears the character of the ablest physician of his time: it is he to whom the poet Cowley writes certain verses concluding with the lines which appear to refer to a too close application to study:

"Some hours, at least, for thy own pleasures spare;,
 Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
 Bestow 't not all in charity.
 Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
 When all is done, Life's an incurable disease."

Some interesting articles of plate grace the sideboard of the court on all important occasions, the gifts of different members: as, a silver-gilt cup with little bells, presented by Henry VIII.; another with pendant *acorns*, presented by Charles II.; a large bowl given by Queen Anne; four crowns or "garlands of silver, enamelled, garnished, and set forth after the neatest manner;" and various "beakers," goblets, flaggons, dishes, &c. Some of these relics of the old splendour of the Company have more than once appeared to be lost. In the seventeenth century the plate was occasionally pledged, and finally sold; when that "loving brother," Arris, bought the cup of Henry VIII., and returned it to the Company. On another occasion, earlier in the same century, the Hall was broken open, and the plate with some money carried off; but one of the thieves, T. Lyne, confessing immediately after, a clue was obtained to the deposit of the treasure, which was all or nearly all recovered. The incident is chiefly noticeable for the matter-of-course inhumanity of the period, as illustrated in the fate of all the thieves, which is thus recorded in the books:—"About the 16th of November then following, Thomas Jones was taken, who being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following Sames was taken and executed. In April, 1616, Foster was taken and executed. Now let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen."

In the records just referred to, under the date of 27th September, 1626, we read, "It is ordered by this Court, with a general consent, that the present master or governors shall take advice of workmen concerning the new building of their parlour and Lecture House, and to proceed as in their discretion shall seem meet." The parlour (or court-room) only appears to have been erected in pursuance of this mandate; for in 1635 it is stated that, in consequence of the want of a public theatre for anatomy and skeletons, and a lesser room for private dissections, a theatre is to be ovally built; and in the succeeding year the order is repeated, with the addition, "according to the plotts drawn by his majesty's surveyor," Inigo Jones. This building, which Walpole calls "one of his (the architect's) best works," is now lost, having been pulled down in the latter part of the last century, and sold for the value of the materials. It contained four elliptical rows of seats of cedar-wood, rising regularly upwards, was lighted by a cupola, and amongst a variety of decorations were figures representative of the liberal sciences and the signs of the Zodiac. Some curious skeletons were distributed about. We are here reminded of another curious passage in the Company's papers, referring to a strange perplexity in which the worshipful Barber-Surgeons once found themselves. In the minute-book of the Court of Assistants, under the date of July 13, 1587, we read, "It is agreed that If anybody which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the Company, shall revive or come to life again, *as of late hath been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person or persons who shall so happen to bring home the body. And who further shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award."

There are two eminent surgeons we have not before mentioned among the Masters or Wardens of the Company; Clowes, in 1638, and Cheselden, in 1744, of whom Pope, in a letter to a friend, in which he refers to his "late illness at Mr. Cheselden's house," says, "I wondered a little at your question who Cheselden was. . . . He is the most noted, and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery."

As to Clowes, we remember an amusing anecdote related by him in one of his prefaces, wherein he is complaining of the number of pretenders almost as bitterly as Gale a century before. His story is to the effect that a woman, who was accustomed to undertake the cure of all ills by a charm, for the reward of a penny and a loaf of bread, was committed, not for this fraudulent pretence, but for sorcery and witchcraft, by some of the shrewd justices of the peace for the county. At the assizes, the judges, smiling at the absurdity of the charge, told her she should be discharged if she would faithfully reveal at once in public what her charm was. She immediately confessed that all she did was to repeat to herself the following verses, after receiving her bread and her piece of coin:—

" My loaf in my lap,
My penny in my purse;
Thou art never the better,
Nor I never the worse."

In the preface just referred to, Clowes particularly complains of the empirics

who were allowed to practise in the navy; and in that circumstance again reminds us of Gale, who, when he was with Henry VIII. at Montreuil, found himself among a pretty "rabblement" of tinkers, cobblers, &c., who, with their ointment composed of rust of old pans and shoemakers' wax, seem to have killed more than the enemy. The mode of supplying the services had no doubt a great deal to answer for in this matter. We have seen that Morestede's assistants, in Henry V.'s army, were "pressed under a royal warrant;" but our professional readers will perhaps hardly expect to find how late this custom continued, still less in what a complimentary manner it was done. Here is one of Charles I.'s right royal mandates to the Masters and Governors of the Company:—"After our very hearty commendations: Whereas there is present use for a convenient number of chirurgeons for the 4000 land soldiers that are to be sent with his Majesty's fleet now preparing for the relief of Rochelle, these shall be to will and require you, the Master and Wardens of the Company of Barber-Chirurgeons, forthwith to impress and take up for the service aforesaid sixteen able and sufficient chirurgeons, and that you take special care that they be such in particuler as are best experienced in the cure of the wounds made by gun-shot; as likewise that their chests be sufficiently furnished with all necessary provisions requisite for the said employment. And that you charge them upon their allegiance, as they will answer the contrary at their perils, to repair to Portsmouth by the 10th of July next, to go along with such commanders in whose company they shall be appointed to serve. And you are further, by virtue hereof, to require and charge all mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, bailiffs, constables, headboroughs, and all other his Majesty's officers and loving subjects, to be aiding and assisting with you in the full and due execution of this our letter. Whereof neither you nor they may fail of your perils. And this shall be your warrant. Dated at Whitehall, the last day of June, 1628. Your loving friend." The letter is signed by several of the Lords of the Council.* In another order, of the date of 1672, twenty chirurgeons, thirty chirurgeons' mates, and twenty barbers, are all grouped together; whilst in a third, referring to the reign of William and Mary, Peter Smith and Josias Wills, the Company's officers, are ordered to deliver to "*every person by them impressed one shilling impress money.*" If these duties were of an unpleasant nature, what must have been that of turning constable, and running about to seek surgeons, who, not liking their mode of introduction into the navy, or the navy itself when they got there, took the liberty of otherwise disposing of themselves. Yet this, too, was imposed upon them, as we find from a mandate under the hand of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in 1665, directing the apprehension and safe custody of "John Shoaler, chirurgeon to His Majesty's ship the *Return*," for neglecting his duty. These extracts are all transcribed by us from the original documents at the Hall, and afford, we think, some interesting glimpses of the powers and occupations of the distinguished surgeons of a century or two ago.

But as we now return through the hall of the building, we are reminded of a more

* A memorandum has been added to the bottom of the warrant, that—"The master and wardens' power and authority to impress surgeons is by their charter and ordinances confirmed by the Judges, but have not usually exercised lawful authority, but upon such like order as above written, either from the lords of the council or principal officer of the navy."

vivid and life-like view of the doings here, when a distinguished novelist was the chief actor as well as subsequent narrator. _ Smollett, it is well known, has described the principal adventures of his own early career in his ‘Roderick Random,’ and, among the rest, his appearance here to pass his examination prior to his obtaining an appointment as surgeon’s mate, which he did in 1741. As he waited in the outward hall (the vestibule probably) among a crowd of young fellows, one “came out from the place of examination with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness to know what reception he had met with, which (after some pains) he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot. At length the beadle called my name with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the last trumpet: however, there was no remedy. I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table; one of whom bid me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was, ‘Where was you born?’ To which I answered, ‘In Scotland.’ ‘In Scotland,’ said he, ‘I know that very well; we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here; you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt. I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?’ I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of. He then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the terms of my apprenticeship; and when I had informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion, swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons; that it was a great presumption in me, and an affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least,” &c. One of the more considerate of the examiners now interferes, who puts a few questions, which are well answered. Another, “a wag,” now tries his hand, but his jokes fail to go off, and Smollett is turned over to a fourth party, who, in the examination, expresses opinions which appear somewhat heterodox to other members, and a general hubbub commences, which obliges the chairman to command silence, and to order the examinant to withdraw. Soon after he gets his qualification, for which he tenders half a guinea, and receives (on asking for it) five shillings and sixpence change, with a sneer at the correctness of his Scotch reckonings. The cost of admission, we may add, is now twenty guineas, exclusive of the stamps.

Very few years after this the barbers and surgeons were again and permanently disunited, the brilliant discovery having at last been formally recognised, in 1745, that there was no real connexion between shaving a beard and amputating a limb. In that year, the eighteenth of George II., the union was dissolved; and the surgeons became, for the first time, a regularly incorporated body, enjoying separately all the privileges of their former collective state; and in the following reign, by the Act 40 George III., the surgeons were still further

advanced by being incorporated into a Royal College, as they remain to this day. On leaving Monkwell Street they built, by subscription, the building here shown, which stood partly on the site of the most southern of the buildings now constituting



[Surgeons' Theatre, &c., Old Bailey.]

the Central Criminal Court, and partly on the site of the adjoining dwelling-houses. Some noticeable recollections attach to this place. Through that door in the basement, in the centre of the building, the bodies of murderers, executed at Newgate adjoining, were carried for dissection, according to the Act of 1752, and which was only repealed in the late reign. It was here, we believe, that the extraordinary incident occurred which John Hunter is said to have related in his lectures, of the revival of a criminal just as they were about to dissect him. We have looked in vain for some authentic statement of the circumstances; but if we remember rightly, the operators sent immediately to the sheriffs, who caused the man to be brought back to Newgate, from whence he was, by permission of the King, allowed to depart for a foreign country. It was here that a still more awful exhibition took place, in the beginning of the present century, in connexion with the same subject. In the 'Annual Register' for 1803, it is stated that "the body of Foster, who was executed for the murder of his wife, was lately subjected to the Galvanic process by Mr. Aldini (a nephew of Galvani), in the presence of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpue, and several other professional gentlemen. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye actually opened. In the subsequent course of the experiment, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion; and it appeared to all the bystanders that the wretched man was on the point of being restored to life. The

object of these experiments was to show the excitability of the human frame, when animal electricity is duly applied; and the possibility of its being efficaciously applied in cases of drowning, suffocation, or apoplexy, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality.* Such is the notice in the contemporary publication of the day; but the most important part of the proceedings is not here told. We have been informed by those who were present on the occasion, that when the "right hand was raised," as mentioned above, it struck one of the officers of the institution, who died that very afternoon of the shock. In the early part of the present century the College removed to its present site, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

To trace the progress of surgery, step by step, from the state of things illustrated in the foregoing pages, down to its present comparative phase of excellence, or to do fitting honour to the individuals who have been the chief agents of such progress, are matters alike beyond our limits and object; but we may remark, that to two men in particular must we ascribe the high position of surgery and surgeons at the present day—John Hunter and John Abernethy. Each has introduced to the world principles of the deepest import to the welfare of the physical man—each has been a consummate master in reducing these high principles to practice. What John Hunter was we may partly judge from the simple circumstance that he, a surgeon, held, with regard to operation, that the operator "should never approach his victim but with humiliation" that his science was not able to cure but by the barbarous process of extirpation. And Abernethy not only participated in his sentiments, but took every opportunity of enforcing them. It is owing to the exertions of such men that we find one operation only take place now, where twenty would, a century ago, have been inflicted. Of Hunter we shall have to speak further in what we may call the local home of his fame—his Museum at the College of Surgeons. Abernethy, as the latest of our very great surgeons, demands a few words more in connexion with our present subject.

Little is known of Abernethy's early life; even the place of his birth is disputed, the town of Abernethy in Scotland, and that of Derry in Ireland, each claiming the honour. The date was 1763. He received his education at a school in Lothbury, having removed to London with his parents whilst very young. At the proper age he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blick, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and there commenced a career equally extraordinary for its rapidity and the height to which it conducted him. Abernethy owed much to Hunter, whose pupil he was; his ardent love of physiology, for instance, the basis of his own greatness. It was through his deep insight into this science, and into that of anatomy, which he studied also intensely, that he was enabled to perceive how much empiricism existed in the profession, and his contempt accordingly was lavished with a free tongue. But he pulled down in order to build up, and, with characteristic energy, accomplished both parts of his task. Before Abernethy's time the surgeon treated the locally apparent diseases, which it was his business to cure, as having also a local origin; it was Abernethy who first exposed the

* 'Annual Register,' 1803, p. 368.

absurdity of this most dangerous, because most untrue, notion, and showed that it was the constitution itself which was disordered, and that *there* must commence the healing process. He first suggested and proved the practicability of performing two operations of a bolder character than any ever before attempted, the tying the carotid and the external iliac arteries: operations that have since his time been performed with the most brilliant success, and which have in themselves done much to extend the reputation of the English school through Europe. We are not about to retail the numerous, and, in many instances, absurd stories told of this distinguished man, and which have had too frequently the effect of lowering him in public estimation; but one feature of his character belongs to our subject. He was fond of lecturing, and the students were equally pleased to attend his lectures, or his "Abernethy at Home," as they called them, in reference to the wit and humour he was accustomed to regale them with whilst instilling the dry, abstract truths of the study. An eye-witness describes his very mode of entering the lecture-room as "irresistibly droll; his hands buried deep in his breeches pocket, his body bent slouchingly forward, blowing or whistling, his eyes twinkling beneath their arches, and his lower jaw thrown considerably beneath the upper."* Striking off instantly into his subject—gun-shot wounds for instance—he would relate a case which at once riveted the attention, and from which he would proceed to extract the "heart of its mystery," and show wherein failure or success had taken place. He would, then, perhaps, revert to surgery—as it was in the good old days of the barber-surgeons, and contrast it with its present state, enriching every step of his way by the raciest anecdotes—by an endless variety of the most amusing episodic matter. One of the richest scenes of the kind must have been his first lecture after his appointment as professor of anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons: a "professional friend," states the author of 'Physic and Physicians,'† "observed to him that they should now have something new. 'What do you mean?' asked Abernethy. 'Why,' said the other, 'of course you will brush up the lectures which you have been so long delivering at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and let us have them in an improved form?' 'Do you take me for a fool, or a knave?' rejoined Abernethy. 'I have always given the students at the hospital that to which they were entitled—the best produce of my mind. If I could have made my lectures to them better, I would certainly have made them so. I will give the College of Surgeons precisely the same lectures down to the smallest details: nay, I will tell the old fellows how to make a poultice.' Soon after, when he was lecturing to the students at St. Bartholomew's, and adverting to the College of Surgeons, he chucklingly exclaimed, "I told the bigwigs how to make a poultice!" It is said by those who have witnessed it, that Mr. Abernethy's explanation of the art of making a poultice was irresistibly entertaining." And no doubt if he had lived but a couple of centuries before, and had had to lecture on the barber-surgery of that day, he would have introduced, with equal glee, an explanation of the process which it appears then belonged to some of the most respectable practitioners. The following extract from the list of officers to Heriot's Hospital in the statutes

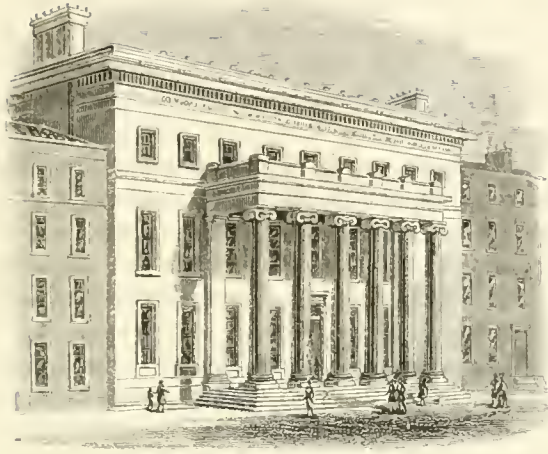
* Mr. Pettigrew's account of Abernethy, in the 'Medical Portrait Gallery.'

† Vol. i., p. 109.

compiled in 1627, will explain our meaning:—"One chirurgion barber, *who shall cut and poll the hair of all the scholars of the hospital*; as also look to the cure of all those within the hospital, who any way shall stand in need of his art."



[Portrait of Abernethy.]



[Exterior View of the College of Surgeons.]

LXIII.—THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

THE Square of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with its gardens (now revelling in all the sweet luxuriance of May—the white hawthorn and the gold-dropping laburnum), its fine old mansions, its exhibitions, and its historical recollections, is a place pleasant to walk through, and suggestive of interesting and elevated thoughts. Here, for instance, perished Babington, and his youthful and accomplished companions, who, in their sympathy for the captive Queen of Scotland, put aside their own allegiance to Elizabeth, and endeavoured to dethrone, if not slay, her, in favour of Mary : whose own fate they thus precipitated. Here too was Lord William Russell led to the scaffold ; the last of those distinguished men, who, during the eventful period comprised between the commencements of the reigns of Charles I. and William III., sealed their political faith in the need and possibility of good government with their blood ; and whose trial was one of those cases, which, occurring in a particular country, yet has stirred the heart of universal man, and given poet and painter a theme they delight to dwell on. It was on this trial that, when the Chief Justice told the prisoner any of his servants might assist him in writing anything for him, the memorable answer was returned,—“ My Lord, my wife is here to do it.” And here, to refer to memories of another kind, was D'Avenant's theatre, on the stage of which Betterton performed ; a man whose portrait Pope painted (the poet, it will be remembered, occasionally dabbled with the palette and brush) ; whom Addison and Steele rivalled each other

in praising; and of whom Cibber says, "He was an actor, as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors," &c. These are interesting recollections, and no doubt often turn the eyes of the student in history or dramatic literature towards Lincoln's Inn Fields. But a much more widely spread as well as deeper interest centres there. Scarcely a town or large village in the remotest parts of England but has its young aspirants for the honours and emoluments of a profession, the entrance to which lies through Lincoln's Inn Fields. And only those who have passed, or endeavoured to pass through it, can fully appreciate the anxieties and difficulties of the undertaking, or understand the peculiar interest with which the minds of a very large class of persons throughout England view the Royal College of Surgeons.

We are now standing before the building in question, admiring Mr. Barry's chaste and impressive design. Till the almost entire rebuilding of the structure under this gentleman's superintendence in 1835-6, the aspect of the College was, with the exception of the portico, as mean as it is now dignified, as discordant as it is now harmonious. And that portico owes much of its present noble proportions and graceful beauty to the gentleman we have named: a new column, for instance, was added, and the whole fluted; whilst the bold entablature along the entire top of the edifice, with its enriched cornice, and the sunken letters of the inscription in the frieze, the elegant appearance of the stacks of chimneys at each end, and the general lightness of the structure from the great number of windows, are all new, and betoken the masterly hand that has here been at work, and which has given to London not one of the least considerable of recent architectural productions. It is afternoon, and many persons are passing beneath the portico into the Hall. Let us follow them. Some pass through the glazed open doors in front into the inner vestibule, with its low roof and open pillars, towards the Theatre; others into the Secretary's room on the left: these last are, almost without exception, young, and generally gentlemanly-looking men; and their business is to take the first step in a much-dreaded business, the registering their names for examination. It is astonishing how hard the most indolent or lazy student can work now—that is, a week or two before his examination;—and, tired as he has been of the eternal lectures, he is even chivalrous enough to hear one more, the one just about to be given in the Theatre—to the Students' gallery of which accordingly he ascends. Leaving the Secretary's room, we enter the inner hall or vestibule before mentioned, which is ornamented, and its roof supported by rows or screens of Doric columns; and in the far corner, on the left, we find the staircase ascending to the Council Room and Library, and the doorway to the Theatre. Entering the latter, we find ourselves in the Members' gallery, which runs round three sides of the lofty but somewhat contracted-looking place, with crimson seats, wainscoted walls, and a square-panelled roof, in the centre of which is a lantern or skylight. Above us is the Students' gallery, in front the wall of one entire side of the Theatre, and below a sunken floor, with a table for the lecturer, and seats rising upward from it towards us and on each side. The table is covered with preparations, some in glass vessels, intended no doubt to be used for the illustration of the subject of the lecture; and across the wall above, on a level with our own eyes, that long board has been evidently raised for a similar purpose, for it is almost hidden with

drawings, chiefly coloured. One single bust ornaments the place, the bust of John Hunter, placed on a pediment over the board. The seats immediately in front and by the sides of the lecture-table below us are, we are told, for the Council of the College.

In looking round, two or three circumstances arrest our attention. The Students' gallery is almost empty, while the members' gallery and the body of the Theatre, on the contrary, are almost full: another illustration of the truth that meets us in a thousand shapes—those only who know the most have the truest idea how much there is to learn. Again, among the faces present we can detect more than one man whom the world looks on, and justly, as among the foremost in their profession: yet these, with their time worth we know not how many guineas an hour, come to hear a lecture which has no adventitious interest whatever attached to it: it is but one of twenty-four given annually: there are no lords, dukes, nor princes present, nor is there any sumptuous dinner about to follow, as in the case of the annual oration delivered in the Theatre. The character of the faces around must be noticed by the most ordinary observer. Lavater and Spurzheim might each have written a separate chapter in their great works on the exhibition afforded by such an assemblage. The expression of thought and intellect—always acute, sometimes high—is written upon every face and stamped on every brow. But our reflections are interrupted: through a little door in the wall beside the table enters the beadle of the College with the gilt mace, which he lays on the table, members of the Council follow, and lastly enters the lecturer, in a black silk robe with crimson edging; and, as if impatient of the parade, however necessary, at once commences his lecture. The subject is one of greater interest than a stranger and an unscientific man might have anticipated, and of almost (to such an one) startling novelty: *the brain of fishes*. In a rapid survey, the lecturer describes in brief but expressive language the process of declension of the brain from man through the inferior animals, and the birds, down to the fishes; showing how closely each individual and species is linked with that above and below it in the great scale of creation, and how, above all, this variety of structure tends to explain the being of man himself. Thus, it has been maintained by distinguished physiologists, that the cerebellum in the human brain has organic functions connected with the locomotive power. If this be true, should we not find the cerebellum in the lower animals greatly developed, or almost entirely lost, precisely as we find the individuals endowed with extraordinary locomotive powers, or very deficient of them? The lecturer answers by pointing to the amazing development of the cerebellum of the shark, the most vigorous perhaps of fishes, and to that of another, which is scarcely visible, and the owner of which lies all but torpid for half the year.

From this glimpse of the Theatre during one of the lectures of the Professor of Comparative Anatomy, let us pass to an occasion of more general interest—the Hunterian oration, which takes place annually. The Theatre is now brilliantly lighted with chandeliers; for it is late in the day, and the occupants are of a more diversified character. The board is gone, and everything speaks that it is a show rather than a work day of the College. Warriors and statesmen, poets and artists, may now be found among the audience. The President is the orator. Referring to the fitness of the day for the subject—the 14th of February, and

the birth-day of John Hunter—he proceeds, in a notice of the life of that remarkable man, to show what the College, and, through it, the profession, and the world generally, owe to him.

John Hunter was born in 1728, at Long Calderwood, near Glasgow. His father was a small farmer, and having nine other children, but little attention was paid to the child's education. His father's early death made matters still worse, and up to the age of seventeen John Hunter was distinguished for nothing more important than his enjoyment of country sports. Finding this mode of life attended by pecuniary as well as other inconveniences, he addressed himself to a better, and went and laboured zealously in the workshop of his brother-in-law at Glasgow, a cabinet-maker. The manual dexterity which subsequently formed a noticeable feature of Hunter's personal character, and which he found so valuable in his scientific studies, is ascribed to the three years thus spent. The fame of William Hunter, the brother of John, as an anatomical and scientific lecturer, now roused more ambitious thoughts, or at least prepared the way for their accomplishment. He wrote to offer his services; they were accepted; and behold John Hunter at London. His first essays gave so much satisfaction that his brother at once prophesied he would become a good anatomist. This was in 1748. The year following he became the pupil of the celebrated surgeon Cheselden, and attended with him the Hospital of Chelsea for two years, and at the expiration of that time engaged himself to Pott in connexion with the practice of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Passing over various other stages of his career, we find him in 1754 a partner with William in the school, and sharing in the delivery of the annual course of lectures. The severity of his studies now became too great for him, serious illness ensued, and, but for the judicious course he adopted, the world might have now known nothing of John Hunter. He sought and obtained the appointment of staff-surgeon to a regiment ordered to a milder climate, and for two years followed its migrations, when he returned to England completely restored. Hunter would now have risen rapidly in his profession but for two deficiencies, amenity of manner, so valuable, we might say indispensable, to a medical man, and education; as it was, he suffered much inconvenience and anxiety, not on account of his own personal wants, but for his beloved museum, the foundation of which he began to lay from an early period. He lectured, but could get only few pupils, and was frequently obliged to borrow the money for some new purchase that had tempted him, and which he could not resist. A pleasant anecdote of one of these occasions is told. "Pray, George," said he one day to Mr. G. Nicol, the king's bookseller, an intimate acquaintance, "have you got any money in your pocket?" The answer was in the affirmative. "Have you got five guineas? because if you have, and will lend it to me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" said Mr. Nicol. "Why, halves in a magnificent tiger, which is now dying in Castle Street." The money was lent, and the great anatomist made happy. All this while his reputation was steadily on the advance, and the fact came home to him in two very satisfactory incidents in the years 1767-8: in the first of which he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society; and in the second, surgeon to St. George's Hospital. This was everything to John Hunter: patients and pupils alike flowed in, and the Museum went on at a glorious rate. More laboriously now than

ever did he devote himself to the investigation of the great subjects that Museum was formed to illustrate : it was no hobby nor plaything, but the grand storehouse of facts in which he proposed to study, more deeply than perhaps man had ever studied before him, the great branches of knowledge into which the general subject of man—"the ills that flesh is heir to" and their cure—divides itself, as natural history, comparative anatomy, physiology, and pathology. Mr. Thomas, who was some time his dresser at the hospital, and subsequently, through Mr. Hunter's influence, surgeon to Lord Macartney's Chinese embassy, gives us the following account of his introduction to him; and the anecdote forms a valuable illustration of the mode in which so much was accomplished in a single lifetime. He says, "Upon my first arrival in London, on presenting a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, he desired to see me at five the next morning. Having already the highest respect for his great professional talents, it may be easily imagined to what a height my curiosity was raised by so extraordinary an appointment: no one will doubt my punctuality of attendance. I found him in his Museum, busily engaged in the dissection of insects. The interest which he seemed to take in his employment—the sagacity of his observations on it—the acuteness of his general remarks upon whatever subject was started—the almost blunt manner in which he questioned me respecting my medical education, united to the kindness of his admonitions relative to my future plans, made a very forcible impression on my mind: it was a mingled feeling of profound respect, surprise, and admiration."*

Hunter had a great love for animals, and not merely, as the satirist might say or think, for their use for dissection, but whilst alive; and he ran some strange risks in consequence. At his house at Brompton he had a numerous collection, among which were two leopards, of which Sir E. Home relates the following anecdote:—"They were kept chained in an outhouse, but one day broke from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling this produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by the dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting." Again: "The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the Queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these contests the bull overpowered him, and got him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life."

In 1773 he was affected by a disease of the heart, which subsequently carried him off. The immediate cause of his death involves painful remembrances. In 1792 a dispute occurred between him and his colleagues at St. George's Hospital, in consequence of the election of Mr. Keate to a vacancy which then happened, in

* Medical Portrait Gallery, vol. ii.

opposition to the man of Mr. Hunter's choice, Sir Everard Home, his brother-in-law. This led to recriminatory acts (or what were looked on in that light) on both sides, among which was an order on the part of the hospital governors that no person should be admitted as a student without bringing certificates that he had been educated for the profession. Hunter, who was in the habit of receiving pupils from Scotland of the class prohibited, took this as aimed against himself; but two young men having come up who were prohibited by the rule from entering the hospital, Hunter undertook to press for their admission before the Board. On the proper day, the 16th of October, Hunter went to fulfil his promise, having previously remarked to a friend that if any unpleasant disputes occurred it would prove fatal. It is melancholy to have to relate how true were his forebodings. In making his statement, one of his colleagues gave a flat denial to some observation, and the irrevocable blow was struck. Hunter stopped, retired to an adjoining room to conceal or repress his emotions, and there fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson. Every attempt was made to recover him, but in vain. We may imagine the feelings of all parties as they gazed upon each other and acknowledged that John Hunter was dead, and that such had been the occasion.

Leaving the Theatre, we ascend the handsome staircase with its roof of delicately-tinged green hue, and its entablature, having a richly sculptured frieze, to the landing at the top; where are busts of Cheselden and Sir W. Banks, who was an honorary member of and benefactor to the College, and an intimate friend of Hunter. On the right a door opens into the Library, on the left to the Council-Room. The Library fills one with surprise from its great height and dimensions. It has two ranges of windows, one above the other, some of the lower opening into the upper part of the portico, between the capitals of which the waving and gleaming foliage of the gardens beyond appear with a charming effect. The collection of books is worthy of the place, although, of course, they consist chiefly of works useful to the medical student. Near one end of the room the gigantic shell of a glyptodon, a kind of primeval armadillo, stands upon a pedestal; and near to it, towards the opposite wall, the half bony, half fossil-looking skeleton of a mylodon, apparently a species of extinct gigantic sloth, which the workmen are now carefully raising in an appropriate attitude, with its fore-feet high up the branch of a large tree.* At a considerable elevation along the walls pictures meet the eye—portraits of Sir Caesar Hawkins by Hogarth, Serjeant-Surgeon Wiseman, an eminent surgeon of Charles II.'s time, &c. But the great treasure of the College is the Cartoon of Holbein's picture of the grant of the charter to the Barber-Surgeons, of which we have already spoken in connexion with the original in the hall of the Barber-Surgeons' Company. At the west end of the Library is a smaller room, called the Museum Library, the two rooms occupying the entire front of the College.

Crossing the landing of the staircase to the other extremity, we find ourselves at the door of the Council-Room, the place where sits the awful conclave of Examiners. It is a rich-looking and comfortable apartment, with imitation bronze doors and porphyry architraves, whilst the walls present the appearance

* These recent and very interesting and valuable acquisitions to the College have been removed to the Museum since the above was written.

of compartments inlaid with seagliola. Among the more noticeable ornaments of the room are the pictures and busts: the former comprising Reynolds's admirable and well-known portrait of John Hunter; and the latter, busts of the same eminent man, and of Cline, Sir W. Blizard, Sir E. Home, Abernethy, and George III. and George IV., by Chantrey. There is also a bust of Pott by Hollins. There is one feature of the room which at a glance reveals its uses—a chair surrounded on three sides; and although, very properly, no persons are admitted during examination but the parties concerned, it needs no great exertion of the fancy to see the nervous, excited, quivering, and shivering young *examinee*, sitting in his solitary but most undesired stall, and the line of grave faces extending along his front and on each side of him, so that he sees nothing, hears nothing, but

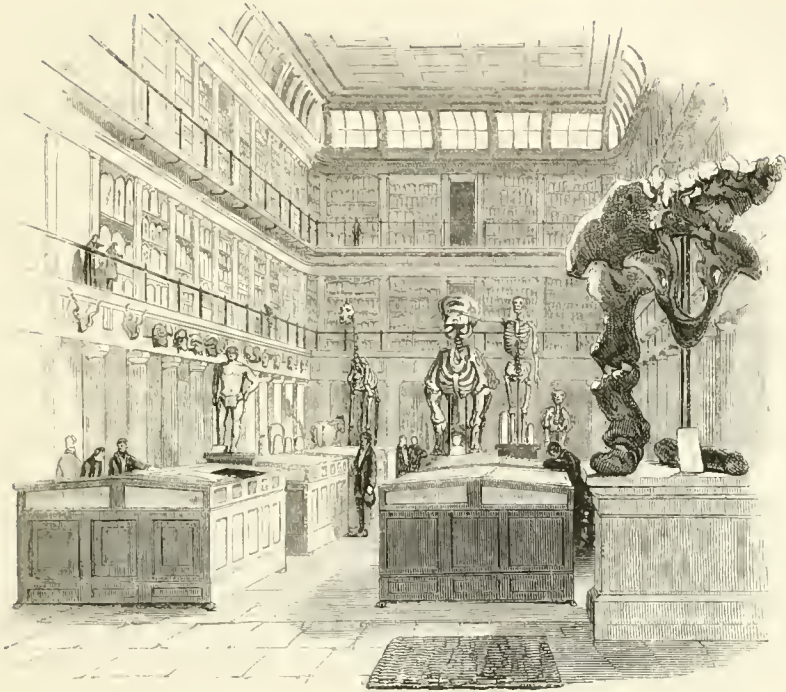
“Censors, censors, everywhere.”

There is an ante-chamber attached to the Council-Room, whither candidates pass after examination, and receive refreshment, which in their exhaustion is generally most grateful. And a curious scene in connexion with this room may be occasionally witnessed. Whilst the young man is being examined in the Council-Room, a crowd of friends are walking to and fro on the pavement in front of the College, and looking from time to time upon the windows of that ante-chamber; some of them, perhaps, relatives or friends, no less anxious than the principal himself, knowing what sacrifices have been made to bear up against pecuniary difficulties till the Examination-day; and, to make the trial still more momentous, an appointment perhaps is waiting to be taken at once or be lost for ever. But there he is—the pale countenance flushed up with success. In homely but succinct and expressive words ascends the low-toned query, “All right?” “All right” is the joyous answer,—and the load haply is taken off some poor widow's heart.

The regulations of the Board of Examiners so directly interests a large body of the public, and indirectly the public itself, that it may be useful to describe them a little in detail; and the more, that alterations have from time to time been made in them. The regulations published in October last require candidates to be not less than twenty-one years of age; to have studied professionally not less than four years (six months of this must have been devoted to practical pharmacy, twelve to attendance on practical physic, and three years to the practice of surgery in a recognised hospital or hospitals of Great Britain); to have studied anatomy and physiology by attending lectures and demonstrations, and by dissections during three anatomical seasons; to have attended not less than two courses of at least seventy lectures each on surgery, and one course of similar length on each of the following subjects—practice of physic, materia medica, chemistry, and midwifery, with practical instruction. When diplomas, licences, or degrees are produced, as from certain local colleges of surgeons or from universities, which give sufficient evidence of reasonable preliminary attainments, these rules do not apply. The examinations are conducted *vivâ voce*, unless the candidate desire them to take place in writing. The questions relate almost entirely to anatomy and surgery; and each candidate is usually examined by four of the Examiners in succession. The affair lasts generally from an hour to an hour and a half. Not more than twelve candidates are now set down for one

day's examination, though there have been times, as during the war, when a hundred have been examined on a single occasion, and the young men, worn out by their anxiety and their want of food during the number of hours they have been in waiting, have fainted away in their examination when the time did come. To an old and highly-respected officer of the institution we believe candidates are indebted for the introduction of the kindly and hospitable custom of offering refreshments: this, with the limitation as to the number to be examined at one time, have done away with such scenes. The examination at the College, though indispensable to every medical man (except he be a physician) who desires to be esteemed a practitioner of respectability, can scarcely now be said to be legally necessary; for although the College of Surgeons has the power by charter, &c., of preventing any one but a member of the body from practising in London or within seven miles thereof, or in any other part of the kingdom except a licence has been obtained from the ordinary or vicar-general of the particular diocese, yet the College has never prosecuted any one for practising without licence or diploma. The present number of members is about twelve thousand, and it is calculated that about six hundred new members are added annually. It must be observed that there are also various incidental advantages attached to the membership: thus such persons alone are admitted into the army, the navy, and the East India service; they have access to the Library, Museum, and lectures at the College; and in a great number of cases they alone are eligible to appointments connected with charitable and other public institutions. Lastly, their sons who may be educated for the same profession have the chance open of obtaining for them one of the annual appointments of a student in anatomy, with a salary of 100*l.* a year; whose office is to assist the Conservator of the Museum in preparing and dissecting specimens, &c., and who, at the end of three years, obtains an appointment as assistant-surgeon either in the army, navy, or East India Company's service.

Descending to the entrance-hall, we now turn in an opposite direction (or to the right as you enter the College) in order to reach the Museum. This is a magnificent place in form, proportions, size, and general appearance. It measures about 91 feet in length, 39 in breadth, and 35 in height. It is lighted, not by windows in the side walls, or by lanterns from above, but by a series of windows set in a deep cove extending all round the building between the top of the wall and the ceiling, and the effect is as delightful to the eye as it is useful for the exhibition of the contents of the Museum. The walls exhibit three stories: first of glass cases, each set between half-pillars of the Doric style; second, of a gallery above, with a balcony before it, and occupied by open shelves with preparations in glass vessels; and third, of another gallery, which does not project so far forward as the second, and which is used for similar purposes. Two ranges of broad, solid, glazed cases, breast high, extend also down the floor of the room from one end to the other. Such, in brief, is the shell of the Museum; but how shall we describe its multifarious and almost invaluable contents? The shortest way were, perhaps, to remark, and we should be scarcely guilty of exaggeration in so doing, that it possesses almost everything the imagination of man can conceive of that can be useful or necessary for the study of physical life—that the whole world has been ransacked to enrich its



[Museum of Surgeons' Hall.]

stores. But however comprehensive the idea thus given, we fear it would not be very clear or suggestive; so we must describe it somewhat more in detail. First, then, to look at the Museum as a whole, and in the state Hunter left it at his death, when his Museum consisted of above 10,000 preparations, obtained, it is said, at a cost of about 70,000*l.*, and which was purchased from his widow by the government for 15,000*l.*, who presented it to the College. "The main object which he had in view in forming it," says the author of an admirable account of Hunter and his Museum,* and whose assistance we are glad to avail ourselves of in this somewhat technically scientific department of our subject, "was to illustrate, as far as possible, the whole subject of life by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are presented. The principal and most valuable part of the collection, forming the physiological series, consisted of dissections of the organs of plants and animals, classed according to their different vital functions, and in each class arranged so as to present every variety of form, beginning from the most simple and passing upwards to the most complex. They were disposed in two main divisions: the first, illustrative of the functions which minister to the necessities of the individual; the second, of those which provide for the continuance of the species. The first division commenced with a few examples of the component parts of organic bodies, as sap, blood, &c.; and then exhibited the organs of support and motion, presenting a most interest-

* 'Penny Cyclopædia,' article Hunter, vol. xii.

ing view of the various materials and apparatus for affording the locomotive power necessary to the various classes of beings. It was succeeded by series illustrating the functions of digestion (which Hunter placed first, because he regarded the stomach as the organ most peculiarly characteristic of animals), and those of nutrition, circulation, respiration, &c. These were followed by the organs which place each being in relation with the surrounding world, as the nervous system, the organs of sense, the external coverings, &c. The other chief division of the physiological part of the collection contained the sexual organs of plants and animals in their barren and impregnated states, the preparations illustrative of the gradual development of the young, and of the organs temporarily subservient to their existence before and after birth. Parts of the same general collection, though arranged separately for the sake of convenience, were the very beautiful collections of nearly 1000 skeletons; of objects illustrative of natural history, consisting of animals and plants preserved in spirit and stuffed, of which he left nearly 3000; of upwards of 1200 fossils; and of monsters. The pathological part of the Museum contained about 2500 specimens, arranged in three principal departments: the first illustrating the processes of common diseases and the actions of restoration; the second, the effects of specific diseases; and the third, the effects of various diseases, arranged according to their locality in the body. Appended to these was a collection of about 700 calculi and other inorganic concretions. These few words may give some idea of Hunter's prodigious labours and industry as a collector: but his Museum contains sufficient proof that he was no mere collector: it was formed with a design the most admirable, and arranged in a manner the most philosophic; and when it is remembered that it was all the work of one man labouring under every disadvantage of deficient education, and of limited and often embarrassed pecuniary resources, it affords, perhaps, better evidence of the strength and originality of Hunter's mind than any of his written works, where he speaks of facts, that in his Museum are made to speak for themselves." We need hardly add that this arrangement is strictly and reverentially preserved, and that every article which belonged to Hunter is carefully distinguished as his by marks, &c., from the additions which the College have ever since been continually making to complete his gigantic project, and in pursuance of which they expended last year no less a sum than nearly 3000*l*.* Our readers may

* As the financial statement from which this item is borrowed shows in a striking manner the present and increasing prosperity of the College, we append it here:—

RECEIPTS.			DISBURSEMENTS.		
Court of examiners' fees for diplomas, at 20 guineas each, exclusive of the cost of stamps	£	s. d.	College department, including council, court of examiners, auditors, diploma-stamps, collegiate prize, salaries, &c. .	£	s. d.
Rent	12,761	14 0	Museum department, including catalogues, specimens, spirit, salaries, &c. .	6,357	12 7
Fees on admission to council and court of examiners (20 guineas each) . .	37	10 0	Library department, including the purchase and binding of books, salaries, &c.	2,823	5 11
Fee on certificate of diploma . . .	105	0 0	Miscellaneous expenses, taxes, rent, &c. .	778	0 0
Incidental, sale of lists, catalogues, &c. .	5	5 0	Studentships in anatomy	434	6 3
Dividends on investments in government securities, &c.	39	13 0	Repairs and alterations	192	7 7
	1,299	4 4	Hunterian oration, lectures, Jacksonian prize, &c.	235	19 11
	£14,158	6 4		99	17 0
				£10,924	9 3

—thus leaving above £3000 to be added to the permanent capital in a single year.

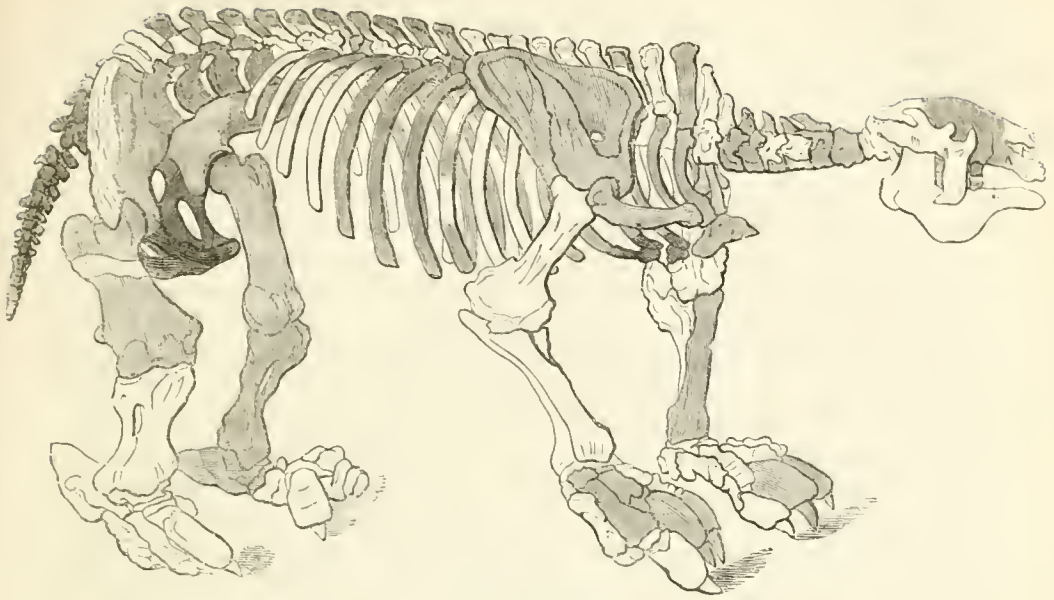
now judge of the value of this famous Museum. A few words on the regulations for admission may be here usefully given. These are highly liberal, if we consider the Museum is not intended to form an exhibition but a place of study. Members of both houses of parliament, great officers of state, the dignitaries of the church and the law, general and flag officers of the navy, members of learned and scientific bodies, and of public boards, physicians, surgeons, &c. &c. have all not only the privilege of personally visiting the Museum, but of introducing visitors.

A painful recollection is connected with the Museum, which we are reminded of by the volumes of the handsome and comprehensive Catalogue published by the College, which we see lying about in different parts of the place. That catalogue is very valuable, formed as it is with great care from the preparations themselves, and from the published works and a few scattered manuscripts of the founder—Hunter. But what it is, is but a slender compensation for what it ought to have been, had those who were bound by the nearest ties to look upon every memorial of Hunter as sacred, fulfilled the duty imposed on them. For several years before his death the great anatomist commenced the preparation of *his own catalogue*, which was to embody the entire results of all his professional and scientific experience; and although he died before positively completing more than a very small portion of his scheme, he did live to bequeath to the world nineteen folio volumes of MS. materials, written either by himself or at his dictation, and, there is little doubt, of a more valuable kind than the world had ever before possessed. These volumes have, it appears, been destroyed! “The formation of the catalogue,” states the writer before quoted,* “was intrusted to Sir Everard Home, the brother-in-law and only surviving executor of Hunter; but from year to year he deferred his task, and, after supplying only two small portions of his undertaking, he at length announced that, in accordance with a wish which he had heard Mr. Hunter express, he had burned the manuscripts, which he had taken without leave from the College of Surgeons, and among which were the ten volumes of dissections (forming a part of the nineteen) and numerous other original papers. Thus nearly the whole labour of Hunter’s life seemed lost: a few only of the least important of his writings remained, unless, indeed, we reckon as his the numerous essays which Sir E. Home published as his own in the ‘Philosophical Transactions,’ and subsequently collected in six volumes, 4to., of ‘Lectures on Comparative Anatomy.’ Many of these give strong evidence of his having used Hunter’s writings in their composition; and the fear lest his plagiarism should be detected is the only probable reason that can be assigned for so disgraceful an act.” The injury done to Hunter’s fame by this mysterious proceeding is incalculable. “Every year, as his Museum is more closely studied, proves that Hunter had been well aware of facts for the *discovery* of which other observers have since his death received the honour;” and from this we may judge how great must be the loss the public have experienced in losing the fruits of so many years’ labour of so valuable a life.

In walking through the Museum, now in its principal department, physiology, the richest collection of the kind in existence, one is apt to be bewildered by the multiplicity of the objects which present themselves to our attention. Every

* ‘Penny Cyclopædia,’ article HUNTER.

one of all those numerous cases, divided by pillars which extend round the four sides of the noble room, might well detain us—as far as its abstract interest is concerned—for as long a period as the general visitor can spare to see the whole. Here, in wonderful profusion, the eye passes along an almost interminable series of skeletons, beautifully prepared and exhibited, first of quadrupeds, as llamas, zebras, rams, antelopes, deer, armadillos, squirrels, seals, lions, cats, wolves, bears, monkeys, kangaroos; then of birds, from the tiny creeper to the giant ostrich; and lastly of fishes and reptiles; whilst one portion is set apart for an extensive collection of skulls of all the different varieties of the family of man. These are the contents of the glass cases of the ground story around the wall. Immediately above, adorning the open railing of the balcony which projects in front of the first gallery, we see its entire sweep round the Museum filled with the frontal honours of all the horned animals we have ever heard or read of. There is one gigantic pair of horns immediately over the entrance into the Museum, of a size that would be truly incredible if the eye had not its own unerring evidence. We tried to span it by extending our arms at full stretch, but it was amusing to see how much too short was even such an instrument of measurement: they are the horns of the extinct Irish elk, or stag. We may here observe, that the Museum contains a beautiful series of preparations showing the gradual growth of the horn in deer, from the first putting forth of the as yet tender sprout, with its blood-vessels, and its soft velvet-like covering, to the magnificent weapon with which the animal goes forth, the knight-errant of the woods, in the cause of love. The chief features of the Museum are the isolated skeletons, &c., on pedestals placed at the ends and in the centre of the room, and, as might be expected, the interest attached to them is in proportion to the prominence of their position. Standing at the door of the Museum, just as we enter, on our right, is a cast of one of those stupendous remains of the extinct animals of an early world, the bones of the hinder portion of the skeleton of the megatherium, the originals of which are preserved in the College. Until the latter part of the last century this enormous quadruped was unknown in Europe. In 1789 the Viceroy of Buenos Ayres sent the Museum of Madrid a considerable portion of a skeleton, and subsequently portions of two other skeletons reached the same country. It was not, however, till the arrival of the remains collected by Sir Woodbine Parish, and presented to the College of Surgeons, that the general characteristics of the animal could be determined. These remains were found in the river Salado, which runs through the Pampas, or flat alluvial plains to the south of the city of Buenos Ayres. The immediate cause of this discovery was the unusual succession of three dry seasons, which caused the water to sink very low, and exposed the bone of the pelvis to view as it stood upright in the river. The cast in the Museum here is, as we have before stated, only of the hinder parts of the animal, which, in their startling magnitude, provoke a very natural desire for a glimpse of the entire creature to which they belonged. Let the reader, then, look at the following engraving (in which the simple outline shows the extent of the Madrid skeleton, the pale tint the corresponding parts in the College, and the dark tint the additional parts which are wanting in the skeleton at Madrid), and at the same time reflect that its general dimensions are about fourteen feet in length and about eight in height, that the upper part of



[Skeleton of Megatherium.]

its tail must have measured at least two feet across, that its thigh-bone is twice the size of that of the largest known elephant, that its heel-bone actually weighs more than the entire foot of the great elephant whose skeleton is in the Museum (and which we shall presently have to mention), and that its fore-foot must have exceeded a yard in length. "Thus heavily constructed," says Dr. Buckland, in an eloquent passage in his 'Bridgewater Treatise,' "it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary? . . . His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous in proportion as the work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds, which, though they have ceased to be accounted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have in their fossil bones left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed." In cleaning the bones, on their arrival at the College, some small portions of adipocire (or animal matter, changed into the peculiar fatty and waxy substance first discovered during the last century) was found. Long exposure to water, in particular, appears to cause this extraordinary conversion; and the remains of the Megatherium must have been so exposed for at least many centuries. At the same time the existence of the adipocire would seem to imply that we can scarcely venture to date the period of the Megatherium's life beyond that of man's first appearance on the world, unless we are to suppose that soft substance as imperishable as the fossil bones themselves.

Immediately opposite the Megatherium, on our left, is the complete, and solid, heavy-looking skeleton of the Hippopotamus, or River Horse, the supposed

Behemoth of the Book of Job. Passing down the centre of the room, between the two ranges of glass cases which extend along the floor, and which are filled with a thousand small interesting objects—teeth of various animals, in various stages of growth (the series belonging to the elephant, showing the process of his shedding his teeth, which he does at least twelve times, is very interesting), dried preparations of the different vascular organs of the body, sponges, fossils, shells, &c., we find in the middle of the room, on our left, a fine cast of the figure of a male negro, and on the right the amazingly tall skeleton of a man, which we can hardly persuade ourselves can have really belonged to a human being; but there is no room for doubt. It is the skeleton of Charles Byrne, better known, however, as O'Brien, the Irish giant; who, according to the 'Annual Register,' died in June, 1783, in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, from excessive drinking, to which he was accustomed, and to which he had previously given himself up, with greater recklessness than ever, on account of a loss of 700*l.*, which he had by him in the shape of a single bank-note. It appears he measured eight feet four inches as he lay dead, being then only twenty-two years old: his skeleton is just eight feet. It is said that he wished his remains to be sunk out at sea. Was this from the mere horror of dissection, or that he looked upon himself as a kind of half-monster, and felt a sense of relief in the idea that when he was dead all traces of him should disappear? Whatever be the truth of the story, the body came into Mr. Hunter's possession before any attempt at interment was made. In strange contrast with this noble and graceful-looking edifice of man, for such it seems to us in a very eminent degree, stands, we cannot say by its side, but by its leg, the skeleton of Madlle. Crachani, a Sicilian girl of ten years of age. This is just twenty inches high, and does not reach, by an inch or two, the giant's knee. She was born in or near Palermo, in 1814, and was the daughter of an Italian woman, who, whilst travelling some months before her confinement in the baggage-train of the Duke of Wellington's army on the Continent, was frightened into fits by an accident with a monkey. The child was reared with difficulty, and, being taken to Ireland, became there consumptive. It was then brought to London, and publicly exhibited in Bond Street in 1824. Sir Everard Home, among numerous other scientific men, visited her; and he says, "The child, when I saw it, could walk alone, but with no confidence. Its sight was very quick, much attracted by bright objects, delighted with everything that glittered, mightily pleased with fine clothes, had a shrill voice, and spoke in a low tone; had some taste for music, but could speak few words of English; was very sensible of kindness, and quickly recognised any person who had treated it kindly." She died in the same year. On the same pedestal is a very minute and beautifully-constructed ivory skeleton of the human form.

As we approach the end of the room, the colossal structure of the largest living quadruped, the Indian elephant, makes us gaze in astonishment at the wonders that still live and breathe among us. The skeleton measures from the pedestal to its highest part *twelve feet four inches*. Inquiring as to the personal history of this enormous creature, how were we surprised to hear that it was Chuny, whose destruction at Exeter Change excited so much sympathy;—and, poor Chuny, thou deservedst it. Thine was a sagacious and noble nature. We should not like to have been that one of thy keepers who, after helping to

fire into thy hapless body some eighty shots, bade thee kneel, little expecting, we may be sure, thou wouldst obey; but thou didst; and he beheld thee, in the midst of all thy agony, kneel down. Gradually thou droppest on thy knees, and in calm dignity let the pitiless storm beat on. When they grew tired, they found thee still in that posture, erect, but dead.

The skeleton of poor Chuny is flanked on either side by remarkable companions—a giraffe and a Bactrian camel. From this end of the room a door on the left opens into another Museum, of the same height, but comparatively small in its other dimensions. In front of the lofty gallery pictures hang at intervals, portraits and illustrations of surgical marvels: the room itself is chiefly devoted to preparations of extraordinary surgical cases of disease, &c., monstrosities (here is a cast of the band of the Siamese twins, for instance), and a variety of miscellaneous objects, among which the most striking are the row of mummies standing upright in open wooden boxes along the end facing you as you enter. One of them is the embalmed wife of the once notorious Martin van Butchell, with a parrot or some similar bird in the case with her: this was prepared at his request by Mr. William Hunter and Mr. Cruickshank, in 1775. But the most interesting mummy is that of an Egyptian in its inner case, unopened, brought to England in 1820, and we know not how many thousand years old. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and affords an excellent example of the mode of embalming practised in ancient Egypt. The external case, generally of sycamore, has been removed: the internal case, which more immediately envelopes the body, and partakes of its form, is composed of many layers of cloth cemented together, and faced or externally covered with a white composition, affording a smooth and uniform surface, upon which an endless variety of hieroglyphical figures and devices are drawn in vivid, and, to this day, comparatively well-preserved colours. In strange contrast with this artificially preserved human being is that painful-looking figure raised upon a high pedestal, seated on its haunches, the knees against the chin, and the hands pressing against the sunken cheeks. There is every reason to consider the history of this figure as extraordinary as its appearance. The governor of the district of Caxamarca, in Peru, became much interested in a tradition preserved among the natives of the place, that a certain guaca, or sepulchre, was the site of the voluntary sacrifice of the life of a Curaca, one of the order of nobles next in rank to the members of the royal family. He determined accordingly to have it opened, which was done in 1821; and at the depth of about ten or twelve feet three bodies were found—a female, which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air; a child, which is now in the museum of Buenos Ayres; and a man, the figure we are now gazing on. In all probability the three stood in the relation of husband, wife, and child. This dreadful instance of the lengths to which man's wild imagination will carry him is supposed to have taken place some little time before the arrival of Pizarro, or between the years of 1530 and 1540. The preservation of the bodies is owing to the peculiar character of the soil. With them were found various articles of interest—an axe or bludgeon of green jade-stone, and a ball of very fine thread or worsted, two or three inches in diameter, which was placed under the arm of the child, a symbol, probably, in some way, of its own undeveloped career.

As we wander to and fro, lingering among the many objects that call upon our attention, but which our space will not admit us to mention, we perceive in front of the pedestal on which stands the giant elephant, a bust, the only one, as in the case of the Theatre, which decorates the place. Need we add it is the idol of the shrine, the creator of all we see around—JOHN HUNTER.



[John Hunter.]



[Old Academy in St. Martin's-lane.]

LXIV.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY. No. I.

DURING the reign of the first George and part of that of the second, it seemed as though the nation at large was inclined to participate in the well-known contempt of one of those monarchs for "*Bainting*," whatever it might do as regards his similar opinion of "*Boetry*;" at all events, since anything deserving the name of art had existed in this country, never before had the prospect seemed so hopeless. The admirable works of Holbein and Vandyke, and, in a lesser degree, of Lely and Kneller (all foreigners), which had been scattered so profusely abroad through the palaces and mansions of England, appeared to have fallen on a soil barren, as far as they were concerned, but most prolific of the ranker and more gaudy kinds of vegetation. Whilst the national mind appeared to make no response to the exertions of the great painters we have mentioned, the sight of the acres of garish canvas—

‘Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La Guerre,’

set us all decorating our staircases and ceilings in a similar manner; mythology was made easy to the humblest capacities; Jupiters and Junos, Venuses and Mercuries, flocked about us in the most condescending fashion—*high* art was to be our own at once: there is no saying how soon the spirit as well as the forms of the art-religion of ancient Greece might not have been revived among us, but for the unlucky sarcasms of those wicked poets! At the period of the accession of George II., our most eminent native artists were Sir James Thornhill, the

painter of the dome of St. Paul's and the great hall of Greenwich Hospital, works which, whatever admiration they excited in his own day, when he successfully disputed the palm of reputation with La Guerre, are now at least as remarkable for the mode in which they were paid (forty shillings a square yard), as for their excellence; Hudson, the chief portrait-painter; and Hayman, the decorator of Vauxhall, and the author of many illustrative designs of 'Don Quixote' and other publications. When such were our great men, no wonder that French critics amused themselves with speculations on the cause of what they declared to be our evident unfitness ever to be distinguished in art, and kindly consoled with us on our ungenial climate and our defective physical organization. If they could have seen what was then going silently on in different parts of England, these sagacious critics would have saved themselves much trouble, some confusion, and have derived a lesson as to putting their own house into order, which would have been useful. Holbein and his immortal followers, it turned out after all, had *not* come to an ungenial soil; on the contrary, it appeared they had been slowly doing that which it is the prerogative of genius only to do—making equals, and not imitators. It was not long after the commencement of the reign of George II., that Sir James Thornhill, on rising one morning, found on his breakfast-table some etchings of so remarkable a character, that when he learnt they were by his poor son-in-law, who had offended him by marrying his child without his consent, he at once forgave them both. The etchings were some of the as yet unpublished engravings of the 'Harlot's Progress;' the poor son-in-law was Hogarth. In the same street where this scene took place—St. Martin's Lane—a few years after, a young painter from Devonshire had established himself after having visited Rome, and older artists talked of the absurd heresies he was practically broaching. Hudson, before mentioned, who was his old master, went to see him, and after looking for some time on the picture of a boy in a turban, exclaimed, with an oath, "Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England." Another eminent portrait-painter, who had studied under Kneller, also came to the studio and expressed his opinions:—"Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer; why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey!" The young artist, by no means overwhelmed, answered with quiet confidence, and explained his reasons (which of course embodied all his novel views in art), with great ability, till at last Ellis cried out, "Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, d——e!" and marched out of the room. Not many years had to elapse before that heretical student was acknowledged the master of a genuine and lofty English school of painting, and posterity has confirmed the opinion of contemporaries. Lastly, about the same time, Gainsborough, yet a boy, was obtaining holidays from school by ingeniously forging notes of leave from his parent, for the purpose of making sketches in the beautiful woods which surrounded his native place in Suffolk; and Wilson, the English Claude, was being happily turned from portrait to landscape by an accident. Whilst studying at Rome, he waited one morning a long time anticipating the coming of the artist Zucarelli, and, to beguile the time, sketched the scene he beheld through the windows before him. Zucarelli, looking on it when he came, was astonished, and asked Wilson if he had studied landscape. The answer was in the negative. "Then I advise you to try, for you are sure

of great success," was Zucarelli's immediate remark; and Vernet, an eminent French painter, spoke to the same effect. The picture of Niobe marked his return to England, and caused his immediate recognition as a painter of high genius. It is to these men that we chiefly owe the extraordinary advance in English art which has been made in the space of a single century. From the period of their advent we may date the rapid disappearance of the historical pictures of the La Guerre and Thornhill school, "the mobs of the old divinities—nymphs who represented cities—crowned beldames for nations—and figures, ready ticketed and labelled, answering to the names of Virtues;"* and with them went the artists who were at first Reynolds's chief rivals, and whom he describes as having "a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately: the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings; and if they have a history or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures; then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and another from a second; but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves." In place of all these different kinds of inanities, Hogarth now set the town considering the stern realities of life, and instilled into them his wholesome morality; Reynolds showed a truer divinity, hedging in the shapes of humanity itself, than Verrio had ever fetched down from Olympus; and Wilson and Gainsborough revealed the natural beauties of the every-day world to thousands who had at least practically forgotten them. It was during the height of the reputation of these men that the Royal Academy started into existence, and chiefly in consequence of their exertions.

It appears from Hogarth's memoirs of himself that the first attempt to form a kind of artists' academy was made about the beginning of the eighteenth century "by some gentlemen-painters of the first rank, who in their general forms imitated the plan of that in France, but conducted their business with far less fuss and solemnity; yet the little that there was, in a very short time became an object of ridicule." The single object then desired was a school for drawing from the living model; and it is curious, and an unanswerable evidence of the low state of the arts, that in so important a matter nothing should have been done previously, or more effectively when undertaken. But the public had an idea that some of these meetings were for immoral purposes, and the artists had not a little difficulty to overcome on that score. The Duke of Richmond had the credit, later in the century, of establishing the first school in this country for the study of the antique, having fitted up a gallery with a number of casts, busts, and bas-reliefs, "moulded from the most select antique and modern figures at that time in Rome and Florence. Cipriani was one of the teachers here for a few months. Other associations, of the kind before referred to, sprang into existence from time to time. Vertue in 1711 was drawing in one, of which Kneller was at the head. Sir James Thornhill also founded one at the back of his house in St. Martin's Lane, which, Hogarth says, sunk into insignificance; and after his death, Hogarth, becoming possessed of the apparatus, himself caused the establishment of another, ultimately known as the Society of Incor-

* Allan Cunningham's 'British Painters,' vol. i., p. 51.

porated Artists, from which the Royal Academy, which Hogarth so strenuously opposed on the ground of the deleterious influence he conceived such establishments would have on art, may be said to have arisen. This is by no means the most noticeable feature of the contrast between Hogarth's intended opposition and actual support. A new advantage was soon discovered by the artists in the combination they devised, the advantage of exhibition, and it is one that has since kept the body firmly together by its potent influence. For this, also, the Academy is indebted chiefly to Hogarth. On the erection of the Foundling Hospital, it was desired, in accordance with the taste of the day—and an admirable taste, too, if better use had been made of it—to decorate the walls, &c. But the charity was too poor to pay the artists for so doing, some of whom accordingly offered to do it gratuitously. Hogarth was the chief of these benefactors. The fame of the different works spreading abroad, people began to desire to see them; their desires were gratified, the exhibition took amazingly; and thus did the painters of the day first derive their idea of the advantages that might accrue from exhibitions of their collected works. An opportunity for making the experiment soon offered. In 1754 a Society was formed for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, which, among its other good deeds, expended in twenty years nearly 8000*l.*, together with ten gold medals, six silver, seventeen gold palettes, and eighty-four large and small of silver, in rewards to youthful competitors in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The great rooms of this Society were thrown open for the first public English exhibition of art, April 21, 1760; the admission was free, and the price of the catalogue sixpence. The scheme was successful, and therefore repeated the next year in the great room of Spring Gardens, when the price of their catalogue was raised to a shilling, and admission was only to be obtained either by an individual or a party by the purchase of a catalogue. Johnson, writing to Baretti, notices this exhibition, and says, "They (the artists) please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. . . . This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and the lovers of art." And then follows a bit of what too many at that time thought philosophy, but of which it is truly surprising to find Johnson the utterer. "Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many *trifles* to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return." Johnson's friend Reynolds taught him better, a few years later, in those immortal discourses, which the doctor among others had the credit with some credulous or envious people of having in a great measure written. He may, perhaps, even have received a more direct reproof if he were in the habit of expressing such opinions in Reynolds's presence. The latter esteemed his art too highly to allow such remarks from such a quarter to pass unnoticed. His admirable comment upon an observation made by the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael, is here in point. "That," said Reynolds, "is an observation of a very narrow mind—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment by

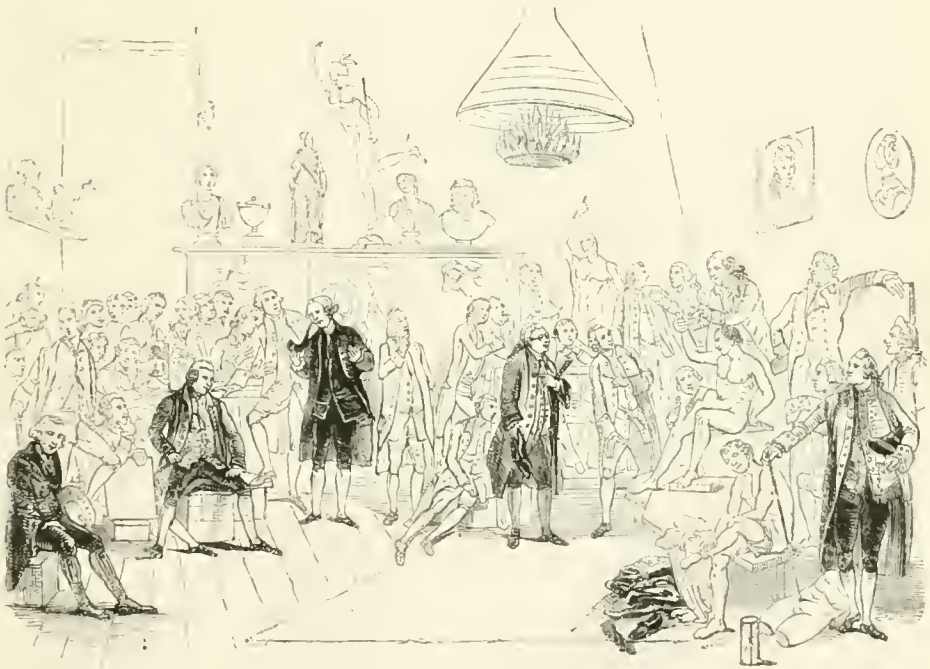
means of arts and sciences," &c. The friendship of these remarkable men commenced in an interesting manner. Reynolds, whilst on a visit in Devonshire, took up Johnson's *Life of Savage*. He was standing at the time leaning against the chimney-piece. He read, and read on, without moving, till he had finished the book, and then, on trying to move his arm, found it benumbed and useless. From that time he eagerly sought an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the writer, and one soon offered, which resulted in a lasting and cordial friendship. It was perhaps through this connexion that Johnson was induced to write the advertisement of the third exhibition, when the artists ventured on the bold experiment of charging one shilling for the admittance of each person, but at the same time thought a kind of apology or explanation necessary. The concluding sentences, which are Johnsonian all over, contain the pith of the whole. "The purpose of this exhibition is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art: the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt: whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit." This exhibition, too, being successful, the custom was firmly established, and the associated company began to grow rich and influential. In 1765 they obtained a charter of incorporation under the title before mentioned. But their very success bred dissension: there was no deciding what to do with the money. The architects wanted a house, the sculptors wanted statues, and the painters wanted a gallery for historical paintings, whilst some wanted nothing but the money itself, and to grow rich. Another cause of division existed in the very heterogeneous composition of the Society. It consisted at one period of 149 members, many of whom were artists only in name; and that was not the worst of the evil, for the bad and indifferent portions of the Society were so numerous as entirely to overpower the good, and to give tone and influence to the whole. This, of course, was not to be endured, and some of the best members seceded, among whom were Reynolds; and West, then known as a young American artist of promise, and a Quaker, whom the King, George III., had taken under his especial patronage. The Presidency of the Incorporated Artists being vacant about that time, Kirby, teacher of perspective to the King, was elected, and in his inaugural address assured the members that His Majesty would not support the dissenters. West was then painting his picture of 'Regulus' for the King in the palace, where Kirby was one day announced, and, by the King's orders, admitted, and introduced to West, whom he had never seen before. Kirby looked at the picture, commended both it and the artist, then turning to George III., observed, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen, it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder." "Kirby," was the quiet reply, "whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." "I hope, Mr. West," added Kirby, "that you intend to exhibit this picture?" "It is painted for the palace," was the reply, "and its exhibition must depend upon His Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," remarked the King. "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?" "No!" interrupted the King, "it must go to *my* exhibition—that of the Royal Academy." Such was the first announcement to the Incorporated Artists of the success of a memorial

that had been presented by the seceders from their body, which stated that the two principal objects they had in view were the establishing a well-regulated school or academy of design, and an annual exhibition, open to all artists of distinguished merit; and they apprehended that the profits arising from the last of these institutions would fully answer all the expenses of the first; they even flattered themselves, they said, that there would be more than was necessary for that purpose, and that they should be enabled annually to distribute something in useful charities. The constitution was signed by George III. on the 10th of December, 1768, and the "Royal Academy for the purpose of cultivating and improving the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture" was an established thing.

Before the King's answer had been received, the choice of the members for the presidency had been fixed, and the manner in which they announced it to him whom it most nearly concerned was striking. Reynolds and West, when the former had determined to join the new body, entered the hall together where the artists were assembled. They rose to a man, and saluted Reynolds with the single but significant word "President!" Although touched by such a mark of approbation, he would not agree to accept the honour till he had consulted his friends Burke and Johnson, who advised him to do so; and, accordingly, he did. The young monarch not only thus favoured the Royal Academy, but promised to supply all pecuniary deficiencies from his private purse, and then gave additional *éclat* to the whole by knighting the chosen President, Reynolds. Johnson was so elated at the honour paid to his friend, that he broke through a restraint he had for some years imposed on himself of abstaining from wine. If the world had been searched for a man combining all the most desirable qualifications for the office, it would have been impossible to have found a better man for the Presidency of the New Academy than Sir Joshua Reynolds. Deeply imbued with the loftiest theories of the art, which he had studied at the fountain-head, in the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, at Rome, and in those of the illustrious ancients of Greece, and himself a painter of rare excellence, he possessed at the same time literary attainments of a distinguished order, to enable him to give adequate expression to whatever he most desired to instil into the rising minds of the Academy. As a man his character seems to have approached as near to perfection as our erring nature admits of. Amid all the squabble and clamour, which from time to time shook the academic halls, the noble figure of the President seems ever to stand aloof in calm dignity. The deep repose which forms one of the characteristics of antique art, was not to him a thing to be talked about only, or even to be thought of: he knew that the stream can rise no higher than its source, the artist's whole being must be in harmony with what he desires to achieve, and with him it was so. Of his generous sympathy with struggling genius the anecdotes are as numerous as they are individually delightful. On one of his journeys on the Continent a young artist, of the name of De Gree, attracted his attention, and, probably through his advice, came to England. Reynolds, knowing the difficulties of the young artist, generously gave him fifty guineas: it is one pleasant evidence of the character of the man thus assisted to find that the money was at once sent off for the use of poor aged parents. When Gainsborough offered for sale his picture of 'The Girl and Pigs,' at the price of sixty guineas, Sir Joshua

gave a hundred. Gainsborough appears to have taken a pique against Reynolds, and left a portrait of him unfinished that he had begun. But, on his death-bed, who does he send for but Reynolds; and with him by its side, and uttering the words, "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," died. To these qualities we must add that, in person, Reynolds added the graces of the gentleman to the dignity of the man; and, in his house, that he was hospitable without being profuse. Fond of the best society, Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, were continual visitors at his table, he made all such enjoyments tend to the enriching and enlarging his mind, and thus was constantly carrying fresh acquisitions of thought to his study, instead of withdrawing his attention from it, as is too often the case under such circumstances. As President his first act was in accordance with all that we have described, and stamped a glory on the Academy that will for ever make its memory dear to the lovers of art. He voluntarily undertook the duty of delivering a series of discourses for the instruction of students, and commenced with the opening of the Academy, January 2, 1769, and continued them from time to time till the world was in possession of the whole of those writings which now form the student's best text-book for the principles of his art, and where not the painter only, but the poet and the musician, may find the most valuable instruction.

The members of the Academy were well calculated to support the reputation which was at once obtained by the favourable circumstances of its commencement. In the excellent picture, by Zoffany, of the hall of the Academy during one of the



[Zoffany's Picture of the Royal Academicians, 1773.]

days devoted to drawing from the living model, we have the portraits of the original members; and it is surprising, on looking over their names as given in the Key, to see the amount of talent here congregated together. No wonder the Incorporated Artists soon sunk into oblivion, for they must have been deprived of almost every man of any eminence among them. Goldsmith's couplet on Reynolds, and the empty pretenders to knowledge who used to buzz about him,

“ When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his *trumpet*, and only took snuff,”

points out the President in the centre. Next to him, with his hand raised to his chin, is Dr. William Hunter, brother to John Hunter, who was appointed Professor of Anatomy. On the other side of Reynolds, the star on the breast marks Sir William Chambers, the author of a most valuable ‘Treatise on Architecture,’ the architect of Somerset House, and the admirer of Chinese gardening: an admiration for which he was somewhat severely handled by Horace Walpole and the poet Mason in the well-known ‘Heroic Epistle,’ which ridiculed, in rhyme, the prose reasonings and descriptions of the original. Near the extremity of the picture, on the same side, is the standing full-length figure of West; behind him, hat and stick in hand, Cipriani; and by his side, nearer the front and middle of the picture, Hayman, a powerful-looking man sitting at his ease, watching the process of placing the model in the position desired. On the other side of Reynolds and Hunter the first figure is that of Bartolozzi, the eminent engraver, near whom is Wilson, with his hand in his breast, his portly figure raised upon an elevation above any of the neighbouring figures. Wilson, who is said to have painted his ‘Ceyx and Aleyone’ for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese, was represented in Zoffany’s original sketch with a pot of beer at his elbow. Wilson, hearing this, immediately obtained a very “proper” looking cudgel, and vowed to give his brother painter a sound threshing. Zoffany prudently took the hint, and caused the offensive feature to vanish. Standing in front of the model, examining the propriety of the position, are Yeo, and Zucarelli, an Italian artist, who had first distinguished himself in England as a scene-painter at the Opera. A curious circumstance is mentioned in Smith’s ‘Nollekens and his Times:’ the distinguished painter Canaletti, it is there stated, frequently painted the buildings in Zucarelli’s landscapes. The person giving the handle suspended from the ceiling for the support of the arm, to the man who is being placed in the position required, is Moser, one of the most active movers in the foundation of the Royal Academy. The noble figure standing against the chair, with one arm reclining on its back, belongs to a somewhat ignoble personage, Nathaniel Hone, a man who made some noise in his day by an attempted attack on Sir Joshua and the lady whose portrait (that in the square frame) is introduced instead of herself on the wall above Hone, Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, the well-known historical painter. One of the ideas adopted by the mediocre artists of the time to console themselves under Reynolds’ undeniable pre-eminence, was that he was a plagiarist, and accustomed to steal his groups, attitudes, &c. Hone, to give point and popularity to the idea, painted a picture, in which a wizard-looking personage stood with a wand in his hand, surrounded by various works of art, and pointed

to a number of scattered prints, beneath which were slight indications of various of Sir Joshua's works the most nearly resembling, or appearing to resemble them in design. Still more grossly was a representation introduced into the composition of the lady, Angelica Kauffman, between whom and Sir Joshua some slight flirtation was said to have taken place. This picture Hone had the impudence to send to his brother Academicians for exhibition, who rejected it with indignation. Hone then endeavoured to deny that his picture did refer to the personages in question, but the thing was too evident. In quitting Mr. Nathaniel Hone we must not forget Peter Pindar's summary of his abilities:—

“ And now for Mister Nathan Hone :
In portrait thou 'rt as much *alone*,
As in his landscapes stands the unrivall'd Claude :”

with this difference, that Hone's isolation was at the wrong end of the professional scale. To return: the full-length figure occupying the extreme right of the picture is Richard Cosway, an excellent miniature-painter, and a gentleman who, if we are to believe his own word, had occasional communings of a remarkable nature. “ One day at the Royal Academy dinner he assured a brother Academician, that he had that morning been visited by Mr. Pitt, who had then been dead about four years. ‘ Well,’ asked the brother member, ‘ and pray what did he say to you?’—*Cosway*. ‘ Why, upon entering the room, he expressed himself prodigiously hurt that during his residence on this earth he had not encouraged my talents,’ &c.”* Over Cosway's right shoulder appears the head of Nollekens, the sculptor, a strange mixture of opposites; in his works exhibiting a graceful and refined intellect, and in manners appearing an illiterate boor; a miser, who might almost have contested the palm of notoriety with Elwes, yet one of the best of masters, and occasionally generous in an uncommon degree, where generosity was well bestowed. That he was essentially what he appeared in his productions rather than in anything else, we want no other proof than his conduct on a certain occasion. An admirable bust of Horne Tooke came to the Exhibition: it was by a young and friendless sculptor, and it was placed—where such works are but too apt to be placed in the struggle for the best positions. Nollekens happened to see it: he took it up—he looked at it first in one way, then in another, and, at last, turning to the parties arranging the exhibition, said, “ There's a fine—a very fine work; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts, and put this in its place, for well it deserves it:”—the sculptor was Chantrey. But one figure remains particularly demanding notice—the painter himself, Johan Zoffany, who sits in the left-hand corner, palette in hand. He was born in Frankfort, but came to England whilst yet a young man, and, attracting the attention of the Earl of Barrymore, speedily distinguished himself. His admirable pictures of Garriek and other performers are well known. A pleasant passage is recorded of him. He went at one period to Florence, at the Grand-Duke's invitation, and whilst there was accosted one day by the Emperor of Germany, then on a visit to the Duke, who, seeing and admiring his performances, inquired his name. Zoffany having told him, was asked what countryman he was. “ An Englishman,” was the reply. “ Why, your

* ‘ Nollekens and his Times,’ vol. ii. p. 406.

name is German!" "True," said the painter, "I was born in Germany—that was accidental: I call that my country where I have been protected."

The real talent of the Royal Academy, we see, therefore, was very great; and additional lustre was shed upon it by its connection with such men as Johnson, who was appointed professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith, professor of ancient history: both appointments were merely honorary. Goldsmith observed concerning his, "I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man who wants a shirt." Thus favourably ushered into the world, the Royal Academy commenced that career of prosperity which has known no check, but steadily increased down to the present day. At first the Academy was lodged in St. Martin's Lane, and held their annual exhibitions in Pall Mall; but George III. soon caused apartments to be fitted up in Somerset House, where he exhibited his interest in their welfare by his steady attention to all their concerns. And when the old Palace was purchased by the nation, he took care that a portion of the new edifice should be reserved for the Academy. In 1780 the Academicians entered upon their new apartments, which were fitted up with great magnificence, and were soon made to exhibit a higher splendour from their own hands. Sir Joshua, for instance, painted the ceiling of the library. In the same year the exhibition was also removed from Pall Mall to Somerset House, and the painters were now thoroughly at home. The sovereign smiled upon them, the people flocked in crowds to see their pictures, the critics were mute, or at least the echo of their voices has not reached us; and so passed on the time for a year or two, when all at once a succession of shells was thrown into the camp in the shape of 'Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, by Peter Pindar, Esq., a distant relation of the poet of Thebes, and Laureate to the Academy;' and tremendous seems to have been the flurry, the flutter, and the indignation. The qualifications of the critic were of no ordinary kind, as a single circumstance may partly show. Whilst Wolcot (Peter's real name) was residing at Truro as a physician, he had taken a boy into his service to clean the knives, and fulfil other such menial offices. One of his occupations was to fetch paunches for the dog, and it was noticed that he always spent a considerable amount of time on these errands. At last the secret was explained: he brought home one day a portrait of the butcher, which Wolcot saw and was astonished. He then made the boy paint his (Wolcot's) portrait, which was equally successful. From that time he became the young artist's patron, assisting him not only in all the more worldly and business portions of his career, but in the development of his natural talents: a matter in which Wolcot's extensive knowledge and sound judgment were of great moment. Such was the early history of Opie. But the duller or more incapable members of the Academy might have forgiven his knowledge that they were dull and incapable, but they could not forgive the wit and humour which made the whole of their world know it too. It seems to have been somewhat a fashion of late to decry Wolcot's abilities, because he so often misused them; but we doubt whether any critic's opinions, formed under similar circumstances, and making allowance for the exaggeration given to them in passing through the satirical medium in which they reached the public, will better stand the test of time. The poet at the outset thus solicits for the inspiration proper to his theme:

“Paint and the men of canvas fire my lays,
 Who show their works for profit and for praise;
 Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings,
 Gaining two thousand pounds a year by shillings.”

He then at once plunges into his subject. Some of Reynolds's pictures first engage his attention, and, on the whole, escape pretty well, with a concluding compliment to the painter: then, with much unction, comes in as the concluding lines of the Ode,

“Now, mistress Muse, attend on Mister West;”

and, certainly, never does Peter appear more in his glory than when attacking the eminent but overrated painter, and especial favourite of royalty. The daring character of the subjects chosen by West seems to have stirred the satirist's sharpest bile; Mr. Cunningham says, “The mere list of his works makes us shudder at human presumption:” this must be Wolcot's excuse for the more presumptuous—the irreverend—tone of the passage in which he conveys his opinion of the manner in which such gigantic conceptions had been developed:

“O West, what hath thy pencil done?
 Why, painted God Almighty's son
 Like an old-clothes man about London streets!
 Place in his hand a rusty bag,
 To hold each sweet collected rag,
 We shall then see the character *complete*.”

His description of another of West's historical paintings, King Alexander of Scotland attacked by a Stag, is irresistibly ludicrous; and, although the effect to us is decreased by our not having the picture before us, as the public had about the time, or a little before they read the ‘Odes,’ yet it is only necessary to bear in mind the serious and lofty expression intended by the artist to enjoy it still:

“His Majesty, upon his breech laid low,
 Seems preaching to the horned foe;
 Observing what a very wicked thing
 To hurt the sacred person of a king,
 And seems about his business to entreat him
 To march, for fear the hounds should eat him.
 The stag appears to say, in plaintive note,
 ‘I own, King Alexander, my offence:
 True, I've not showed my loyalty nor sense;
 So bid your huntsmen come and cut my throat!’
 The cavalry, adorned with fair stone bodies,
 Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring;
 And on their backs a set of noddies
 Not one brass farthing for their master caring,” &c.

In an epistle from Brother Peter to Brother Tom at Rome, alluding to the King's great partiality for West, he explains the royal motives and feelings by likening him and West to a girl with a daisy which she has placed in the garden,

“Thinking the flower the finest in the nation,”

and who then visits it every hour, watering it, proud of her gardening,

“Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
 Tells all the world it was *its own* sweet planting;
 And boasts away, too happy elf,
 How that it found the daisy all *itself*!”

We must add that Peter does not deny West's merit, but its misapplication and audacity. Of his picture of ‘Nelson,’ for instance, he says to him.

“ The hero’s form is not disgraced ;
Which adds a leaf of laurel to thy head.”

Gainsborough, now a member of the Academy, as well as an exhibitor, next falls under the lash for his portraits, the originals of which, he complains, ought not

“ Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high,
Just like yon felons after death,
On Bagshot or on Hounslow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.”

The “ charming forte” of this eminent artist, landscape, is at the same time fully acknowledged. Loutherbrough and Wilson follow next, and the notice does equal credit to Peter’s judgment and feelings :

“ And Loutherbrough, when heaven so wills,
To make *brass* skies and *golden* hills,
With *marble* bullocks in *glass* pastures grazing ;
Thy reputation too will rise,
And people, gaping in surprise,
Cry ‘ Monsieur Loutherbrough is most amazing !

* * * * *

Till then old red-nosed Wilson’s art
Will hold its empire o’er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.”

The position of poor Wilson, the “ English Claude,” was here but too accurately described. It seems almost incredible, yet it is undoubtedly true, that after the appearance of such pictures as his ‘ Niobe,’ he should be reduced to obtain his subsistence by working for the pawnbrokers : many of his finest works went fresh from the easel to them : and we may judge at what prices. One individual who had bought pieces frequently from him, when solicited by the miserable painter to purchase another, took him up into a garret, and showing him a pile of paintings, said, “ Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see ! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years.” Perhaps it was in pity to his misfortunes that some of his brother Academicians sent Penny, the historical painter, whom Barry so worshipped, to advise with him as to the cause. And what, our readers will be curious to know, might be their advice ? Why, that, as his works were deficient in the gayer graces of style, he ought to imitate the lighter style of Zucarelli ! Can we, ought we to wonder at the “ torrent of contemptuous words” the indignant painter poured forth upon the coterie and their messenger ? But, alas ! it was himself who was to suffer most by their utterance. He sank from one rank to another, till at last he found himself in a room somewhere about Tottenham Court Road, destitute of the commonest comforts, making sketches for half a crown each. Here a noticeable scene took place. A lady of rank desired a young student of her acquaintance to mend a first-rate landscape-painter. The latter, acquainted with Wilson’s genius and misfortunes, mentioned him. The lady insisted on seeing him immediately, to the young man’s alarm, who was afraid that neither Wilson’s room nor the pictures it contained might be exactly in the best state for the occasion. However, with much tact, he so managed matters as to let the lady obtain a just appreciation of the painter : she ordered two landscapes. As she drove away, Wilson, detaining the young student, looked sadly in his face, and said, “ Your kindness is all in vain—I am wholly destitute—I cannot even purchase proper canvases

and colour for these paintings.' But his friend soon set that matter right. On reaching home, he said to himself, "When Wilson, with all his genius, starves—what will become of me?" He at once renounced the profession, as a profession, and, entering into holy orders, rose high in the church. This was the Rev. Mr. Peters, the painter of numerous pictures of pretension. Wilson, we must add, spent his last hours in comfort in one of the most delightful parts of Wales; a small estate having descended to him at the death of a brother.

A capital hit at the imitators of Sir Joshua occurs in one of the 'Lyric Odes' for 1782 (the 9th): where Peter says,—

"Sir Joshua (for I've read my Bible over),
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter:
Abram got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
Joseph to get was lucky Jacob's lot,
And all his brothers,
Who very naturally made others;
Continuing to the end of a long chapter."

* * * * *

Sir Joshua's happy pencil hath produced
A host of copyists, much of the same feature:
By which the Art hath greatly been abused:
I own Sir Joshua great, but Nature greater."

For several years did the licentious but able critic continue his stinging odes, enriching them with a variety of stories that of themselves would have made the opinions they conveyed popular, if there had been less of truth, though exaggerated truth, in them than there was. In the 'Lyric Odes' we find some of the most popular humorous tales in verse which the language possesses. The story of the 'Country Cousins' and the visit to St. Paul's was written to illustrate the conduct of many of the ladies at the Exhibition, who, instead of admiring the great works they had come to see, stopped to dote upon the lace and the brocade—

".... The pretty sprigs the fellow draws;
* * * * *
Whilst, unobserved, the glory of our nation,
Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces;
Works that a Titian's hand could form alone—
Works that a Rubens had been proud to own."

Hodge, and the razors made to sell, was in ridicule of mercenary artists, who cared only for the mercantile value of their productions; and 'The Pilgrims and the Peas' a practical exemplification of the value of Peter's advice to artists:—

"The genius of each man with keenness view,
A spark from this or t'other caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious bonfire up in you."

Whilst this storm was hurtling about their ears from without, the members of the Academy were not altogether at peace among themselves within. In 1784 Gainsborough sent a portrait to the Exhibition, with directions that it should be hung as low as the floor would admit. A bye-law either prevented his wishes from being fulfilled, or formed a colourable reason for objections: he sent for his picture back, and never exhibited with his brother Academicians again. A more

important division was that which took place in 1790, when Reynolds was the party principally concerned. It appears that, on the first formation of the Academy, among the other appointments made was that of a Professor in Perspective, who gave public lectures. At the death of the first lecturer the public lectures were discontinued for some years. This arrangement did not agree with the President's views; and in 1789, when an architect of the name of Bonomi placed his name on the list of candidates for the degree of Associate, he determined his election by his own casting vote against Gilpin, an artist of high reputation, on the ground that Bonomi might be subsequently "elected an Academician, in order that he might be appointed Professor of Perspective." The minority of the Academicians attributed the vote to Sir Joshua's desire to oblige Bonomi's patrons, but there does not seem to be a shadow of proof of the truth of this charge. An Academician's seat soon became vacant, and Sir Joshua, pursuing his avowed intention, supported Bonomi in opposition to Fuseli, who was also a candidate. We have no doubt of the purity of Sir Joshua's motives, but it was unfortunate, to say the least of it, that such a man as Fuseli was to be opposed in favour of the comparatively unknown Bonomi. Fuseli, in a manly, straightforward manner, went direct to the President's house to solicit his vote. He was received with the accustomed kindness; his claims were distinctly acknowledged; but, said Sir Joshua, "Were you my brother, I could not serve you on this occasion; for I think it not only expedient, but highly necessary for the good of the Academy, that Mr. Bonomi should be elected." He added, "On another vacancy you shall have my support." Fuseli thanked the President for his promise, but expressed a hope that, if he tried his friends on the present occasion, the latter would not be offended. "Certainly not," was the reply, and they parted. On the evening of the election the Academicians found on their table certain drawings neatly executed by Bonomi. This excited much contention, as being a novel proceeding, and as Fuseli had received no notice to prepare an exhibition of a similar kind. It is, however, to be observed that Fuseli's works must have been well known to all present, and Bonomi's, in all probability, were not. Ultimately the drawings were removed. When the vote took place, there were twenty-one votes for Fuseli, and only nine for Bonomi. Sir Joshua, for once in his lifetime, seems to have been deeply wounded and indignant at the conduct of his brethren. Thirteen days after the occurrence he wrote to the Secretary of the Academy, "I beg you would inform the Council, which I understand meet this evening, with my fixed resolution of resigning the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and consequently my seat as an Academician. As I can no longer be of any use to the Academy as President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation. I, therefore, now take my leave of the Academy, with my sincere good wishes for its prosperity, and with all due respect for its members." Sir William Chambers in the meantime had obtained an interview with the King to inform him of the occurrence, when, among other flattering expressions of royal favour, his Majesty stated he would be happy in Sir Joshua's continuing in the President's chair. It was a wonder George III. did not confine himself to vague words of regret, and set about at once getting his *protégé*, West, installed in the vacant presidency: for he had so little appreciation of the greatness of

Reynolds, that he never gave him a single commission, or was ever painted by him more than once or twice, and then only at the latter's express request, as well as at his own expense; and this, too, whilst West was scarcely ever absent for a week together from the Palace, where he was painting one great work after another, to be paid for at royal prices. Sir William Chambers lost no time in telling Reynolds of the King's words, but he remained firm, and the letter we have transcribed was sent. At first the council were inclined to have disgraced themselves by allowing such a man to be lost to them from such a cause without an effort at reconciliation; but better feelings grew up, and ultimately a deputation, consisting of Messrs. West, Copley, Farington, T. Sandby, Bacon, Cosway, Cotton, and the Secretary, waited upon Sir Joshua at his house, and requested him to re-consider his determination. Sir Joshua was not a man to resist honourable kindness of any kind; he at once acceded, and the President that evening re-appeared in his place. It was well that matters ended thus pleasantly, for that same year Reynolds died. Only a few months after these scenes had taken place he delivered a discourse, which was attended with one or two remarkable circumstances. There were present a large number of distinguished persons, in addition to members and students; and the weight of the assembly was so considerable, that just as the President was about to begin a beam in the floor gave way. Great was the confusion and alarm; Reynolds alone sat silent and composed. The floor sank a little, but that was all; it was quickly supported and made safe. Reynolds afterwards remarked, and it is a striking evidence of the entire absorption of his mind into the general interests of art, that if the floor had fallen, the whole company must have been killed, and the arts in Britain thrown back a couple of centuries. In the Discourse that was then begun, he said, "So much will painting improve, that the best we can now achieve will appear like the work of children;" another trait of his character and his faith in the grand principle of never-resting improvement, the principle which religion and philosophy alike teach us to be, above all others, the best worth living for. And then, as if some dim prophetic consciousness was at work within, whispering that he would never again have an opportunity of recording his devotion to the memory of the man whose soul seemed to partake of the superhuman energy enshrined in the forms of the sibyls, the prophets, and the apostles he so loved to paint, he spoke thus: "I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." In effect, *they were his last words*; he appeared not at the Academy after that evening. An enlargement of the liver took place, which no skill could remedy. He was perfectly well aware of the near approach of death, though friends, unwilling to banish hope from their own breasts, spoke of recovery and years of future happiness to be enjoyed. "I have been fortunate," was his answer, "in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine." He expired on the 23rd of February, 1792, in the same deeply peaceful manner he had lived. The day after, the following appeared in the newspapers of the day:—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was on many accounts one of the most memorable men

of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste—in grace—in facility—in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned age. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere.

“ In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. His talents of every kind powerful by nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters; his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail! and Farewell.” Thus wrote one who had enjoyed the fullest opportunities of arriving at an accurate estimation of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s character—Edmund Burke.



[Sir Joshua Reynolds.]



[Benjamin West.]

LXV.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY. No. II.

THE death of Reynolds was followed by the election of West to the Presidential chair; and, no doubt, the enthusiastic painter beheld in the honour only another evidence of the truth of the supernatural influences which he conceived had shaped out his career. And there was much in that career to excuse such notions. His birth had been prematurely brought on during a field-preaching scene in Springfield, Philadelphia; he began to draw, and to exhibit indications of talent in his productions, without having seen painters, or paintings, or even prints; he had received his first lesson in the art of preparing his colours from some wandering Red Indians; above all, for him and him alone had the society to which he belonged, the Quakers—a society not remarkable for the ease with which they can be induced to give up any of the tenets of their belief—been induced to make a great relaxation, we might almost say renunciation, of one of their cherished principles. There are few things more interesting in the history of Art than the memorable meeting of the Society to consider what should be determined upon respecting the boyish artist whose praises were in every one's mouth. Deeply, we may be sure, had the matter been pondered over before the meeting. Whether rightly or wrongly, they believed the future greatness of the subject of their thoughts was in their hands; yet that greatness could only be developed in a shape hostile to all their previous notions of man's duty. However, they met, and John Williamson (the proceedings of that day have made it an honoured name) first spoke. "To John West and Sarah Pearson," said he, "a man-child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth hath been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art,—shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts

but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth." The voice of nature, thus eloquently expressed, found a response in every heart. Young West was called in; and with his father on one side, his mother on the other, and the whole community around, Williamson again spoke:—"Painting has been hitherto employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from amongst us. But this is not the principle, but the mis-employment, of painting. In wise and in pure hands it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is let us not inquire—it will be manifest in his own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for art. May it be demonstrated in his life and works that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain; nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the operation of our tenets, prove barren of religious or moral effect!" Excellent John Williamson! surely thou wert born to be a painter, nay, the president of an academy! Sir Joshua himself never laid down a nobler principle than is here inculcated as to the true value and uses of the art. At the close of this address, the women rose and kissed young West, and the men successively laid their hands on his head. It is true that, on reading the account of this scene, one instinctively seems to regret that the whole does not belong to a page of the life of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo; yet, whilst it will hardly be denied that the painter of the 'Death of Wolfe,' and 'Death on the Pale Horse,' was a great man, still less is it questionable that West was a very good man: his life was simplicity and purity itself. At the time of his elevation to the chair of the Academy there was but one man who might have successfully entered the field as a competitor—Barry, then Professor of Painting, and who had but lately completed his extraordinary works in the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. But Barry had never found the art of mingling among his brothers of the Academy with due temper and discretion—the stuff of which the outer man at least of presidents must be made: from Reynolds downwards he was ever engaged in broils with some of them. These, as we shall hereafter see, were to bring his connection with the Academy to an unhappy conclusion. In addition to his personal requisites, his high talent, and his general devotion to the interest of the art, West had established a new claim to respect and admiration. In the 'Death of Wolfe' he had committed a daring innovation. In our previous historical pictures, Englishmen, absurdly enough, never appeared as Englishmen, but as Greeks and Romans, for the costume of those countries alone was admissible according to the existing canons of criticism. West's own account of this innovation, as related in Galt's 'Life,' is a pleasant and instructive passage, and exhibits his predecessor, Reynolds, in a new light. "When it was understood," says West, "that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion: they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and eloquent dissertation on the state of

the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won; and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people; and to do this I must abide by truth. They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then, rising, said to Drummond, "West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated: I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." George III. seems to have never faltered in his approbation of West but in this instance, where it was both deserved and desirable: he allowed the picture to be sold to Lord Grosvenor, to his great vexation when he discovered its value.

We may be sure that West's evil genius, Peter Pindar, did not remain silent under such a state of things as the painter's accession to the presidency; but in 1794, or only two years after that event, a new satirist entered the field, who seems even to have made a greater sensation than Peter himself. This was Williams, better known by his assumed appellation of Antony Pasquin, who, in what he called 'A Liberal Critique on the Exhibition for 1794,' poured out the vials of his wrath on sundry of the Academicians. Of Opie, who, he acknowledges, "is certainly distinguished from the daubing herd by some genius," he says, "an indifferent spectator would be led to imagine that he was concerned in a coarse-woollen manufactory, as he seizes all possible occasions to array his personages in that species of apparel, from an emperor to a mendicant." Amongst other attacks upon West, he says, "The identity of Mr. West's figures is so continually apparent, that I believe he has a few favourite domestics who are the saints and demons of his necessities." Rigaud's 'Exposing of Moses,' it seems, is an exposure of the artist. Sir Francis Bourgeois's discovery, that *brickdust* is the primary tint in colours, receives due notice; and Westall's 'Portrait of a Young Gentleman' is "as puerile as the subject." The latter artist's more ambitious picture of 'Minerva, painted for the Council Chamber of the City of London,' comes in for especial ridicule and reprobation. The divinity, it appears, "is all legs and thighs, like the late Sir Thomas Robinson." Lawrence, then very young, but at the same time an Academician (who had been forced upon the Academy by the King, in defiance of their laws, before the proper age, and made a kind of supplementary associate), and the Court portrait-painter, receives a severe castigation. Lawrence's 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' which filled Antony with the idea of an irascible pedagogue explaining Euclid to a dunce, forms the text for the following remarks:—"Mr. Lawrence began his professional career

upon a false and delusive principle. His portraits were delicate, but not true; and attractive, but not admirable; and because he met the approbation of a few fashionable spinsters (which, it must be admitted, is a sort of inducement very intoxicating to a young mind), vainly imagined that his labours were perfect." As Wolcot could appreciate the dawning genius of Wilkie, whom he calls an honour to his nation, and of Turner, so does his rival, Williams, show his admiration for Stothard, and other young artists, whom the voice of posterity has signalized as truly excellent.

The West dynasty proved in many respects a troubled one. The Academicians quarrelled among themselves, and occasionally with their President. In 1793 the Rev. Mr. Bromley published the first volume of 'A History of the Fine Arts;' and, on the motion of the President, the Academy subscribed for a copy. On reading the volume, the Academicians found various works by Reynolds and Fuseli noticed with reprobation; and, on the other hand, unqualified praise was bestowed on West's paintings. This might have passed unnoticed, but for the circumstance that this very Mr. Bromley had, as was well known, assisted West in the preparation of his lectures. A not unnatural suspicion now entered their minds that West was in some degree cognisant of these attacks, which in the case of Fuseli, who was living, were deemed worse than ill-judged. Fuseli criticised the book generally in a journal of the day, and so completely convicted the author of unfitness for his task, that the Academicians determined not to receive the second volume, which, however, was never published. Fuseli, indeed, was not the safest man in the world to attack. Many a stinging sarcasm of his yet lives in connexion with the memory of men who had offended him. Northcote seems to have been the only man in the Academy who could cope with the Swiss painter and Lavater's early friend; and numerous are the records of their intellectual fences. When the former exhibited his 'Judgment of Solomon,' Fuseli came to look at it. "How do you like it?" said Northcote. "Much," was the reply. "The action suits the word: Solomon holds out his fingers like a pair of open scissors at the child, and says, 'Cut it.' I like it much." Some time after, Fuseli had occasion to put a similar query to Northcote respecting his picture of 'Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto.' "How do you like it?" said Fuseli. "Much," was the ready answer. "It is clever, very clever, but he'll never hit him." Fuseli appears to have felt the truth of the criticism; for he ran off for his brush, muttering, "Hit him!—by Jupiter, but he shall hit him!" Northcote, as well as Opie, had been aided by Fuseli in obtaining admission into the Academy; and when the latter desired some office, he anticipated their assistance in return. They voted against him, and went the next morning to apologise. He saw them coming, ran to meet them, and hastily cried out, "Come in, come in, for the love of heaven come in, else you will ruin me entirely." "How so?" inquired Opie. "Marry thus: my neighbours over the way will see you, and say, 'Fuseli's done; for there's a bum-bailiff (here he looked at Opie) going to seize his person, and a little Jew broker (glancing at Northcote) going to take his furniture.'" Nollekens' avarice formed a favourite subject for Fuseli's wit. They were once dining with Mr. Coutts, the banker, when Mrs. Coutts, dressed like Morgiana (in the *Forty Thieves*), came dancing in, and presented her dagger at each person in succession. As she stood before Nollekens, Fuseli cried out,

“Strike, strike, there’s no fear: Nolly was never known to bleed!” When Fuseli got too much roused, and it was scarcely prudent to give vent to all he had to say, he relieved himself in some language unknown to his brother Academicians. “It is a pleasant thing, and advantageous,” said he, during one of the Academy squabbles, “to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish; and so let my folly or my fury get vent through eight different avenues.” But all the quarrels that ever disturbed the Academy were light to that in which Barry was the chief actor.

This painter, whom Mr. Cunningham calls “the greatest enthusiast in art which this country ever produced,” was an Irishman, and his first important work was exhibited at Dublin, when he was only a very young man. It was a picture alike noticeable for the novelty of the conception and the excellence with which it had been developed. The subject was a tradition of the Irish Church, running something to the following effect:—St. Patrick, it appears, by one of his discourses, succeeded in converting the barbarian King of Cashel, who demanded immediate baptism. Hastening with pious zeal to perform the act, St. Patrick struck his iron-shod crozier into the ground, and in so doing unwittingly struck it through the King’s foot. So rapt, however, was the King in his new faith, that believing it to be a part of the ceremony, he bore the torture without the slightest manifestation of uneasiness, and was thus baptized. No sooner was the picture looked on than it was admired. “Who was the painter?” asked every one. Barry, a countryman, young, friendless, and not too well clad, came forward with feelings of the deepest emotion to declare himself, when, to his astonishment, no one would believe him, and he hurried out of the room to conceal the sudden revulsion of his feelings. But Burke was there—the man who seems never to have beheld genius in any shape struggling without taking it at once to his heart, his purse, his home:—Burke, who saved Crabbe from the depths of a despair that we shudder to contemplate, now followed the young artist, commended his work, advised with him as to his future studies, and ultimately sent him to Rome, paying the entire expenses of the expedition. From that time his rise was rapid, though no doubt partially checked by the infirmity of temper to which through life he was a victim. At Rome he was constantly quarrelling with his brother artists, or with the connoisseurs of the place, or with picture-dealers. After five years’ absence he returned to Britain, and produced his ‘Venus rising from the Sea,’ an exquisite picture, but one that failed to arouse any warm admiration in the public mind. It is probable there was a re-action at this period against the classicalities which Verrio and La Guerre had spread along every wall, and hung upon every roof. Other pictures of a similar kind followed, and, as far as the million were concerned, with a like result. But Barry had devoted his life to what he esteemed the loftiest school of painting, and, single-handed, hoped gradually to paint the nation into his own views; and, not content with that influence, endeavoured also to sway it by his writings. His ‘Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstruction to the Progress of Art in England,’ is at once a monument of his extensive knowledge and lofty enthusiasm, and of his contempt for many of his contemporaries and academic associates. Such direct attacks added new enemies to those whom his personal manners had alienated. His life, indeed, may be said to have been in a great

measure passed between two antagonist principles—the one ever carrying his thoughts upward into the serenest atmosphere of art, making him endure every kind of personal privation for the glorious privilege, as he esteemed it, of being independent;—the other, chaining him down to the pettiest broils and jealousies that ever degraded or made miserable a fine nature. Even Burke became in a measure estranged, partially perhaps on account of Barry's inexcusable attacks on Reynolds. Yet there was too much nobility in Barry's soul for Burke to break off their long and intimate connexion. And, occasionally forgetting everything but the true friend and generous patron before him, and the art they both loved, Barry's conduct would give fresh cause of regret at the injury done to his genius by his unhappy disposition. A delightful story is told of one of these meetings. Burke had heard of Barry's eccentric domestic habits: he kept no servant; and when some one had once advised him to take a better house, dress more neatly, hire a domestic, and altogether improve the appearance and conduct of his establishment, he answered, "The pride of honesty protests against such a rash speculation." The statesman one day, desiring to see Barry's domestic arrangements, asked himself to dinner. A man less proud would have avoided the exposure, or at least have hesitated. Barry said, cheerfully, "Sir, you know I live alone—but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford." At No. 36, Castle Street, on the day and hour named, Burke accordingly appeared, and was received by his host, who conducted him into the carpenter's shop which he had transformed into his painting-room. Along the walls hung the sketches of his great paintings at the Adelphi. Old straining-frames, sketches, a printing-press, with which he printed with his own hand the plates engraved from the pictures just mentioned, formed the other chief contents of the place. The windows were mostly broken or cracked, and the tiled roof showed the sky through many a crevice. There were two old chairs and a single deal table. The fire, however, was bright, and Barry cordial. Presently a pair of tongs are put into Burke's hands, with the remark, "Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter." The statesman got on admirably with his task, and by the time Barry returned the steak was done to a turn. "What a misfortune," exclaimed Barry, as he entered; "the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Titchfield Street." The friends then sat down to the feast—anecdote and criticism flowed freely; the stars were propitious, no cloud ruffled the painter's mind, and, altogether, Burke used to say he had never spent a happier evening.

It was in this house that Barry was robbed of 400*l.*, to the astonishment of everybody, who did not think the painter had been so rich. But the most extraordinary part of this affair was Barry's notion of the thieves. In a formal placard, he attributed his loss direct, and without any circumlocution, to his own brother Academicians! The memory of this insult was no doubt cherished by the Academy, to be signally punished at a more favourable opportunity. This was soon afforded. Plunging once more into literary controversy, Barry issued his memorable 'Letter to the Dilettanti Society,' in which he attacked the Academy in no measured terms. He spoke of its private combinations and jealousies—of the misuse of its funds—and advised that in all cases of appeal to

the body, the honesty of every individual member's vote should be tested by oath. This letter was read at the Academy by one of the members—Farington; two others—Dance and Daniell—then enlightened the meeting on the subject of Barry's personal conduct; and the result was, a determination to draw up a series of charges for the judgment of the Council. Barry was accordingly accused of abusive digressions in his lectures; of teaching the students habits of insubordination, and countenancing them in licentious and disorderly conduct; of accusing the Academy of having voted 16,000*l.* in pensions among themselves, which should have been expended for the benefit of the students; lastly, of having spoken improperly of the President (West). Many may think these matters deserving serious notice on the part of the Academy; but no one, we think, can defend the way in which they did notice them. They sent no copy of the charges to Barry; they called for no explanation or defence, but, determining the accusations to be just, at once expelled him. Barry received a pittance of some 30*l.* a-year from the Academy as professor; and to the man who for the whole of the great works of a lifetime received probably less than a modern fashionable portrait-painter will make in a single year, even this trifle was of importance: of course he lost it with his seat. A subscription was now commenced by various friends, and 1000*l.* raised to purchase an annuity. But he died before it could be of any service; and in a manner that seems to tell but too plainly of mental suffering. During an attack of fever he locked himself in for forty hours without medical assistance; and after that nothing could save him. He died on the 22nd of February, 1806.

The President, West, some years before this period, had lost his royal patron, not by death, but by the illness that darkened so many of the later years of the monarch's life. The Government would not allow him to finish the works he had in hand, and having, whilst thus out of favour, gone over to France, he fancied on his return that the admiration he had expressed for Napoleon had made the countenances of the great men about court chillier than ever. But, worse than all, the Academy was unmanageable. Where the blame rests it is impossible to say, as the particulars of these matters are never fully made public; but all at once West imitated Reynolds, and resigned. He then made another journey to Paris, where, as before, he was received with great distinction, and certainly the amiable painter's head was a little turned at the honour paid him. To no other cause can we attribute that most exquisite piece of simple conceit he has recorded of himself in connexion with that visit. He says, "Wherever I went men looked at me, and ministers and people of influence in the state were constantly in my company. I was one day at the Louvre—all eyes were upon me; and I could not help observing to *Charles Fox, who happened to be walking with me*, how strong was the love of art, and admiration of its professors, in France." The Academy, in the mean time, had put Wyatt, the court architect, in the chair; but West soon heard that he was to be once more a prophet in his own country—that the Academicians had grown tired of the new rule—albeit their own choice—and consequently they had displaced him, and restored West by a vote that was unanimous, with a single exception. The exception was certainly a bitter drop in the cup of sweetness. One member—it is supposed Fuseli, and it was like him—put in the name of Mrs. Mary Moser

for the Presidency (she was a member); thereby intimating apparently that an old lady was not an unfit competitor with the late President. From this time little occurred to disturb the even tenor of his way. He died in 1820.

The history of the connexion of the new President, Lawrence, with the Academy, which we have before incidentally noticed, is curious, and deserves a few words of remark, were it only from the circumstance that Wolcot appears among the historians. When Lawrence first appeared in the Academy it was as a student. He was then about eighteen years old. Mr. Howard, the Secretary of the Academy, states* that his "proficiency in drawing, even at that time, was such as to leave all his competitors in the antique school far behind him. His personal attractions were as remarkable as his talent: altogether he excited a great sensation, and seemed to the admiring students as nothing less than a young Raphael suddenly dropped down among them. He was very handsome; and his chestnut locks flowing on his shoulders gave him a romantic appearance." Although he thus entered the Academy under the most favourable auspices, the Academicians were hardly prepared to allow him to take his seat among themselves within three years afterwards; so, when, in accordance with the desire of the King, he was proposed as a supplementary Associate (Associate he could not be by the rules till he was twenty-four), they rejected him by a vote of sixteen to three, though Reynolds and West were among the minority. Peter Pindar, in a note, says[†] he "has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the academic rebellion was meant to attack the President"—Reynolds. This was glorious fun for Peter, who, in a fervour of loyal indignation, bursts out thus:—

"Am I awake, or dreaming, O ye gods?
Alas, in waking's favour lie the odds.
The devil it is! Ah, me, 'tis really so!
How, Sirs? on Majesty's proud corns to tread,
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your Impudences hope to go?"

And then follows a series of Odes full of all the peculiar characteristics of the writer. Lawrence's friends were not, however, deterred, but at the next vacancy again proposed him, and succeeded in having him as it were stuck to the Aca-



[Sir Thomas Lawrence.]

* Williams's 'Life of Lawrence,' vol. i. p. 99.

demy for a time, in a position that no one before or since has occupied: in 1791 the Academicians elected him supplemental Associate. The year after he was appointed to the office of painter in ordinary to the King, on the death of Reynolds, being then but in his twenty-second year. It was well for Lawrence that his abilities were equal to the demand thus prematurely made upon them; for there is a very natural jealousy against those who receive such marked favours, almost at the commencement of their career, as are more usually bestowed at a period nearer their termination. Lawrence had also formidable competitors in men like Opie, Beechey, and Hoppner; with the last in particular he may be said to have kept up a continual struggle of generous emulation, which was only ended by Hoppner's death. As during Reynolds's lifetime there had been a Reynolds faction and a Romney faction, and men like Lord Erskine made a boast of belonging to the latter, who was never connected with the Academy, so with him who was destined to occupy Sir Joshua Reynolds's chair, and Hoppner: each had his respective faction, and, as in the great political divisions of the day, the King was at the head of the one, and the Prince of Wales (George IV.) the other. On the death of Hoppner, the Regent gradually transferred his favours to Lawrence; and it was on his return from the continent, where he had been to execute a magnificent commission received from the Regent, to paint the portraits of the great personages assembled at the congress of sovereigns at Aix-la Chapelle, subsequently to the fall of Napoleon, that he received simultaneously news of the death of West, and his own election as President. In the period of his rule there is nothing, we believe, requiring particular notice: he died in 1830, and was succeeded by Sir Martin Archer Shee, the present head of the Academy.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, one day explaining the cause of his preference for "face-painting," as Barry contemptuously called it, observed, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." The painters of the present day seem very much of Kneller's opinion, if we may judge from the Exhibition now before us, as, passing through the great portico of the National Gallery, we ascend the staircase into the chief rooms of the Academy. Of the fourteen hundred and odd works contained in the Exhibition of the present year, a single glance will show the immense proportion portraits and busts bear to all other subjects. And in walking through the crowded place, one is forcibly struck with the eloquent complaint of Opie, in connexion with the same point:—"So habituated," says he, "are the people of this country to the sight of portraiture only, that they can scarcely as yet consider painting in any other light: they will hardly admire a landscape that is not a view of a particular place, nor a history unless composed of likenesses of the persons represented, and are apt to be staggered, confounded, and wholly unprepared to follow such vigorous flights of imagination as would—*as will*—be felt and applauded with enthusiasm in a more advanced and liberal stage of criticism. In our exhibitions, which often display extraordinary powers wasted on worthless subjects, one's ear is pained, one's very soul is rent, with hearing crowd after crowd sweeping round, and, instead of discussing the merits

of the different works on view, as to conception, composition, and execution, all reiterating the same dull and tasteless questions—*Who is that? And is it like?*”* The evil, it is to be hoped, will ultimately work its own cure. When thoroughly weary of the eternal rows of faces of others, we may begin to think a little less of the exhibition of our own.

The use of the original apartments of the Academy in Somerset House was granted, as we have seen, by George III.: it may be useful to add a few words here on its present position in Trafalgar Square. On the death of George III., his son and successor continued the royal patronage of the institution, as did also William IV. In 1834 a proposal was made to the latter monarch to transfer the Academy from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square, where it was intended to erect a building large enough for a National Gallery and the Academy under the same roof. The change was agreed to; and consequently the Academy enjoys its present accommodations by the same right, whatever that might be, which they had in their first locality, Somerset House. Their expectations of increased facilities for the business of the institution are said to have been hardly fulfilled: certain it is that serious disadvantages arise from the want of larger space. The sculpture-room will occur to every one; but that is not the kind of evil we are here referring to, but the shutting up of the principal schools during the whole period of the exhibition. The school for drawing from the antique is held in that sculpture-room, and the school for painting in the West room, the chief of the rooms appropriated for exhibition; so that the school for drawing from the living model is the only one of the Academic schools not interrupted yearly for a considerable time. As the chief feature and the great value of the Royal Academy is the schools, we must notice them somewhat at length.

The admission arrangements are on the broadest principle: any person may become a student, whether he intend to pursue the study as his profession, or merely for his occasional enjoyment. On applying for admission he receives a printed form to be filled up, which explains the only qualifications required—that he be of good character, and that he can send a drawing of some talent, with vouchers of it being entirely his own production. If he be a draughtsman, the specimen he sends must be a chalk drawing of an entire naked figure from the antique; if a sculptor, a model of a similar description; and if an architect, he must send a plan, elevation, and section of an original design for some building, and an individual ornament for details. The council, which consists of nine members, including the president, and is the executive of the Society, examine this specimen, and, if they approve of it, the applicant is admitted for three months as a probationer. During that time he must produce fresh works before the eyes of the officers; and if these exhibit a decided improvement, he is then enrolled among the list of students, and for ten years enjoys all the privileges the Academy can give him—tuition in the different schools, the use of the library, attendance on the lectures, &c. Numerous prizes are also given: as several of silver annually, and one of gold for each school biennially. It is somewhat curious that of all the living members of the Academy there are not perhaps above four or five who have obtained the gold medal: nor is the number very numerous, we believe, of those who can claim the honours of the silver one. A still more solid

* From Opie's first lecture to the Academy.

reward may follow the attainment of the gold medal. Every three years the council sends a student of this rank to Rome, paying all the expenses of the journey both ways, and allowing an annuity of 100*l*. The expense hitherto seems to have been more than proportionate to the good produced. The students are young, and when they reach Rome they are left to shape out their own plans; the consequence too often is that false styles of art come to be admired and imitated, and the young man returns, to all valuable purposes, worse, because more sophisticated, than he went. It is true that he must send at the end of the second year a specimen of his progress; but that can only show the evil when existing, not act as a preventive. Two names only of any eminence recur to us in connection with these Italian visits from the Academy, Rossi and Banks. The latter received the gold medal in 1770; and in the following year exhibited his group of Mercury, Argus, and Io, when the council unanimously voted that he should be sent to Rome. He was the first student of the Academy whom Reynolds took any pride in, or, in other words, who came up to the painter's lofty standard. He said Banks's "mind was ever dwelling on subjects worthy of an ancient Greek."

The school for drawing from the life model is held in the interior of the dome of the edifice, a curious, unornamented, dingy-looking place, lighted by a single window in the side wall, which throws a tolerably strong light upon a raised platform with a high back, covered with crimson, on which the person who acts as the model is placed. A double row of plain seats form an oval round the platform, on which about forty students find accommodation. A few casts scattered about the walls complete the furniture of the room.

The general management of the schools is vested in the Keeper, who, however, personally attends only to the antique school; the others being directed by visitors, who are certain of the Academicians annually chosen. Among the past Keepers of the Academy, Fuseli's is a memorable name. Numerous are the jokes and sarcasms of the eminent Swiss yet current among the students: the story of the formidable nail he used to cherish expressly for the work of pointing out how bad was that outline, or how easily this might be remedied, and which seldom failed to impress the lesson on the memory in the shape of a drawing cut through in the most remorseless fashion, yet lives to delight the new-comer, even whilst he is shuddering at the thought of the bare possibility of his becoming himself a similar victim. One day, during Fuseli's absence, the students were more than usually riotous, and the noise reached him in a distant part of the building. He asked one of the porters what was the matter. "It is only those fellows, the students, sir," was the answer. "Fellows!" exclaimed Fuseli; "I would have you to know, sir, that those fellows may one day become Academicians!" The noise increasing, he suddenly burst in upon them and told them with an oath they were a set of wild beasts. A student of the name of Munro bowed, and remarked, "And Fuseli is our Keeper." There was no resisting this. Fuseli retired smiling, and muttering to himself, "The fellows are growing witty." A student on some occasion as he was passing held up his drawing to Fuseli for admiration, remarking, "Here, sir, I have finished it without using a crumb of bread." "All the worse for your drawing," was the answer: "buy a twopenny loaf and rub it out." Some painter, not approving of the progress of the pupils under Fuseli, and who had himself studied under Keeper Wilton, said to him, "The

students, sir, don't draw so well now as they did under Joe Wilton." "Very true," was the reply and explanation; "anybody may draw here, let them draw ever so bad—you may draw here if you please." A sculptor, and we presume a student, one day working away at the old emblem of eternity, a serpent with its tail in its mouth, Fuseli told him it would not do: "You must have something new," said he. "How shall I find something new?" demanded the sculptor. "Oh, nothing so easy; I'll help you to it. When I went away to Rome I left two fat men cutting fat bacon in St. Martin's Lane: in ten years time I returned, and found the two fat men cutting fat bacon still: twenty years more have passed, and there the two fat fellows cut the fat flitches the same as ever. Carve them! If they look not like an image of eternity, I wot not what does."

Descending from the dome, we pass into the Hall of Casts, now unusually full, from the circumstance of those which are usually in the Antique school (sculpture-room) being placed here during the Exhibition. Many of these beautiful works are a portion of the gift of George IV., who, having procured from Rome, through the intervention of Canova, a highly valuable collection of casts from the finest known antiques, gave the whole to the Academy. All those beautiful or sublime forms of antiquity, which have ever haunted the dreams of the young painter or sculptor, or made him, awaking, sigh to think of their unapproachable excellence, are here, and in the great entrance hall of the building, congregated together—the exact prototypes of their respective originals. The different figures composing the wonderful group of the Niobe and her daughters; the graceful Mercury of the Vatican; Fauns with their cymbals; Apollos and Venuses, in which the genius of different artists and periods have embodied their ideal of the human form; the Egyptian Jupiter, and the Olympian; Apollo, and all the Muses; the Laocoon; the Fighting and Dying Warrior, or gladiator, as commonly but incorrectly called, &c. &c., are all here, the concentrated genius of the most wonderful people the world has ever seen. Here, too, is that maimed and mutilated remnant of a statue, Theseus, which caused so much discussion before a committee of the House of Commons in 1816 (on the value of the Elgin Marbles), which Lawrence and other distinguished artists did not hesitate to place in rank even before the Apollo Belvidere; and, considering the character of some of the committees of the House that had sat upon such questions, it required a little determination to speak thus of a fragment which some of the members probably, of their own unassisted judgment, would have thought a mere misshapen piece of stone. The committee of 1805, for instance, made an especial point of noticing that the Townley Marbles were in excellent condition, with the surface perfect; and, where injured, they were generally well restored, and perfectly adapted for the decoration, and *almost* for the ornamental furniture, of a private house. On reading this we may observe, with Mr. Williams,* from whom we have borrowed the passage, "Let no man after this discredit the Royal saying, 'I always buy Mr. —'s paintings, they are so beautifully shiny, and look as smooth as glass.'"

Leaving the Hall, we cross the eastern passage or thoroughfare to the Library and Council-Room. In the former the centre of the ceiling is divided into compartments, occupied by paintings from the hand of the lady Academician,

* Life of Lawrence.

Angelica Kauffman. Figures typical of the arts form the subjects, which were no doubt painted at the time of the removal of the Academy from St. Martin's Lane to Somerset House, when Sir Joshua and the chief Academicians aided in the adornment of their new abode. The books are in wainscot cases, closely covered in with crimson silk, which gives the apartment a warm, rich aspect. The Library now comprises all the best works on art, a considerable number of prints, and a collection, of considerable value, of engravings of the Italian school from the earliest period, purchased from George Cumberland, who formed it. Busts ornament the top of the shelves, and over the fireplace is a cast of a Holy Family by Michael Angelo. We must not omit to add, before we leave the Library, that Wilson was saved perhaps from actual destitution, during some of the later years of his life, by the office of Librarian, which was given to him by the Academy.

Let us now step from the Library into the Council-Room. This is an apartment small in size for such a body as the Academy, but rich in its works of art, which are chiefly the diploma pictures and statuary: that is, the works given by the Academicians on their admission, each person being expected to present one work from his own hand. The ceiling is very elegantly arranged in compartments, filled with paintings by West, the centre representing the Graces unveiling Nature, and the surrounding pictures figures typical of the elements. First in size, in splendour, and in value, along the walls, we behold Sir Joshua's full-length portrait of George III., seated on the throne, and wearing his kingly robes. The author of the 'Nightmare,' Fuseli, has left here one of his most favourite works—'Thor battering the serpent of Midgard in the boat of Hymer the giant'—a subject borrowed from the Scandinavian mythology, which had so many attractions for Fuseli's imaginative, romantic, and most daring genius. His love for the terrific was pleasantly satirised by his brother Academicians, who called him "Painter in ordinary to the Devil!" But the Academy has had few greater men—few men more generally great—than Fuseli. His lectures are admirable, enforcing in pregnant language the most pregnant truths. As with Reynolds, Michael Angelo is the great god of his idolatry; and he used often to tell his friends how he had been accustomed to lie on his back on the pavement of the Sistine Chapel for hours together, day after day, and week after week, intently wrapped in the grandeur of that matchless ceiling; and it is not difficult to trace in Fuseli's productions something more than a spark of the sublime genius of the Florentine. His paintings for the Shakspeare Gallery, formed under the patronage of the enlightened and generous Boydell, and the series for the Milton Gallery, which was entirely his own production, testify a mind of the very highest order, though not perhaps always under the best regulation. Mr. Cunningham says of him, very happily, "Out of the seventy exhibited paintings on which he reposed his hope of fame, not one can be called commonplace: they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension; the third twenty are such as few men could produce; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognised masterpieces of

art.”* England may be proud of having fostered, and made, in every essential respect, her own, such a man as Fuseli. Passing over a variety of works, all of greater or less interest and importance, such as ‘A Rustic Girl’ by Lawrence, ‘The Tribute Money’ by Copley, ‘A Shepherd Boy’ by Westall, ‘Charity’ by Stothard, ‘Jael and Sisera’ by Northcote, ‘The Falling Giant’ by Banks (a work of wonderful power of expression), we pause a moment before the productions of the greatest of British sculptors, the ‘Apollo and Marpessa,’ and a cast of the shield of Achilles, by Flaxman. “If ever Purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman,” said one who knew him intimately; and it is impossible to gaze on his works without feeling some such truth, breathed, as it were, from out the marble. Sir Joshua’s judgment was for once found tripping in Flaxman’s case. As a student, he contended for the gold medal, which, however, was given to Englehart—a man now only remembered from that circumstance. Flaxman married early; and one day, shortly after, met Sir Joshua. “So, Flaxman, I am told you are married: if so, sir, you are ruined for an artist.” Again was the President deceived: never was marriage more happy in all its consequences. We wish we could pause over some of the delightful domestic scenes recorded of this simple-hearted and lofty-minded pair. Again we must hurry quickly by Baily’s bust of Flaxman, that of West by the recently-deceased sculptor Chantrey, the ‘Cupid and Psyche’ by Nollekens, ‘Christ blessing Children’ by West, &c. Many other paintings are at present in the Exhibition Room, hidden behind the modern works. Among these are a portrait of Hoppner by himself, Wilkie’s picture of ‘The Rat-Catchers’ (now invested with a more melancholy interest from the recent death of the great painter), Opie’s ‘Infancy and Age,’ Raeburn’s ‘Boy and Rabbits,’ &c. &c. There, too, is a portrait of that most delightful and most English of landscape-painters—that somewhat wayward, and occasionally gross, but ever humorous, witty, and delightful member of society—that enthusiastic artist and half-mad musician—Gainsborough. He appears to have painted portraits for the same reason that everybody else does—money; landscapes because he loved them; but he was a musician because he could not help it. Musicians and their instruments, of every kind and in every degree, he worshipped them all. His friend Jackson says, “He happened on a time to see a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke’s; and concluded, because perhaps it was finely painted, that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor; and, ascending to his garret, found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe, with his theorbo beside him. ‘I am come to buy your lute: name your price, and here’s your money.’ ‘I cannot sell my lute.’ ‘No, not for a guinea or two; but you must sell it, I tell you.’ ‘My lute is worth much money: it is worth ten guineas.’ ‘Ay! that it is—see, here’s the money.’ So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half-way down the stairs, and returned. ‘I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth if I have not your book?’ ‘What book, Master Gainsborough?’ ‘Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.’ ‘Ah, Sir, I can never part with my book!’ ‘Poh! you can make another at any time:—this is the book I mean: there’s ten guineas for it—so, once more, good day.

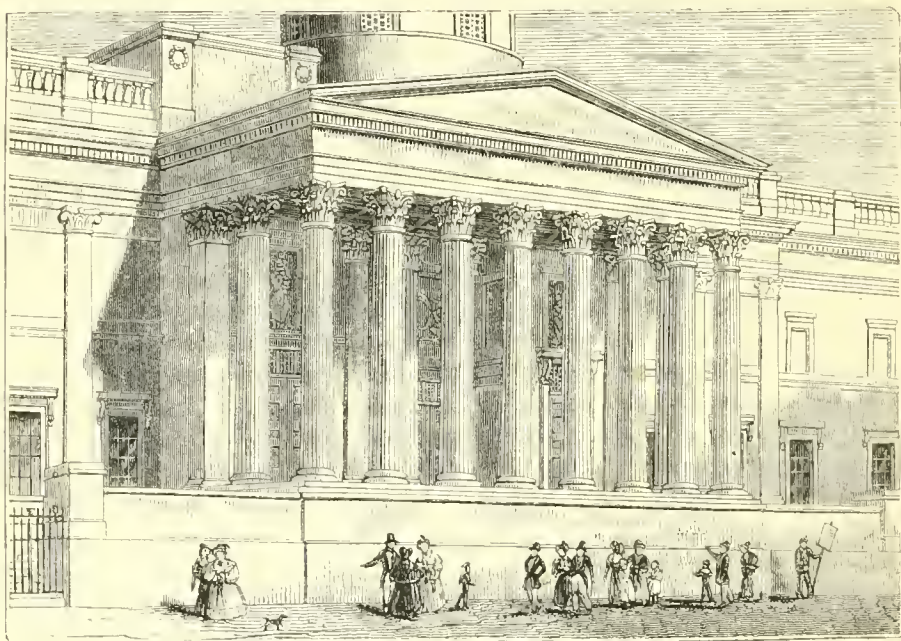
* ‘British Painters,’ vol. ii. p. 346.

He went down a few steps, and returned again. 'What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? And your lute: you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson.' 'I will come to-morrow.' 'You must come now.' 'I must dress myself.' 'For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day.' 'I must shave, sir.' 'I honour your beard!' 'I must, however, put on my wig.' 'D—n your wig! Your cap and beard become you. Do you think, if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?' And so the poor German professor was hurried off. Smith, the writer of the 'Life of Nollekens,' one day found Gainsborough listening in speechless admiration, and with tears on his cheeks, to the playing of a first-rate violin-player—Colonel Hamilton. Suddenly the painter called out, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the 'Boy and the Stile,' which you have so often wished to purchase of me." He was as good as his word: the Colonel took away the picture with him in a coach.

With a brief account of the constitution of the Academy we conclude. It consists of forty Academicians—painters, sculptors, and architects—and twenty Associates, from whom the Academicians are elected by the Academicians. There are also six Associate Engravers, who, however, must remain Associates—a feature in which, it is said, we know not with what truth, this Academy stands alone in Europe. With the body of Academicians rests all the business of the Society, the Associates having no voice in any of its proceedings. The Associates are chosen by the Academicians from the great body of artists who exhibit. The chief officers of the Academy are the President, the Keeper (who has the general care of the Institution), the Treasurer, Librarian, and Secretary. There are four Professors, who lecture respectively on painting, sculpture, architecture, and perspective, who are Academicians, and a Professor of Anatomy, who is not always a member. The honorary members are a Professor of Ancient Literature, Professor of Ancient History, a Chaplain, of high rank in the Church (the Lord Bishop of London at present), and a Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. These offices have been held by Gibbon, Dr. Burney, Walter Scott, and other eminent men, in addition to those before mentioned—Johnson and Goldsmith. All elections require the Sovereign's signature to make them valid. The most onerous, in every sense, of the duties of the Academy is the choice of the works for the Annual Exhibition. Large as the number of pictures admitted always is, a great many are annually rejected; and sometimes not from want of merit on the part of the artist, but for want of space on the part of the Academy. The process of selection, as it has been described to us, forms a noticeable scene. Here sit the nine members of the Council behind a large table; whilst there porters, &c., are hurrying to and fro, passing every single work in review before them. Is it sufficiently good?—it is so marked, and placed in a certain part of the building. Is it only middling?—it goes, with a suitable mark, to another place, to take the chance of being included in the Exhibition, if the good ones should leave any room. Is it decidedly bad?—it is at once ordered to be returned to the artist. Where some seven or eight hundred artists are chosen, as in the present Exhibition, we may judge of the character of a great part of the rejected. Fuseli used to express, in his own satirical way, the anti-genial effect upon him of the greater part of

the works that came pouring in. Standing one day at the receipt of pictures, he called out, "What pictures are come?" "Many—very many, Sir," was the reply. "I know that, but whose are they?" "There are six landscapes, Sir, by Mr.——" "Oh! don't name him: I know whom you mean. Bring me my coat and umbrella, and I'll go and see them."

Our space will not admit of our doing more than merely referring to the splendid dinner given annually by the Academicians, to which the most distinguished personages of our country—nobles, warriors, statesmen, poets, literary and professional men, &c., &c.—are alone invited. A brilliant assemblage! and not unworthy of them the Institution—whatever its defects—they have met to do honour to.



[Portico of the National Gallery.]



[Francis Moore, 1657. From an anonymous print published at that date.]

LXVI.—LONDON ASTROLOGERS.

WHETHER there be prophecies, we are told *they* shall fail: but that has not yet altogether come to pass in London; for the Worshipful Company of Stationers, we believe, still continue to prophesy, even as they have been in the habit of doing for some hundreds of years past. And if, according to the proverb, the honour they thereby acquire among their countrymen be but small, we do not doubt that the profit is considerable. The prognostications which they publish to the world, in truth, were never so distinctly and all but avowedly their own as they have come to be in our day. They are now, if we mistake not, all put forth in the single name of Francis Moore—a most venerable name, we admit, but still for a long time past palpably nothing but a name; for the largest bump, or bumpkin, of credulity among the buyers and believers of their predictions cannot fancy that Francis, who has been star-gazing and almanac-making almost ever since almanacs or stars were heard of, can be still alive. It must be taken to be now as good as confessed that the *magni nominis umbra* of Francis Moore is nothing more than the fan, as it were, behind which the Worshipful Company half hide, half reveal themselves, in their astrological coquettings with the public—that they are their own dreamers of dreams and seers of visions—that all the signs and wonders and mystic lore of their almanacs are to be considered as, if not the actual produce of their worshipful brains, at least manufactured under their direction and offered to purchasers on their sole responsibility—in short, as

theirs in the same sense in which a butt of porter is said to be of Meux's or Perkins's brewing, or in which any other commodity is held to be the handiwork of the parties who give their names to it and profess themselves its makers. Now, this was not the case in former times. A hundred and fifty years ago the Stationers' Company probably dealt as largely in astrology as it does now; but we question if it then published any astrological almanac in its own name, or even on its own account. The prognostications of this date came forth to the world, not as proceeding from the Company of Stationers, but from the writers of the several almanacs, who were all, with at most one or two exceptions, men known to be actually in existence, putting their true names, like other authors, upon their title-pages, and, doubtless, like other authors too, vain enough of their performances, and not at all disposed to divide their glory with any other party. Even the almanacs which the Company ultimately adopted and continued, as we may say, in their own name, appear to have been all originally the speculations of their authors themselves. We have now before us a collection of the almanacs published by the Stationers' Company for the year 1723; it probably includes nearly the entire number: all of them are of the same small octavo size, and all profess to be printed for the Company, but yet for the most part by different printers, as if each author had got up his own work even to the completion of the impression, and had then merely made an arrangement with the Company in regard to the formality of bringing it out. Here is the list:—'Remarkable News from the Stars,' by William Andrews, Student in Astrology (printed by A. Wilde); 'Merlinus Anglicus Junior, or the Starry Messenger,' by Henry Coley, Student in the Mathematics and the Celestial Sciences (printed by J. Read); 'A Diary, Astronomical, Astrological, Meteorological,' by Job Gadbury, Student in Physic and Astrology (printed by T. W., that is, probably, Thomas Wood); 'Vox Stellarum,' by Francis Moore, Licensed Physician, and Student in Astrology (printed by Tho. Wood); 'Merlinus Liberatus,' by John Partridge (printed by J. Roberts); 'Parker's Ephemeris' (printed by J. Read); 'The Celestial Diary,' by Salem Pearse, Student in Physic and Celestial Science (printed by J. Dawkes); 'Apollo Anglicanus, the English Apollo,' by Richard Saunder, Student in the Physical and Mathematical Sciences (printed by A. Wilde); 'Great Britain's Diary, or the Union Almanac,' also by Saunder (printed by J. Roberts); 'Olympia Domata,' by John Wing, Philomath (printed by J. Dawkes); 'Wing,' by the same (printed by W. Pearson); and lastly, 'An Almanac after the Old and New Fashion,' by Poor Robin, Knight of the British Island, a Well-wisher to the Mathematics (printed by W. Bowyer), being the only one of the number to which a fictitious name is prefixed. The collection also contains 'The Woman's Almanac,' and 'An Ephemeris,' by George Kingsley, Gent.; but there is no astrology in either of these.

Such, then, were the London astrologers of the beginning of the last or the latter part of the preceding century. William Andrews, "Student in the mathematics and astrology," published a little volume entitled 'The Astrological Physician, showing how to find out the cause and nature of a disease according to the secret rules of the art of Astrology,' so long ago as in the time of the Protectorate—in the year 1656. It was ushered into the world by a recommendation

from the renowned William Lilly, of whom more presently, although the author, Lilly declares, was wholly unknown to him. Andrews's astrology, indeed, seems to have been of a different temper from Lilly's—to have wanted the spirit of accommodation and compliance by which that ingenious practitioner commonly managed to see a sunny side of things for himself in all the contradictory aspects of that changing time. Andrews, in this little book, which appears to have been his first publication, inveighs against the evil days for science and philosophy on which he had fallen, in a very bitter and contemptuous style. The manner, too, in which he asserts the claims of his art looks like sincerity. "It were needless here to show," he observes in his preface, "what great necessity there is for every physician to be an astrologer, or to practise physic astrologically, in regard of the great influence and dominion the planets and stars have on our bodies, seeing no rational man can deny or disprove the same, although many have endeavoured what they can to contradict the truth." Alas for the shiftings of opinion, or of what we mortals call truth and wisdom! We have still our mystical physicians of sundry varieties—homœopathic, hydropathic, mesmeric—but London, we fear, does not now contain one physician who professes to be an astrologer, and to practise physic astrologically. Andrews began his annual communication of 'News from the Stars' at least as early as 1696; whether he was still alive when the publication for the year 1723 appeared we do not know; he was undoubtedly dead and rotten long before the fact was admitted by the Worshipful Company of Stationers, who continued to publish a yearly pamphlet of celestial intelligence in his name till towards the close of the last century at least. The number before us contains nothing very remarkable or distinctive: its astrology is very pious and very Protestant—professing the greatest veneration throughout for the glorious Trinity, the Church of England, and King George. Of nearly the same general character is Coley's 'Starry Messenger,' the earliest tidings brought by which, that have come under our notice, are for the year 1681, and which the Company also continued to publish annually till the latter part of the last century. Coley, however, is rather more varied and sprightly than Andrews: he combines both the qualifications of the ancient *Vates*, is poet as well as prophet, and ever and anon breaks out into song from the midst of his predictions and calculations.

The 'Diary' of Job Gadbury is also a most loyal and religious publication. This, we suppose, was a son of the famous John Gadbury—"that monster of ingratitude, my former tailor, John Gadbury," as Lilly calls him. He is said to have been, in fact, originally a tailor; but, having come up to London from Oxford, his native place, he was taken into Lilly's service as a sort of assistant in carrying on his trade of interpreter of the heavens, of which he soon learned enough to hold himself entitled to set up for himself. This was the main part of the monstrous ingratitude which so excited Lilly's virtuous indignation. Naturally enough, too, Gadbury's astrology took a political complexion the opposite of Lilly's: as the stars with Lilly were all Roundheads and Puritans, with Gadbury they were all friends of the Cavalier cause, and in their theological predilections either High Church or Roman Catholic. Gadbury's publications, all of an astrological character, were very numerous. The earliest we have found is dated in the year 1654. His Almanac, first entitled a 'Diary,' afterwards an



[John Gadbury, 1655.]

'Ephemeris,' appears to have begun in 1664, and to have been continued till 1712, for which year it first appears under the name of Job Gadbury. Old John is said to have been lost at sea on a voyage to Jamaica. Among his publications is a collected edition of 'The Works of the late most excellent Philosopher and Astronomer, Sir George Wharton, Baronet,' which he brought out in a thick octavo volume in 1683. Wharton, who was a wit and a versifier, as well as an astrologer, published his Almanacs in the reign of Charles I. under the anagram of 'Naworth,' and was the great authority in regard to the intentions of the Fates with the Court party, as Lilly was with the adherents of the Parliament. The rivalry and opposition between Wharton and Lilly commenced immediately after the appearance of Lilly's first publication, his 'Merlinus Anglicus Junior,' which came out in April, 1644. In his almanac for the next year Wharton noticed the new astrologer as "an impudent, senseless fellow, and by name William Lilly," as Lilly himself has taken the trouble to inform posterity. Now "before that time," adds Lilly, "I was more Cavalier than Roundhead, and so taken notice of:" he admits, indeed, that he afterwards "engaged body and soul in the cause of Parliament;" but even while so acting he claims the credit of "much affection to his majesty's person and unto monarchy, which," says he, "I ever loved and approved beyond any government whatsoever." He confesses that his object in writing his next "Anglicus," for 1645, was to vindicate his reputation and to cry quittance with Naworth, "against whom," he says, "I was highly incensed;" and it seems clearly by his own account to have been this spite against the royalist astrologer that provoked him to venture upon what he calls in his Life (written after the Restoration) his "unlucky judgment" for the month of June, 1645—"If now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us"—which was so signally verified by the king's defeat at Naseby, "the most fatal overthrow he ever had." Whatever he may have thought of it, or chosen to call it, afterwards, we may be sure that at the time Lilly looked upon this prediction as one of the luckiest hits astrologer had ever made; and possibly it even turned his rage against Wharton into something like gratitude or a sense



[Lilly.]

of obligation; for although Wharton still continued his attacks, it is related that when at length, on the complete subjugation of his party, the captain fell into trouble, and even got sent to Newgate, Lilly interceded for him with his friends in power, and obtained his release. Wharton, however, who before his imprisonment had been reduced to write for bread, long outlived his misfortunes; and after the Restoration the old astrologer was made treasurer to the Ordnance. When shall we have another treasurer of the Ordnance who shall have recommended himself to his place in the government by his skill in casting nativities, and who shall leave his literary reputation to be taken charge of after his death by a brother astrologer and almanac-maker? Yet this was only about a century and a half ago. As for the Job Gadbury of 1723, if he was, as we have supposed, the son of John, he had not inherited his father's religious opinions, but seems to have been rather a Protestant, and something more. But one of his memoranda of the past is more curious than any of the predictions we find in his almanac: in a 'Compendious Chronology,' extending from the creation of the world to the current year, to which he devotes a couple of pages, in the midst of a series of notices of the dates of Noah's flood, the destruction of Troy, the building of Rome, the Gunpowder Treason, the martyrdom of King Charles, and other such familiar events, occurs the following entry:—"1620, Bern. Calvert, of Andover, went from St. George's Church in Southwark to Calais in France, and back again, in 17 hours, on July 17." It is to be understood, we suppose, that he went through the air on a broomstick, the only substitute at this date for our modern balloons and railways. This veracious Diary of Job Gadbury's continued to be published down to the first years of the reign of George III.

The renowned Francis Moore, who was at one time, we take it for granted, a living man, seems to have made his first appearance about the end of the seven-

teenth century. He published a 'Kalendarium Ecclesiasticum' in 1699, and his earliest 'Vox Stellarum' or almanac, as far as we can discover, came out in 1701. When he became a mere name, and ceased to be really *more*, we do not know. His almanac for 1723 is what one may call a workman-like performance; and it seems already to have become one of the chief popular favourites, if we may judge by the much larger number of advertisements of new books and quack medicines it is graced with than almost any of its contemporaries. It begins, dashingly, with a whole page of poetry, and more verse is plentifully scattered throughout: its prose too is more ambitious and eloquent than that of its neighbours; and its Protestantism is quite ferocious. Altogether, in short, Francis has the air of taking the lead among his brethren, most or all of whom were older than himself, and were probably past their prime, while he was as it were only commencing his career, to continue it, as we have seen, till he should have witnessed all the rest go out one by one, and find himself the last of the astrologers.

If there was any one of the older almanacs that rivalled at this time the popularity of Francis Moore, it was that of John Partridge—the immortal Partridge of Swift's satire. Partridge—Dr. Partridge, as he called himself—is said to have been originally a shoemaker, and to have borne the name of Hewson, which one would think was as good a name as the one he exchanged it for: if he intended any allusion to his new trade of "commereing with the skies," it seems strange that he did not rather dub himself Dr. Eagle or Dr. Falcon—for Dr. Partridge, the sooth to say, hardly carries more dignity with it than Dr. Sparrow would have done. Partridge acted for some time as assistant to Gadbury, in the same manner as the latter had done to Lilly: he commenced astrologer on his own account in 1679; his almanac, styled 'Merlinus Liberatus,' first appeared, we believe, in 1696; Swift, in his 'Predictions for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' put him to death on the 29th of March of that year; and although "an uninformed carcase," which was "pleased to call itself Partridge," continued to walk about for some time longer, he was at last fairly interred in the churchyard of Mortlake, in 1715, under a monument with a sonorous Latin epitaph, according to which he was born at the neighbouring hamlet of East Sheen, on the 18th of January, 1644, and died at London, on the 24th of June, in the year in which he was thus buried. In this inscription, which is said to have been set up at the cost of his widow, who when he married her was the relict of the Duke of Monmouth's tailor, he is styled Astrologer and Doctor of Medicine—*Astrologus et Medicinæ Doctor*—and we are told that he practised medicine under two kings and one queen, namely, Charles II., William III., and Queen Mary, so that we may presume he had betaken himself exclusively to almanac-making and fortune-telling before Anne came to the throne. James's short reign he is known to have spent in Holland—having run away from the danger to which he apprehended he had exposed himself by some unlucky anti-popish prediction; and it was on his return to England after the Revolution that he married the tailor's widow. This temporary expatriation, besides enabling him for the rest of his life to claim the credit of having been a sufferer in the cause of liberty and religion, was turned to account by him in the support of his medical pretensions: for he professed to have brought home a doctor's

degree from the University of Leyden; and this may have been the case: we remember a *naïve* account given by the late respectable Dr. John Aikin of his graduation by that ancient university, which would make even Partridge's doctorship by no means incredible. Partridge, in fact, had to the last a wonderfully high continental reputation: Grainger notices that the obituary of the 'Acta Lipsiensia' for 1715 records, among the deaths of other *philosophers*, that of "John Partridge, the most famous English astronomer and astrologer"—*Astronomus et Astrologus in Anglia famigeratissimus*. Nevertheless, it is certain that the man could barely spell. His ignorance and stupidity made him the happiest possible subject for Swift's joke. Bickerstaff's prediction when it first came out appears seriously to have alarmed him, and it is evident that he lived in terror till the day announced for his death was fairly past. He said not a word till then; but the strain in which he began to crow as soon as he found himself safe affords ludicrous proof of how much he had been frightened. "Old friend," he wrote to an Irish acquaintance, three days after, "I don't doubt but you are imposed upon in Ireland also, by a pack of rogues, about my being dead;" and then he goes on to abuse the suspected author of the prediction:—"There is no such man as Bickerstaff; it is a sham name, but his true name is Pettie; he is always in a garret, a cellar, or a gaol; and therefore you may, by that, judge what kind of reputation this fellow hath to be credited in the world." Still the impression clings to him that he has made a lucky escape; he is surprised that, if not actually dead, he should not at least have been in some danger:—"I thank God," he exclaims, "I am very well in health, and at the time he had doomed me to death I was not in the least out of order. The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss. He knows nothing of astrology." Poor Partridge! so might one of thy feathered namesakes congratulate itself after the fire of some young shot which has not touched one of the covey. "The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss. He knows nothing of partridge-shooting!" "Pray, Sir, excuse this trouble," concludes the exulting almanac-maker, "for no man can better tell you I am well than myself; and this is to undeceive your credulous friends that may yet believe the death of your real humble servant, John Partridge." As if the very demon of jocular mischief had inspired this proceeding, the person to whom Partridge addressed himself, Isaac Manley, the Irish postmaster, was Swift's particular friend! Forthwith came out 'The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanac-maker, upon the 29th instant, in a Letter to a Person of Honour,' professing to have been written on the 30th of March. Partridge now saw the necessity of taking the most decided measures, as people say in such circumstances, to vindicate his vitality; and so, not satisfied with earnestly assuring his countrymen in his almanac for the ensuing year that Squire Bickerstaff was a sham name, assumed by a lying, impudent fellow, and that, "blessed be God, John Partridge was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise," he applied to his neighbour, the Rev. Dr. Yalden, preacher at Bridewell, to draw up for him a full statement of his injuries and sufferings, to be laid, as a conclusive appeal, before the public. Yalden, a wit and poet, whose life is among Dr. Johnson's biographies, readily undertook the task; and if Partridge, as is said, actually published the pamphlet

which the Doctor drew up in his name, entitled ‘Squire Bickerstaff Detected; or, the Astrological Impostor Convicted,’ he may be written down an ass such as there has seldom been known the like of. He must have brayed like a whole legion of asses in his fury and despair when he found that, after all, his unrelenting tormenters still persisted in their original assertion, and even undertook to make it good out of his own expressions in contradicting it. ‘A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., against what is objected to him by Mr. Partridge, in his Almanac for the present Year, 1709; by the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,’ now came forth, in which, besides various other grave reasons proving that Mr. Partridge was not alive, the writer alleged the following:—“Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanac for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on: by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And, indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert that he was alive ever since the 29th of March, but that he is now alive, and was so on that day: I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived I leave the world to judge. This, indeed, is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.” It would have been wise after this in Partridge to have let the matter drop—to have rested satisfied, like other people, with being alive, without any further attempts to prove the fact. Driven wild, however, by some more persecution in the ‘Tatler,’ he was foolish enough, in announcing his almanac for 1710, to reiterate his passionate contradiction of the story of his death: “Whereas,” he said, “it has been industriously given out by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and others, to prevent the sale of this year’s almanac, that John Partridge is dead, this may inform all his loving countrymen that he is still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.—J. P.” This the ‘Tatler’ noticed immediately as “an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give;” and the next week appeared the humorous letter from the Master and Company of Upholders, exclaiming against the “intolerable toleration” by which so many dead people were allowed to “go putrefying up and down the streets,” pointing out the danger of infection to Her Majesty’s subjects “from the horrible stench of so many corses,” so long as it was “left to every dead man’s discretion not to be buried until he sees his time”—and concluding with the following postscript:—“Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against Dr. John Partridge, Philomath, Professor of Physic and Astrology; and whereas the said Partridge hath not surrendered himself, nor shown cause to the contrary; these are to certify that the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers’ Hall, on Tuesday the 29th instant, where any of his surviving friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the pall.—*Note.* We shall light away at six in the evening, there being to be a sermon.” To be dead was bad enough, but to be buried was still worse, and Partridge probably objected with increased vehemence; but we have not inquired further into his proceedings. A letter of his dated from the banks of Styx is given in a subsequent number of

the 'Tatler,' followed by an intimation from Bickerstaff that, having lately seen some of his predictions, which were "written in a true Protestant spirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal against the French king," he had some thoughts of sending for him from the other world, "and reinstating him in his own house, at the sign of the Globe, in Salisbury Street." By the bye, in a former paper he had been designated as "late of Cecil Street in the Strand." The last mention of him that occurs is in an advertisement in August, 1710, which has the appearance of having been provoked by some new proclamation he had been making of his continued existence in the body:—"Whereas an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 29th of March, 1708; these are to certify all whom it may concern that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.—Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad." For the remainder of his life (if life it could be called) John appears to have been left in quiet by the nest of hornets his braying had kept so long about him, and whose persistency we fear must have made the poor astrologer look upon what the world called wit as something equally atrocious with downright murder. But even his real departure from the earth did not interrupt the publication of his almanac; the 'Merlinus Liberatus, by John Partridge,' continued to appear as regularly every winter as ever—with only a sly (not to call it profane) intimation, or word to the wise, in the addition, after the pretended author's name, of the scriptural expression as it stands in the Vulgate, "*Etiam mortuus loquitur*," that is, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." The book seems to have for a time been got up by Mrs. Partridge, the tailor's remnant: the publication for 1723 concludes with an advertisement informing the world that "Dr. Partridge's night drops, night pills, &c., and other medicines of his own preparing, continue to be sold as before by his widow, at the Blue Ball in Salisbury Street, near the Strand." The other contents of the almanac are merely the usual farrago.

'Parker's Ephemeris for the year of our Lord 1723,' is described as "the thirty-fourth impression," which would carry back the commencement of the publication to the year 1689. It continued, as well as Partridge, to be published down to our own day. Of the author, George Parker, we know nothing, except that he carried on for some time, while he was actually in the flesh, an abusive controversy with his brother nativity-monger Partridge, to which the world is indebted for the knowledge of some recondite particulars in the history of the latter. 'Parker's Ephemeris for 1723' carries an effigies in its front, a head copiously bewigged and otherwise somewhat clerically adorned, which is probably intended for that of the astrologer. Yet an advertisement at the end announces "Printing of all sorts of books, bills, bonds, indentures, cases of parliament, funeral tickets, and tradesmen's bills, &c., performed by this author." On the whole, 'Parker's Ephemeris' contains more useful information, and less nonsense, than any of the other astrological almanacs of the day that we have examined. The author's astrological faith was evidently of the weakest. Of a very different spirit is Salem Pearse, whose 'Celestial Diary' for 1723, in two parts, overflows both with fervent verse and with ample details in prose of all the human and planetary influences. It seems indeed to be

drawn up mainly for the meridian of the kitchen; as 'Poor Robin,' also in two parts, which follows it in our collection, may be said to be wholly. The latter, which was of ancient standing in Swift's time, continued to be published, we believe, till within the last few years, with all its old rich and singular *mélange* of the horrible and the jocular, the puritanical and the prurient. Pearse we cannot trace back farther than to the year 1719, but he also survived to the end of the last or the beginning of the present century. A Richard Saunder, or Saunders, published a work upon physiognomy, chiromancy, &c., in 1653, and an 'Apollo Anglicanus' at least as early as 1667; but the author of the almanac published with that title in 1723 was probably the son of this original Richard. It is stated to be "the eight-and-thirtieth impression of the same author," which would carry back its commencement to the year 1685. Nevertheless Mr. Richard Saunder still walked the earth, and in a long advertisement at the end of his 'Union Almanac' he informs his readers that he was now removed to Brook near Oakham in the county of Rutland, where he professed the following mathematical arts: Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, Trigonometry, Navigation, Dialling, Surveying; "or," it is added, "if any gentleman, or other person, would have his land surveyed, or any building or edifice measured, either for bricklayers, carpenters, masons, plasterers, &c., he will perform the same either for master or workmen. Weather-glasses are also prepared, and carefully adjusted, by him, for any that have a desire to have them."

Wing is a famous name in the history of English astrology, having been first raised to distinction by Vincent Wing, who is said to have been born in 1619 and to have died in 1668, and who was a mathematician and astrologer of considerable eminence, as well as a proficient in more mystical lore. John Gadbury, who edited the works of Sir George Wharton, wrote 'A Relation of the Life and Death of Vincent Wing,' which was published in quarto in 1669. There is a letter from him to Lilly printed among the 'Letters written by Eminent Persons' published by Dr. Bliss along with Aubrey's 'Lives,' partly about a little astronomical work in the press, entitled 'Harmonicon Cœleste;' but the literary matter is preceded by an equally grave and earnest passage on another sort of subject, which curiously illustrates the character not only of the two correspondents, but of the time. "Honoured Mr. Lilly," the epistle commences, "a worthy gentleman of this town hath requested me to write a line unto you, concerning a great number of fine linnings [linens] that was stolen in the night time, the last week, out of a private garden close under her house. And, because she much fancies astrology, I would desire you to give her your advice therein, and to write a line or two back, whether you think they be recoverable or not. I set one figure for the first question, but I forbore to give judgment, and the rather because she hath, not undeservedly, so good a confidence of you and your writings, for which, I must say, we are all obliged to you. Good sir, at her request be pleased to honour her with a line, and she protesteth to make you pl[en]ty of satisfaction, if ever it be in her power. Her husband is a member of this parliament, and one, I suppose, well known to you, and is a man that highly esteems of your singular parts." The recovery of stolen goods was one of the most lucrative professions of these old astrologers; Isaac Bickerstaff alludes to it as a well-known branch of Partridge's practice:—"Thirdly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell

fortunes, and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits; and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead."* Partridge and his brethren, in fact, were in this way a sort of predecessors of Jonathan Wild. As for Vincent Wing, he was succeeded by John Wing (perhaps his son), whose almanac, entitled sometimes 'Olympia Dogmata,' sometimes 'Olympia Domata,' and printed sometimes at London, sometimes at Cambridge, we trace back to 1689; and John was succeeded by Tycho, whose name first appears on the 'Olympia Dogmata,' or Domata, for 1738, although we find him publishing another almanac, which he called 'Merlinius Anglicus,' so early as 1730. Both the 'Olympia Domata,' and the prognostication entitled 'Wing,' for the year 1723, by John Wing, who dates from Pickworth in the county of Rutland, are sufficiently stored with planetary and lunar learning of all kinds even to satisfy the manes of the worthy Vincent, whose astronomical studies ranged from the harmony of the spheres down to the setting of a figure for the recovery of a stolen washing of linen.

There was evidently a considerable amount of astrological faith remaining in the popular mind so long as all these almanacs continued to be printed and bought; but the religion of the stars had ceased, we apprehend, to have a generally believing priesthood in this country even before the middle of the seventeenth century, and by the beginning of the next, probably, we had not a single professing astrologer who was the dupe of his own pretensions. Lilly, who was born in 1602, and who commenced practice, as we have seen, in 1644, certainly was not so, and it may be questioned if among his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, of whom he has given us accounts in his characteristic and amusing autobiography, there were more than two or three who were not much more rogues and impostors than self-deceived enthusiasts. Dr. Simon Forman, for instances though, we are told, "he travelled into Holland for a month, in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences, as also in physick, taking his degree of doctor beyond seas," and afterwards "lived in Lambeth, with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was very charitable," we must take leave to hold to have been a thorough scoundrel. Lilly says, "he was a person that in horary questions (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; as also in sicknesses, which indeed was his masterpiece." If this means that he was a master in the art of secretly destroying health and life, a subtle practitioner in poisons, the infamous story of Lord and Lady Essex, and the tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, will sufficiently bear out the statement. "In resolving questions about marriage," Lilly adds, "he had good success; in other questions very moderate." As for a remarkable memorandum which it seems the doctor left behind him—"This I made the Devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember"—we must be excused for withholding our belief from what is therein affirmed, till some unexceptionable witness is brought forward who will swear to his infernal majesty's handwriting.

There was a contemporary of Forman's, however, also mentioned by Lilly—the

* Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., &c.

famous John Dee, commonly called *Doctor* Dee, who was a man of unquestionable learning and talent, much of which he expended in the study of astrology and the Rosicrucian philosophy, and whose undoubting mind appears really to have, in great part at least, believed the magic wonders which he passed his life in dreaming of. Dee was born 13th July, 1527, in London, where his father, Rowland Dee, was, according to Anthony Wood, a vintner in good circumstances, though Aubrey, who was his relation, tells us he was a Radnorshire gentleman of ancient and illustrious pedigree, being descended from Rhees, Prince of South Wales. John Dee was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1542, and there studied so hard, as he states, for the space of three years, that he never allowed himself more than four hours of the four-and-twenty for sleep, and two for meals and recreation. He spent several years, chiefly on the Continent at different universities, but returning to England in 1551, he received from King Edward, first a pension, and then a grant of the rectory of Upton-upon-Severn, one of a number of church preferments which he held in the course of his life, though he never was in orders. He appears to have first become known to Elizabeth while she resided at Woodstock, in the reign of Queen Mary, and he then suffered a short imprisonment at Hampton Court, in consequence of some suspicions excited by a correspondence which he was detected in carrying on with some of the persons in attendance upon the princess. He himself says that he was suspected of "endeavouring, by enchantments, to destroy Queen Mary." In fact, he had already acquired the reputation in the popular mind of being wiser than he ought to be—of being not only astrologer, but magician. The accession of Elizabeth brought him at once into request in the former capacity. In 1577 the court was greatly alarmed by a comet; upon which Dee was sent for to Windsor, and spent three days there in tranquillizing her Majesty and her ministers by a more favourable interpretation of the phenomenon. On another occasion, "My careful and faithful endeavour," continues Dee, "was with great speed required (*as by divers messages sent to me one after another in one morning*) to prevent the mischief which divers of her Majesty's privy council suspected to be intended against her Majesty's person, *by means of a certain image of wax, with a great pin stuck into it above the breast of it, found in Lincoln's Inn Fields!*" This, if we may judge from the vehement importunity of the council's application, was a still worse case than that of the comet: however, Dee's art was a match even for the wax figure and the great pin. "I did satisfy her Majesty's desire," he says, "and the lords of the privy council, within few hours, in godly and artificial manner." After this his next "dutiful service" has something of the bathos in it—"the diligent conference which," says he, "by her Majesty's commandment I had with Mr. Doctor Bayly, her Majesty's physician, about her Majesty's grievous pangs and pains, by reason of toothache and the rheum." In return, Elizabeth took much notice of her learned adviser in matters of comets, witchcraft, toothache, and rheumatism. On the afternoon of the 16th of March, 1575, "The Queen's Majesty," he tells us, "with her most honourable Privy Council, and other her lords and nobility, came purposely to have visited my library; but finding that my wife was within four hours before buried out of the house, her Majesty refused to come in, but wished me to fetch my glass so famous, and to show unto her some

of the properties of it, which I did. Her Majesty being taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall of Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her Majesty's great contentment and delight, and so in most singular manner did thank me." We do not know if it will assist in identifying the spot beside the wall of the old village church, where, on a March afternoon, two hundred and sixty-seven years ago, the royal Elizabeth thus alighted to converse with the astrologer, her full-blown favourite (it was the year of Kenilworth) assisting her to the ground, to mention that Dee's house, according to Aubrey, stood "next to the house where the tapestry hangings are made, viz., west of that house."* Aubrey had his information from an old woman, a native of Mortlake, who remembered Dee; and stated that "the children dreaded him, because he was accounted a conjuror." Another time, on the 17th of September, 1580, "the Queen's Majesty," Dee himself relates, "came from Richmond in her coach the higher way of Mortlake Field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down toward my house; and when she was against my garden in the field, her Majesty staid for a good while, and then came into the field at the great gate of the field, where her Majesty espied me at my door, making reverent and dutiful obeisance unto her; and with her hand her Majesty beckoned for me to come to her, and I came to her coach-side. Her Majesty then very speedily pulled off her glove, and gave me her hand to kiss; and, to be short, her Majesty willed me to resort oftener to her Court, and by some of her Privy Chamber to give her to weet when I am there." Finally, on the 10th of October in the same year, at five in the afternoon, her Majesty came again; but Dee was now going to the church to bury his mother, as five years before, when he was thus honoured, he had just returned from the funeral of his wife—a circumstance which Elizabeth did not fail to remember.

It appears to have been shortly after this last visit that Dee became connected with Edward Kelley, whom he is said to have engaged to assist him in a course of experiments, perhaps having for their object at first nothing more than the pursuit of the grand hermetic secret of projection, or the transmutation of metals, at a salary of fifty pounds. But Kelley, a sharp-witted rogue, would soon perceive the influence he might acquire over the visionary by humouring his enthusiastic and credulous disposition: at any rate the two are alleged to have, after a short time, abandoned the regular alchemical method of seeking the philosopher's stone, and to have boldly taken to the forbidden practices of incantation and magic. We cannot go into this part of Dee's history; the true nature of his proceedings has been the subject of much controversy; what is certain is that he and Kelley left England suddenly and clandestinely in the end of 1583 for Poland, whence Dee did not return till November, 1589, when he came back by special invitation from Queen Elizabeth. Kelley remained abroad, and is said to have been made a baron by the Emperor, though he ended his life in a jail. But there is still in existence a most elaborate and minute

* In a note, by Mr. Halliwell, to Dee's very curious 'Diary,' printed by the Camden Society since this paper was written, the following statement is given on the authority of a manuscript in the Ashmolean Library:—"Dr. Dee dwelt in a house near the water-side, a little westward from the church. The buildings, which Sir F. Crane erected for working of tapestry hangings, and are still (1673) employed to that use, were built upon the ground whereon Dr. Dee's laboratory and other rooms for that use stood. Upon the west is a square court, and the next is the house wherein Dr. Dee dwelt, now inhabited by one Mr. Selbury, and further west his garden."



[Kelley.]

detail, apparently drawn up by Dee, of their proceedings during several years in the raising of spirits, a portion of which has been published, making a closely printed folio volume of some five hundred pages. It is altogether about the most amazing performance that ever proceeded from the press or the pen. Meric Casaubon, the learned divine, by whom it was given to the public in 1659, is clear as to the absolute and literal truth of every line of it, and considers the narrative (as well he may upon this supposition) to be the most complete account of the spiritual world of which we are in possession. Modern readers will in general content themselves with the question of whether the narrator is to be held as deceiver or deceived, as quite sufficient exercise for their faculties or their faith. For our own part, it is one which we shall not attempt to answer. All this portion of Dee's life, indeed, is a mystery. He made his journey homeward in extraordinary state and parade, travelling with not only three coaches, besides baggage waggons, but also with the attendance of a hired guard of horse; yet when he reached his native country he found himself in utter destitution. If he had ever possessed the philosopher's stone, he had apparently lost it by the way. The detail of his various shifts and difficulties during the three years that had elapsed since his return, which he gives in the 'Compendious Rehearsal,' presents one of the most singular pictures of housekeeping anywhere delineated. It appears that his house at Mortlake, having been left unprotected while he was abroad, had been broken into, and that a valuable library and a collection of philosophical instruments which it contained were nearly all carried off, not, however, as it should seem, by regular thieves or burglars, but rather by persons who thought it meritorious to scatter about the magician's books of diablerie and to break to pieces the tools of his black and sinful art. One wonders that everything was not irretrievably gone: however, he succeeded in recovering a considerable portion of his dis-

persed property, of about four thousand printed books and manuscripts finding in the end only about a fourth part lost. But many of those he got back he had afterwards to dispose of for wherewithal to keep himself and his family from starving; "enforced," says Lilly, "many times to sell some book or other to buy his dinner with, as Dr. Napier, of Linford, in Buckinghamshire, oft related, who knew him well." For the rest, he borrowed and begged from all and sundry who came in his way. His establishment all the while was on a scale of extraordinary extent for a person in such circumstances; for besides himself, his wife, and seven children, he seems to have kept no fewer than eight servants—he talks of "seventeen of us in all." No wonder that the thought of catering much longer for so numerous a brood in this predatory style filled him with apprehension: he dreads that he will be obliged to sell his house for half what it cost him, and he describes himself as now "brought to the very next instant of stepping out of doors:—"I," says he, "and mine, with bottles and wallets furnished to become wanderers as homish vagabonds, or, as banished men, to forsake the kingdom." Nevertheless it appears by a marginal note of subsequent date that he contrived to keep up the war in the same way by borrowing and getting in debt for about a year and a half longer. At length in May, 1595, the old astrologer and reputed magician was appointed to the wardenship of Manchester College, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Hugh Bellot to the bishopric of Chester. Dee indeed hints in his 'Compendious Rehearsal' that he was at one time actually offered a bishopric if he would have taken orders; but he shrunk from having anything to do with the cure of souls. After all, he came back from Manchester after a few years, and taking up his abode once more at Mortlake, resumed his old crazy dealings with spirits, having got into the hands of a new assistant or associate, one Bartholomew Hickman, who was probably as great a rascal as Kelley. He had not resigned his preferment, but nevertheless poverty was again as great as ever: he seems to have preferred a precarious, scrambling existence, and to have rather had an aversion to a settled income. It is even asserted that he was meditating a new journey into Germany, when death at last arrested him some time in the year 1608, at the age of eighty-one. He was buried in Mortlake Church, Aubrey's informant, the old woman, told him, in the midst of the chancel, a little towards the south side, between Mr. Holt and Mr. Miles, both servants to Queen Elizabeth. A stone that covered him was removed in Oliver's days: before this, the children, the old woman said, when they played in the church, would run to Dr. Dee's gravestone. Of a numerous family which he left, there are only two of whom anything seems to be known—a daughter, Sarah, who is said to have married a flax-dresser in Southwark; and a son, Arthur, who studied medicine, became physician in ordinary to Charles I., and died at Norwich about 1650. According to Aubrey, Ben Jonson had Dee in his eye in writing 'The Alchemist;' he is indeed mentioned by name in that play—

"——— one whose name is Dee,
In a rug gown."

Aubrey says, "He was tall and slender; he wore a gown like an artist's gown, with hanging sleeves and a slit."

These "follics of the wise" of former days are now become the jests of children ; but when we think of Dee and his divinations we ought to remember that in the same age the grave and wise Burghley cast the nativity of Queen Elizabeth, and that a century later Dryden still attempted in the same way to unveil the future fortunes of his newly-born son. Nor ought we to forget that with all this weakness something strong and high has also perished : these superstitions, whatever evils of another kind they brought along with them, gave in some respects a consecration and solemnity to this life of ours that is now wanting. And even of astrology and its kindred visionary sciences themselves, it is true, as Bacon has remarked in his high style, that, although they had better intelligence and confederacy with the imagination of man than with his reason, nevertheless the ends or pretences were noble.



[Dee.]



[Seven Dials.]

LXVII.—ST. GILES'S, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE sententious Maitland says, of the Church of St. Giles in the Fields, that it "is denominated from St. Giles, a Grecian;" which may be the reason why so many "foolish Greeks" (*vide* Shakspeare's 'What you will') have both in ancient and modern times congregated around it. It is scarcely to be wondered at that, among so numerous a company as the Saints of the Roman Church (half-a-dozen for every day in the year, besides a numerous *corps de reserve* to supply any vacancies that might occur, packed away in the day of All Saints), some of them should occasionally fall into indifferent company. But there are one or two of them who, with every inclination to make allowance for human frailty even in Saints, have stretched their licence rather too far. St. Julian's connection with thieves is matter of notoriety; St. Nicholas's conduct has led to his name being conferred upon one whom, according to old saws, it is not very safe to mention; and as for St. Giles, if in any town possessed of more than three or four churches there be one set apart for him, it is odds but you find the most questionable characters in the town dwelling in its neighbourhood. Without going out of our own island to seek for examples, we may remark that in Edinburgh the "Heart of Mid Lothian" stood, and the Parliament House still stands, close to the shrine of

St. Giles; and here, in London, he is the central point of a population—"of whom more anon," as Baillie Nichol Jarvie said of the sons of Rob Roy.

St. Giles appears to have come in with the Conqueror, or soon after, which may account for his sympathy with marauders: "By the village of St. Giles's not appearing in 'Domesday Book,' I imagine it is not coeval with the Conquest," says Maitland; and here, for the information of those who, not being deeply read in this historian, may not be acquainted with his peculiar use of the English language, "not coeval with" means, in his mouth, "what did not exist before." 'The Beauties of Maitland' would be an interesting book, and one of them follows close in the wake of the piece of intelligence just cited: "That the parish is of great antiquity is manifest by the decretal sentence of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., *anno* 1222, in the great controversy between Eustace, Bishop of London, &c., and William, Abbot of Westminster, &c., in which sentence this parish is expressly mentioned; but I imagine *it* was not converted into a parish-church till the 20th of April, *anno* 1547." By what process a *parish* can be converted into a *parish-church* it is not very easy to conceive; but as, in the same breath, the soaring imagination ("I imagine") of the author leads him to decide that the parish prophetically mentioned in a judicial sentence of 1222 did not exist till 1547, this is a trifle.

The church and village of St. Giles are supposed to have sprung from an hospital for lepers founded there by Matilda, wife of Henry I., about the year 1117. As in the sentential award made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, already alluded to, the garden of the hospital appears to have been situated between St. Giles's High Street, the Pound, and Hog Lane (now dignified by the appellation of Crown Street, thereby plainly showing that in London, at least, men know how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear), Maitland concludes that the hospital itself stood near the west end of the present church. In 1354 Edward III. granted this hospital to the master and brethren of the order of Burton St. Lazar of Jerusalem, in Leicestershire. When the gallows was removed from the Elms in Smithfield, about the year 1413, it was erected at the north end of the garden-wall of St. Giles, near the junction of St. Giles's High Street and Crown Street. When it was again removed, still in a western direction, which may have helped, along with other observations, to lead Bishop Berkeley to the conclusion, "westward the course of empire holds its way," St. Giles's became a sort of half-way house for the heroes who travelled that dark road. "The condemned criminals, in their way to the place of execution, usually stopped at this hospital, where they, as their last refreshment, were presented with a large bowl of ale."

It is probably owing to this combination of circumstances—to its being selected as a place of retreat for noisome and squalid outcasts, and associated in various ways with the careers of those who lived in hostility with the law—that the character which St. Giles's has retained from first to last during the whole period that anything is known of it has been so ineradicably burned into it. St. James's, which was also originally a lazaret-house, has become a kingly residence, and Tyburn too has in its day been the shambles or sacrificial altar (which you will) of the law: all traces, however, of the disagreeable associations which elung to the one locality, and are still conjured up by the name of the other, have vanished. But St. Giles's combined within itself what was repulsive about both, and accordingly St. Giles remains true to itself, "unchanged, unchangeable."

It cannot be said that no attempt has been made to reclaim it. In the days of Charles II. the place subsequently denominated Seven Dials was erected, in the expectation that it would become the abode of the gay and the wealthy. Nor did the hope seem altogether groundless. Close at hand were Soho Square and Covent Garden, then aristocratical resorts, and on the other side were the mansions of the Bedford and other noble families, upon the ruins of which the seemly district of St. George's, Bloomsbury, has since arisen. There was good society enough to keep the Seven Dials from turning haggard. But the atmosphere of St. Giles's was too powerful for such counter-agents, and the Seven Dials soon became nearly, though not altogether, as bad as its neighbours in the Rookery.

During the ascendancy of the Puritans a stout effort was made to reform the morals of the denizens of St. Giles's, as well as other places; but it appears from the parish books that a stout resistance was made by these turbulent worthies. Mr. Brayley furnishes us with a few illustrative extracts:—

	£.	s.	d.
" 1641. Received of the Vintner at the <i>Cutt</i> in Queen Street, for permitting of tippling on the Lord's-day	1	10	0
1644. Received of three poor men for drinking on the Sabbath-day at Tottenham Court	0	4	0
1645 Received of John Seagood, constable, which he had of a Frenchman for swearing three oaths	0	3	0
" Received of Mrs. <i>Thunder</i> , by the hands of Francis Potter, for her being drunk, and swearing seven oaths	0	12	0
1646. Received of Mr. Hooker, for brewing on a Fast-day	0	2	6
" Paid and given to Lyn and two watchmen, in consideration of their pains, and the breaking of two halberts, in taking the two drunkards and swearers that paid	1	4	0
" Received of four men travelling on the Fast-day	0	1	0
" Received of Mr. Wetherill, headboro', which he had of one for an oath	0	3	4
1648. Received from the City Marshall, sent by the Lord Mayor, for one that was drunk at the Farts in our parish	0	5	0
" Received from Isabel Johnson, at the Coal-yard, for drinking on the Sabbath-day	0	4	0
1652. Received of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Norris, who were riding out of town on a Fast-day	0	11	0
1654. Received of William Glover, in Queen Street, and of Isaac Thomas, a barber, for trimming of beard on the Lord's-day. (The sum is not stated.)			
1655. Received of a maid taken in Mrs. Jackson's ale-house on the Sabbath-day	0	5	0
" Received of a Scotchman drinking at Robert Owen's on the Sabbath	0	2	0
1658. Received of Joseph Piers, for refusing to open his doors to have his house searched on the Lord's-day	0	10	0
1659. (An entry occurs of 'one Brooke's goods sold for breach of the Sabbath;' but the produce is not set down.)"			

"Think of that, Master Brook," as a congenial spirit would doubtless have exclaimed, had he not long ere this been "all cold as any stone." So, too, would his co-mates; but Bardolph and Nym were hanged "for pyx of little price:" Mrs. Pistol (the quondam Quickly) was dead; and Pistol himself had doubtless fired his last shot, for at our farewell interview with him he was complaining—

“ Old do I wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled.”

It was clear, from the subdued and despondent tone of his voice, that “his heart was fracted and corroborate,” and that he was soon to die the death of his old master. They had left, however, kindred souls behind them, who bade defiance alike to the Ironsides of Cromwell and the whole Assembly of Divines at Westminster. The vintner at the “Cat” kept his doors open on the sly, notwithstanding the fine of thirty good shillings imposed upon him; Mrs. Thunder (appropriate name) continued to tipple and swear, at the rate of five shillings for each jollification, and a shilling for every oath; the Frenchman kept spitting out “sacres” as fast as the sparks from a Catherine-wheel; and the worthies who broke the two halberts of Lyn’s watchmen (and, though the parish records gloss over the defeat of their officers, swung the watchmen), survived to lead a gallant troop down Drury Lane, and along the Strand, to assist in burning the rumps at Temple Bar. The only recusant was the Scotchman, who was reclaimed, by the outlay of two shillings English, from all such backslidings; though the maid taken in Mrs. Jackson’s alchouse, despite her five shillings, and Isabel Johnston, despite her four, continued rebellious “malignants” to the last.

Nor is this so much to be wondered at, when we consider that, as early as 1641, “the correcting Parliament” had excited the jealousy of the sellers and drinkers of ale by appearing to mete to the sellers of lordly wine, and to the sellers of yeomanly beer, with a different measure. The vintners were relieved from the pressure of the wine monopoly at the very time that the alchouse-keepers were subjected to a rigorous police; and the roisterers of St. Giles’s, not unnaturally, jumped at the conclusion that the rigid morality of the Parliament was like the sobriety of the vice-president of a Temperance Society whom we knew well in our younger and more foolish days—the office-bearers of such societies have since become more consistent. Worthy man!—Ardent spirits he would not allow to enter his house, except in homœopathic doses in an apothecary’s phials, but many a good bottle of Edinburgh ale have we shared with him when we chanced to drop in on him at his house for luncheon; and at one serious *lête-à-lête* did we finish three bottles of claret—he drinking glass for glass, while he urged upon us, with weighty arguments, the propriety of joining the Society. That this suspicion lent vigour to the resistance offered in St. Giles’s to all attempts on the part of the parish dignitaries to amerce them into sobriety, appears from a dialogue, the scene of which is laid in this neighbourhood, published in 1641, under the imposing title of ‘The Tapster’s Downfall and the Drunkard’s Joy; or, a Dialogue between *Leatherbeard*, the Tapster of the Sheaves, and *Rubynose*, one of his ancient acquaintance, who hath formerly eaten three stone of roast-beef on a Sunday morning, but now (being debarred that privilege) slights him, and resolves to drink wine altogether.’ The communing of these worthies begins as follows:—

“*Leatherbeard*. Whither away, Mr. Ruby? Will you not know your old friends, now they grow poor?

“*Rubynose*. Now you grow poor, I hold it a gentle garb to be willing to forget you.

“*L*. What! not one cup more of our brisk beer, which hath set that tincture

in your well-dyed scarlet face? Are you resolved to leave us so? This is most discourteously done of you.

"*R.* I cannot stay, i' faith. More serious employments draw me away.

"*L.* What do you say?—Will you try a piece of beef, for all your haste?

"*R.* Yes: were it Sunday morning.

"*L.* Truly, Mr. Rubynose, you do not well to jeer your poor friends, now they are in misery. . . . With a most sorrowful heart I will relate to you the saddest news that ever befel unto us squires of the drawing society of the tap.

"*R.* Good Small-beer, proceed.

"*L.* Why, you know the benefit my poor master's widow got every Sunday morning by her thin-cut slices of roasted beef; how she made the gents to pay for the vinegar and pepper they ate with the roast-beef at prayer-time; and how I sold my ale and beer all that time at double prices.

"*R.* I am very sensible of it.

"*L.* I know likewise you are not ignorant of what innumerable numbers of mince-pies we sold every Sunday at dinner, and what benefit we made of the refuse of the slashed roast-beef.

"*R.* I know of all this very well.

"*L.* Nay, one of the chiefest matters is behind; how many great gross of plum-cakes and cheese-cakes, what stewed prunes and custards, we have sold every Sunday at prayer-time in the afternoon, and what doings we have had all the day after—oh, in those days I was a man of great calling! I assure you we have taken more money on a Sunday than all the week after.

"*R.* Why, all this I confidently believe; therefore, I pray, what of it?

"*L.* Oh, sir, those days are done; we must now fall to our prayers on a Sunday, and keep our doors shut all the day long, and sing psalms if we please, but we have never a room to the street.

"*R.* Why, how cometh that about, you have not liberty to open your doors on a Sunday as formerly?

"*L.* The correcting Parliament, that hath a sight on all trades, hath made an order to the contrary, which is put in strict execution: we are now in more fear of the churchwarden than of all the back-clappers and clenching tenter-neck bailies of the town.

"*R.* Why, you may fee the churchwardens, and regain your privilege.

"*L.* No, Sir; they are not so mercenary as the promoting paritor is: six shillings a quarter and free access to a lusty chine of roast-beef will not give them content."

And thereupon Rubynose tells the complaining man that, if things remain in that way, he must break, and to render him still more malcontent, leaves him, after communicating the information that Parliament has extended the privileges of vintners, and thus rendered wine cheap, and that he, Rubynose, is resolved for the future to abjure both meat and malt potations, and spend every farthing he has or can get upon the juice of the grape. And by such means was St. Giles's and all its worshippers of John Barleycorn rendered ripe for revolt. They saw the wine-bibber favoured, and themselves, unaccused, untried, treated worse than the convicted felon who passed through their village on his way to Tyburn—stinted in their bowls of ale. Like one of the great men with whom

we have already paralleled them, they protested they had "operations in their head, which be humours of revenge;" and with another they swore "by welkin and her star" to have revenge with wit or steel. If it were but to spite the Parliament and churchwardens, they were resolute *not* to "purge and leave sack, and live cleanly as a noble man should do."

And most happily were they situated for carrying their resolves into effect. St. Giles's, situated neither in Westminster nor the liberties of the City, abuts upon both. In those days it communicated with the former through St. Martin's Lane, with the ganglion of courts, minor lanes, and houses of questionable character at its lower extremity; with the latter through Drury Lane and Wych Street, and sundry almost impervious defiles round or across St. Clement's Churchyard into Butcher Row. The situation is commanding; it overlooked Whitehall on the one side and the City on the other with a saucy complacency. In front it was only accessible through dangerous defiles, and all to the north of Holborn and the Oxford Road was in a manner open country. In those days it seemed marked out by the hand of nature as a city of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted tipplers and raggamuffins of London and Westminster, when they wanted to make merry in defiance of the churchwardens, whose empire was then more terrible than that of the thief-catchers. St. Giles's was at that time for the natives or naturalised of Alsatia and the Sanctuary what the hills in the south of Scotland were for the Presbyterian disciplinarians, when their turn came to be undermost, a central point where they could meet, and from the elevation of which they could timeously descry the approach of danger; and in whose channelled sides were rare dens for sculking, doubling, and throwing out their pursuers. It is a mistake to imagine that the stifling pressure of a densely peopled metropolis is most sensibly felt in its innermost recesses. The filth and squalor of its necessitous population are to be found squatting in out-of-the-way corners where town and country meet. The islands of social misery found in the interior of London or Paris have been surrounded and built in as these capitals extended themselves. Thus favoured by natural position, by the sturdy character of its inhabitants, the blackguardism of St. Giles's was only increased by harsh treatment: it was pounded into tougher consistency. It might even have protracted its resistance although the reign of Puritanism had been lengthened; but relief came to its inmates—as well as to the better-dressed and more cleanly blackguards—with the restoration of Charles II.—the anniversary of which ought nowhere to be celebrated with more fervent gratitude than in the quondam village of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

Not to insist upon other pieces of evidence to the unvarying character maintained by St. Giles's from the days of the Commonwealth to those we live in, it may suffice to mention, between the years 1740 and 1750, it was a resort of the celebrated Thurot—the commander of a French squadron which committed some depredations on the coasts of Ireland and the Hebrides in 1760—a native hero of France, much of the same class and calibre with the one of Scotch growth who commanded the 'Bon Homme Richard' some twenty years later. Thurot, though a Frenchman, had some Irish blood in his veins, and he began the world under the auspices of a relative of the name of O'Farrel, an eminent smuggler from Connaught. The education, commenced on board a smuggling lugger,

was advanced by the experience of two years' service as valet in a nobleman's family in Dublin. He and the lady's maid were dismissed rather abruptly and unceremoniously about the same time; and the girl being soon after received into the family of another nobleman who lived in the north of Ireland, Thurot followed her. "In this place he made himself acceptable," says his biographer, "to many gentlemen and to the Earl of A——, by his skill in sporting; but his situation being near the sea, and the opposite coast of Scotland favouring the trade of smuggling, in which he was a much greater master than in cocking and hunting, he soon got into a gang of these people." The chance of trade brought him to London; and from 1748 to 1752 he was constantly trading between France and this city. "Part of this time he lodged in a court in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was then instructed in the mathematics by one Mr. Donnelly, an Irish gentleman famous for his knowledge and abilities in the mathematical studies." After 1752 his chief place of residence was Boulogne, "where he became king of the smugglers, and during his reign did not export and import less than 20,000*l.* worth a-year." In due time he was thrown into prison, from which the French government, being at that time sadly at a loss for a naval hero, took him, and gave him the command of a buccaneering expedition along the coasts of Britain, in the course of which he displayed skill, courage, and humanity. In short, though we are not aware that his parallel, Captain Paul Jones, ever went through the initiatory processes of smuggling and waiting at table, "barring these accidents," Thurot was infinitely the more genuine hero of the two: he was more of the gentleman, and never landed as commander of an alien and hostile force within sight of the house he was born in.

But what has Thurot to do with St. Giles's? He is a specimen of the company which, while he was studying mathematics and serving his time as journeyman to the trade of smuggler—before he had set up for himself on a large scale—used to frequent the more genteel streets of that district. "He used frequently to go to a club which was held every Monday night somewhere about the Seven Dials, and consisted wholly of foreigners, chiefly of Frenchmen. Some of these gentlemen took it in their heads one evening most grossly to abuse the English and Irish, calling them every contemptuous name which liquor and ill-manners could suggest. Thurot listened to them for some time with a great deal of patience; till at length, finding they intended to set no bounds to their insolence, he very calmly got up, and, seizing the two who sat next him, each by the nose, without saying a syllable, he led them to the door, and put them out and bolted it after them; then, returning to his seat—'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'let us drink about and call another subject.'"^{*} The class of foreigners to which Thurot belonged has become too numerous or too ambitious to find proper accommodation at Seven Dials: now that they obtrude themselves upon a wider public, it is to be wished that they sometimes had a Thurot among them.

It is time, however, to come to the modern St. Giles's. This interesting district is bounded on the north by the great brewhouse in Bainbridge Street, and on the south by the great brewhouse in Castle Street; and extends from Hog Lane (now Crown Street) on the west, to Drury Lane on the east. The erection of Bloomsbury, which originally formed part of St. Giles's, into a separate

^{*} 'Annual Register,' 1760, p. 28 (of the Chronicle division of the volume).

parish, has given a greater homogeneity to the district. Leaving out of view, therefore, the scantling of Great Russell Street included in it, the parish of St. Giles's may be considered as the most thoroughly uniform and consistent in point of character and appearance of any in London. Slight shades of difference may be detected between its "west end" (which, by the way, is situated on its south side) about Seven Dials, and its "east end" which rejoices in the designation, redolent of woodland or cathedral associations, of "the Rookery."

The Seven Dials, we have had occasion to remark above, are an evidence of an attempt to civilise the neighbourhood by introducing respectable houses into it. The attempt was not altogether in vain: this part of the parish has ever since "worn its *dirt* with a difference." There is an air of shabby gentility about it, not unlike that which may be remarked about the native of such a district, who, after having been tried for a year or two as servant in a genteel family, has been returned in despair to his (or her) original rags and dirt. The air of the footman or waiting-maid can be recognised through the tatters, which are worn with more assumption than those of their unsophisticated neighbours—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
The scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The houses in this region, with their inmates and surrounding objects, always remind us irresistibly of Sophia Western's *sacque* worn by Molly Seagrim in her father's house.

It is here that the literature of St. Giles's has fixed its abode; and a literature the parish has of its own, and that, as times go, of a very respectable standing in point of antiquity. In a letter from Letitia Pilkington to the demure author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and published by the no less exemplary and irreproachable Mrs. Barbauld, the lady informs her correspondent that she has taken apartments in Great White Lion Street, and stuck up a bill intimating that all who had not found "reading and writing come by nature," and who had had no teacher to make up the defect by art, might have "letters written here." With the progress of education, printing-presses have found their way into St. Giles's, and it is now no exaggeration to say that, compared with the rest of the metropolis, the streets radiating from Seven Dials, and intersecting the diamond-shaped space included by Monmouth Street, West Street, Castle Street, and King Street, display more than the average allowance of booksellers' and stationers' shops, circulating libraries, and the like. It was here—in Monmouth Court, a thoroughfare connecting Monmouth Street with Little Earl Street—that the late eminent Mr. Catnach developed the resources of his genius and trade. It was he who first availed himself of greater mechanical skill and a larger capital than had previously been employed in that department of THE TRADE, to substitute for the execrable tea-paper, blotched with lamp-black and oil, which characterised the old broadside and ballad printing, tolerable white paper and real printer's ink. But more than that, it was he who first conceived and carried into effect the idea of publishing collections of songs by the yard, and giving to purchasers, for the small price of one penny (in former days the cost of a single ballad), strings of poetry, resembling in shape and length the list of Don Juan's mistresses, which Leporello unrolls on the stage before Donna Anna. He was no ordinary man, Catnach: he patronised original talents in many a bard of St.

Giles's, and is understood to have accumulated the largest store of broadsides, last-dying speeches, ballads, and other stock-in-trade of the flying stationers, upon record. We had flattered ourselves with the illusive hope of benefiting by his liberal assistance in compiling these annals of St. Giles's; but upon entering Monmouth Court, the first time for many years, we were *abîmé* by finding over one of his doors (for the great man filled two), "Paul and Riley, successors to late Catnach." We entertain not a doubt that his mantle has descended upon successors worthy of him, but to us they never can be what Catnach has been. His literary treasures will, in all probability, remain locked up until some St. Giles's George Robins does for them what the genuine Robins is doing for the collection of Strawberry Hill. Unless, indeed, the British Museum or the Bodleian contrive to secure them before they are offered to public competition.

The taste of St. Giles's is more literary than scientific, and modern seems preferred to ancient literature. At present there is, so far as we can ascertain, only one old book-shop in the district—the extensive and *recherché* collection, near the upper end of Broad Street, on the south side—second-hand books are sometimes indeed to be met with in the shops of other dealers, but they are in general the latest fashionable novels. Romantic serials appear to be greatly in demand: such as the 'The Grave of the Forsaken,' 'The Wreck of the Heart,' 'The Lion King,' 'Susan Hopley,' 'The Horrors of the Castle of Zeinzendorff,' 'The Miller's Maid,' &c. All these are of the Bulwer or Ainsworth schools, and illustrated by engravings in wood every way worthy of them. For works of humour, such as the 'Penny Satirist,' 'Cleave's Police Gazette,' there seems to be a considerable demand. The fact of all the works we have enumerated belonging to the illustrated class will have prepared the reader to expect other symptoms of a taste for art; and accordingly, in Monmouth Street, we find one of the great ateliers from which the milk-shops, ginger-beer stalls, green-groceries, and pot-houses of the suburbs are supplied with sign-boards. Theatrical amateurs appear to abound; at least the ample store of tin daggers, blunt cutlasses, banners, halberds, battle-axes, &c., constantly exposed for sale at a cellar in Monmouth Street, indicate a steady demand. Nor is this all: in no part of the town do we find singing-birds in greater numbers and variety, and as most of the houses, being of an old fashion, have broad ledges of lead over the shop windows, these are frequently converted into hanging gardens, not so extensive as those of Babylon, but possibly yielding as much pleasure to their occupants. In short, what with literature and a taste for flowers and birds, there is much of the "sweet south" about St. Giles's, harmonising with the out-of-door habits of its occupants; and one could almost fancy that, amid the groups so easily and picturesquely disposed round each of the seven angles which abut upon the central circle, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer had there found many of those exquisite pictures which he has so felicitously introduced into his 'Last Days of Pompeii.' Flower (or vegetable) girls (sometimes blind of *one* eye) meet you at every corner, and the baths are to be found in Little Earl Street with the inscription, "A shave and a wash for 1d." Pedants may fancy this a degradation from the merits of the great work referred to, but who ever complained because phrases of true English growth are to be found in the mouths of Shakspeare's "citizens?"

The bulk of the permanent population seems composed of Hebrews and the

natives of the Emerald Isle. The former preponderate in Monmouth Street (and this being the case, it is a favourable account of their practical tolerance that there is a flourishing pork and sausage shop near one end of the street, and an equally flourishing Roman Catholic bookseller's at the other); the Irish abound most in the lanes and courts. The association is not without its predisposing causes in the economical relations of the two parties. Whoever has passed along Monmouth Street must have been struck with the redundant drapery of the old-clothes' shop, intermingled with stores of second-hand boots and shoes, enough, it would seem, to fit out whole Spanish legions, were they again required. Doubtless good part of them finds a retail sale on the spot: it is not easy to escape the importunities of their eloquent vendors. But in addition to these, a large export trade is driven with Ireland. It is understood that Mr. O'Connell's patriotic attempt to promote the domestic manufactures of Ireland has failed mainly from the circumstance that nine-tenths of the population have contracted a habit of wearing in preference second and third-hand clothes, and that the remaining tenth cannot with their best will wear out their new clothes quick enough to provide the rest with a constant supply of their favourite wear.

The classical reader may possibly retain from his schoolboy days a recollection of a race of people called Troglodytes—dwellers in caves, an intermediate species between the man and the rabbit. Their descendants still flourish in great force in Monmouth Street. Cellars serving whole families for “kitchen and parlour and bed-room and all” are to be found in other streets of London, but not so numerous and near to each other. Here they cluster like cells in a convent of the order of *La Trappe*, or like onions on a rope. It is curious and interesting to watch the habits of these human moles when they emerge, or half emerge, from their cavities. Their infants seem exempt from the dangers which haunt those of other people: at an age when most babies are not trusted alone on a level floor, these urchins stand secure on the upmost round of a trap-ladder, studying the different conformations of the shoes of the passers-by. The mode of ingress of the adults is curious: they turn their backs to the entry, and, inserting first one foot and then another, disappear by degrees. The process is not unlike (were such a thing conceivable) a sword sheathing itself. They appear a short-winded generation, often coming, like the otter, to the surface to breathe. In the twilight which reigns at the bottom of their dens you can sometimes discern the male busily cobbling shoes on one side of the entrance, and the female repairing all sorts of rent garments on the other. They seem to be free feeders: at certain periods of the day tea-cups and saucers may be seen arranged on their boards; at others, plates and pewter pots. They have the appearance of being on the whole a contented race. At present, when the cold north-easter of the income-tax is about to sweep cuttingly across the face of the earth, we often feel tempted to envy those who, in their subterranean retreats, will hear it whistle innocuously far above their heads, with the feelings of the travellers in ‘*Mary the Maid of the Inn*:’

“ ‘Tis pleasant, says one, seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without.”

There are some features common to both divisions of this region, which will be best understood and appreciated after we have introduced our readers to “the

Rookery." Here is the genuine unsophisticated St. Giles's. Its limits are not very precisely defined, its squalor fades into the cleanness of the more civilised districts in its vicinity, by insensible degrees, like the hues of the rainbow, but we shall not be far from the mark if we describe it as the triangular space bounded by Bainbridge Street, George Street, and High Street, St. Giles's. It is one dense mass of houses, "so olde they only seemen not to falle," through which narrow tortuous lanes curve and wind, from which again diverge close courts innumerable, all communicating with those nearest them. It is one great maze of narrow crooked paths crossing and intersecting in labyrinthine convolutions, as if the houses had been originally one great block of stone eaten by slugs into innumerable small chambers and connecting passages. There is no privacy here for any of the over-crowded population; every apartment in the place is accessible from every other by a dozen different approaches. Only at night, when they are asleep—and not always at night—can their redundant numbers find room; for so long as they are lively enough to turn and be aware that anything presses them, there is squeezing and jostling, and grumbling and cursing. Hence whoever ventures here finds the streets (by courtesy so called) thronged with loiterers, and sees through the half-glazed windows the rooms crowded to suffocation. The stagnant gutters in the middle of the lanes, the accumulated piles of garbage, the pools accumulated in the hollows of the disjointed pavement, the filth choking up the dark passages which open like rat-holes upon the highway—all these, with their indescribable sights and smells, leave scarcely so dispiriting an impression on the passenger as the condition of the houses. Walls of the colour of bleached soot—doors falling from their hinges—door-posts worm-eaten and greasily polished from being long the supports of the shoulders of ragged loungers—windows where shivered panes of dirty glass alternate with wisps of straw, old hats, and lumps of bed-ticken or brown paper—bespeak the last and frailest shelter that can be interposed between man and the elements. It is a land of utter idleness. Groups of women, with dirty rags hung round them, not put on, cower round the doors—the old with wrinkled parchment skins, the young with flushed swollen faces and heavy eyes. The men lean against the wall or lounge listlessly about, sometimes with pipes in their mouths. In this region there are no birds or flowers at window or on wall; the inmates can scarcely muster liveliness sufficient to exchange words, or perpetrate the practical joke of pushing each other into the kennel. Shops are almost unknown—in the interior of the district quite unknown. Half-way up Bainbridge Street is one in which a few withered vegetables are offered for sale; in George Street another, where any kind of rags, with all their dirt, are purchased; along Broad Street, St. Giles's, are some provision shops, one or two of those suspicious deposits of old rusty keys called marine stores, and opposite the church a gin-shop. Here a few miserable women may be seen attempting to help each other to arrange their faded shawls, when by any means they have procured liquor enough to stupify themselves—exhilaration is out of the question. Such is the aspect of this place by day. At night men speak of wild frantie revels, but these are not by the permanent inhabitants. In this desolate region many of the windows announce "Lodgings at 3*d.* a night," and the transient population is almost as numerous as the regular in-dwellers. What the attraction can be it is difficult to conceive:

perhaps in winter animal heat in over-crowded rooms may be a cheap substitute for fuel. It is the wild wanderers from town to town, whose blood circulates owing to their unsettled life, who keep up the revels spoken of; their hosts look on apathetically, or, if allowed to participate, moodily drink stupefaction.

The dull prosaic accounts given by policemen and constables of the intellectual and moral character of the inhabitants of this district some years back (and externally there is yet little show of amendment) was more appalling than anything a mere imaginative writer could conceive. Imagination falls short of reality on one hand ("Bill Sparkes could patter flash ten times faster and funnier than that cove," said an *élève* of the flash-house, tossing aside contemptuously one of those novels which attempts to be striking by imitating the language of thieves); and, on the other, there is a liveliness excited by the effort of describing incompatible with the representation of the utter apathy and moral deadness sometimes to be found in men. One gin-shop "was reported, from the multiplicity of business they carried on from six in the morning till church commenced on Sundays; and there have frequently a great many people come out quite intoxicated, not able to stand on their legs." "My opinion is," pursued the witness, "that, if there is a house that sells good spirits, if they go in and have a glass, they make a point of repeating that so often, that in my own mind they become stupefied and intoxicated sooner than they would by sitting down and drinking spirits in a public-house. You seldom find any of these people ask for beer in these houses; when they go into a public-house, they may take a glass and then sit down and have some beer. I have seen a woman myself go a dozen times into one shop, and I am sure that has been within two hours and a half."* These practices were not confined to adults:—"There is a number of *his* lodger's children who go round Russell Square and those places, sweeping the causeways, and I have seen a deal of abandoned conduct of these children. I have come round and heard their conversation one to another; after one of them has got fourpence, the others have been successful and got fourpence more: 'Well,' using a most dreadful expression, 'I will give you a fly for a quartern of gin.' They are children from eight to twelve; I do not think they exceed twelve." Is the reader curious to know who the *he* was whose lodger's children were such precocious adepts in drinking and gambling? He was "street-keeper of Russell Square." Nor was he the only public functionary who made a livelihood out of the vices of the inhabitants: one was mentioned who was the proprietor of no less than three disreputable houses, and clerk in Bedford Chapel.

The truth is, that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled; and this accounts for the peculiar morality of thief-catchers. "Do you think it necessary," was asked of a gentleman of this profession, by a member of the committee which made the report from which we have been quoting, "for respectable police-officers to associate with thieves and bad characters at flash-houses, in order to detect them?" "In the first place," was the sententious reply, "I do not think very

* Some comfortable philosopher says, "There never was a *bad*, but it had a worse;" and this seems to hold true of St. Giles's. Bad though it be, it is nothing to what it was. A magistrate of the county of Middlesex said in 1817:—"In the early part of my life (I remember almost the time which Hogarth has pictured), every house in St. Giles's, whatever else they sold, sold gin; every chandler's shop sold gin; the situation of the people was dreadful. I lived with a relation of mine then who employed a vast number of people, and observed the lower orders then in a terrible state."

respectable officers can long bear to be in the company of the *lower class of thieves*, on account of their conversation and their manners." This was an officer of delicate taste. As the bear-leader in 'She Stoops to Conquer' never allowed his bear to dance except to the "very genteelst of tunes," our hero could only associate with the very genteelst of thieves. Captain Macheath might have been his friend, but Nimming Ned must have in vain aspired to the honour of his acquaintance. This worthy (it was before the days of the new police) admitted that he "did a little in the coal-trade," and that he supplied public-houses. Then "came question like an A B C book:"—"Is that not a temptation for officers to pass over the conduct of certain houses, when they supply those houses with articles of consumption?"—"It is very natural to consider that it must on *all pure minds* be acknowledged that, *generally speaking*, it must be a temptation occasionally to show lenity; at the same time I must speak for myself, that it has given me an opportunity of looking into the houses backwards and forwards, where I have discovered several things that have been useful." One other trait, and we dismiss the subject. Mr. "senior police-officer," as he styled himself, having declared magisterially that "Sunday newspapers have a great tendency to corrupt the minds of the lower classes of society," and having previously stated that he served newspapers, the committee not unnaturally inquired whether he served Sunday newspapers? "Yes, I do; *I am very sorry for it.*"

We would not be misunderstood; every officer of justice does not bear his truncheon in vain, or become, as Falstaff would say, "little better than one of the wicked." We read, in the same annals of disreputability from which we have been quoting, of a beadle who was so well known, and had so much influence even over the Irish, that he had been seen "leading up the Irishmen, one in one hand and one in another, with a mob of two or three hundred persons around him, and no person attempting to rescue any one from him, though they might to do it if they would." The terrible man thus described unconsciously paints himself in one of his answers to the committee:—"There is generally somebody *looking out for my cocked hat* at the chamber-window, and the moment they see *my gold-laced hat*, they shut it up." Gold, like the magnet, operates differently according to the end of the instrument that is turned to the object: gold in the breeches-pocket attracts; gold "all round my hat," as the bard of St. Giles's sweetly sings, repels. But seriously, in St. Giles's, even more than in many other places, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of authority does a great deal. "I have never attempted," said Mr. John Smart in 1817, "to collect the rate but for the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George's, Bloomsbury, where they will not pay any person but the high constable." There is pride for you! The sturdy burghers of St. Giles's will not condescend to be taxed by deputy; the high constable must come in person and take it himself. It is as if the nobility should refuse to pay their income-tax to a common tax-gatherer, and insist upon the Premier's coming to receive it in person. Nor is this a solitary instance of the airs the denizens of St. Giles's (both in and out of office) give themselves, as witness:—"Samuel Furzeman called in and examined.—What are you? I am constable and *round-house keeper* of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George's, Bloomsbury, the two united parishes." To say nothing of the

solemn specific nature of the description, the retention of the title "round-house keeper," long after a round-house had ceased to exist, reminds one of the Kings of England persisting in calling themselves Kings of France, although for centuries they had not owned a foot of land on the other side of the Channel.

Such are the regions close on either hand of the street which connects High Holborn with Oxford Street—an airy thoroughfare, along which no small portion of the ease and affluence of London is daily rolled in cab, 'bus, or in their own private vehicles, unobservant it may be, or merely remarking how shabby fly-blown provision-shops, old furniture repositories, and marine stores look, but little thinking of the squalid scenes that lurk behind them—in "the back settlements," as they are poetically named by the natives. The main difference between the north and the south sides of the great thoroughfare alluded to consists in this: that in the latter there is still thought, and hope, and exertion, while in the former all these seem dead in the human bodies which move mechanically about amid its pestilential effluvia. Isolated courts and lanes, resembling the Rookery, are found on the south side also, but not in one dense mass: they are broken up and ventilated by the busier streets, where men are still human. The feeblest eddy on the outer edge of the ever-foaming torrent of London life, it may be, with just enough of motion to enable us to distinguish between it and the dull moisture which keeps out the ooze alongshore as torpid as itself, but still there is life in it; and unspeakable is the difference between life, however faint, and utter apathy. In this eddy of Seven Dials is to be found the pilfering instinct of the native of its back-courts not utterly dead, mingling with the rusting honesty of the indolent and unfortunate sinking downward from the industrious classes. There is activity after its kind, as any one may be aware who has threaded Monmouth Street during the hours nearest on either side to noon; for later in the day its busy chafferers reward themselves for their activity by indulgence, and in the morning they crawl about opening their shops as if only half awake. But the incessant crowds of listless hangers-on at the doors of the gim-palaces in Seven Dials show by how thin a partition the anomalously industrious of the place are separated from the hopeless class whose only pleasure is sottishness.

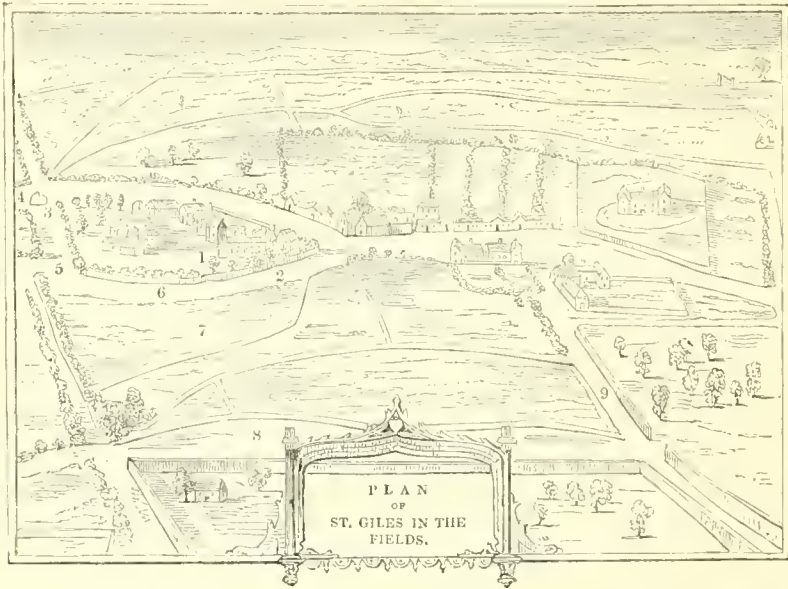
Let us not forget the education of St. Giles's; for however little is done in that sacred cause, the forms of it are now everywhere gone through with most edifying hypocrisy. In Compton Street is a sign-board, "Infants' School," but whether this inscription relates to what is or to what was, it were hard to say. At the lower end of Monmouth Street is a cellar into which a crowd of children are duly packed in the morning to keep them from amongst the horses' feet during the day; and at the upper end of George Street may be seen the firmly-bolted doors of "St. Giles's Irish Schools," confronting the "Catholic School of St. Francis," with its brown and torn hats stuck through the broken panes of glass in its windows. There is here just enough of the appearance of education to remind us that there is such a thing elsewhere, if it should for a moment escape our memory.

And this desolate region lies between the Inns of Court and the two great theatres, extends on one side to the busy traffic of the Strand, on the other to the equally busy traffic of Oxford Street and Holborn, and is separated from the

Court-end of the town only by the equivocal region of Soho and Leicester Squares. One step conveys us from a land of affluence and comfort to a land of hopelessness and squalid want. And what remedy is proposed? Men are beginning to suspect that spacious lines of streets, with rows of stately fronts of houses on each side, in which the decorations of Grecian temples are superinduced upon shops of all kinds, are of little avail, so long as close and noisome lanes and courts are allowed to remain in their rottenness behind, only hidden by these whitened sepulchres; and therefore it is proposed to apply, to "the Rookery" in particular, a more thorough-going cure. A street is to be driven through in a direct line from Oxford Street to Holborn, where the Rookery now stands, sweeping the offensive mass away bodily. As far as the houses merely are concerned, there can be no objection to this; but what is to become of their inhabitants? They have sought shelter there not because they prefer dirty and ill-ventilated abodes, but because there are no others to which they can betake them. Pulling down their old houses about their ears will not provide these miserables with new residences. Is it an amendment of their lot to drive them from their mouldy straw and crumbling roofs to the hard streets without any covering? There is a lamentable ignorance about that self-applauding humanity with which we deck ourselves in this age as with a glittering robe. It is the true counterpart of that of the French princess, who, when told that the people were starving for want of bread, asked why they did not eat buns? It is either that selfish reluctance to contemplate pain, which would assuage the pain of the sufferer so long as he is in view, heedless of the pangs he may endure as soon as he is removed from sight; or it is a dream that, by removing some of the consequences of poverty, the cause itself is removed. To the first class belong those who imagine that lavish poor-laws—abundant doles of alms—are all that is required; to the latter, those who persuade themselves that, by merely enforcing a medical police, improving drainage, opening up close and over-built districts, removing dilapidated buildings—in short, by rendering all parts of our towns and cities fit habitations for those who can afford to pay for comfort, and leaving none of those holes in which the very poor are accustomed to hide their heads—enough is done. Alas! man is not relieved by heaping food, clothing, and shelter upon him, so long as he remains unchanged within—unable to help himself—a pauper in soul! And it seems little likely that Lazarus will cease to be hungry merely because he sees the crumbs he used to pick up swept away and destroyed as they fall from the table.

Let the rich and the powerful lay these things to heart. We pause for a moment ere we quit the scene through which we have led our readers, to look around from this the highest part of it, on which the church is built. Most frequently the lazar refugees of the poor or the dishonest in great cities are to be found in hollows, into which they seem to have run down like the rain-water, carrying all impurities along with them. Here is one planted like a city on a hill, which cannot be hid. And, from the little care taken to amend it, one could almost fancy London was proud of this pimple on her fat smooth citizen visage. "Here lieth," so runs, or ran, a monumental inscription in this cemetery, "Richard Pendrill, Preserver and Conductor of his sacred Majesty King Charles II. of Great Britain, after his escape from Worcester Fight, in the year 1651, who died

February 8, 1671." Surely it was not altogether by accident that the body of this loyal yeoman came to be deposited here. There is a meaning and a moral in the arrangement. A devotional feeling is ennobling, if sincere, however erroneous its attachment. Whatever we may think of Charles, the faith and loyalty of Pendrill was pure. And fitting, therefore, is it that he be held in remembrance; yet the erecting of his monumental trophy amid a living condemnation of those who held the faith that rulers may blamelessly live for themselves, neglecting the discharge of their high functions, as a standing rebuke to all who, seeing honour paid to one who in ignorance served faithfully an undeserving master, seek their own honour by serving those who they know do not deserve it. Or, if the reader think, with Horatio, that it is "to consider too curiously to consider so," he may satisfy himself with the *quodlibet*, that honest Pendrill lies here, amid the living lumber of St. Giles's, like a fine picture by an old master deposited by accident among the rubbish of some of the neighbouring old-furniture shops.



1. The first St. Giles's Church. 2. Remains of the Walls anciently enclosing the Hospital precincts. 3. Site of the Gallows, and afterwards of the Pound. 4. Way to Uxbridge, now Oxford Street. 5. Elde Strate, since called Hog Lane. 6. Le Lane, now Monmouth Street. 7. Site of the Seven Dials, formerly called Cock and Pye Fields. 8. Elm Close, since called Long Acre. 9. Drury Lane.



[West Front of the General Post Office.]

LXVIII.—THE POST OFFICE.

OF all the public departments under the direction and management of the State, the Post Office is at once the most popular and the most interesting in its operation and influence. In consequence of recent changes, it can scarcely be any longer regarded as an engine of taxation, but its vast machinery is put into action almost solely for the advantage of the public. In its social influence, such an institution is only second in value and importance to the art of writing. If the millions of letters which it is now employed in transmitting from one part of the earth to another—from kingdom to kingdom, from the metropolis to the most obscure hamlet, and from the latter to the antipodes—were suddenly deprived of the means of reaching their destination, and all the resources for accomplishing this end were to be broken up, the whole world would be thrown backward in civilization, and all the springs by which it is urged onward would lose some portion of their elasticity. Such a prospect need not, however, be contemplated.

The Post Office is not a very ancient institution in England. For many centuries a great proportion of the population lived and died near the spot which gave them birth; and long after a change in that state of society, writing was not a very common accomplishment. The business of Government could not,

however, be carried on without some correspondence; and when the King summoned Parliaments, or addressed the sheriffs, or the governors of his castles, officers were employed called "Nuncii." They carried their despatches on horseback, and the payment of sums of money to them for the carriage of letters is mentioned in various rolls, from the days of King John through subsequent reigns. The principal nobles, whose large estates were often at a great distance from each other, also maintained "Nuncii." In the 'Paston Letters,' and in the 'Household Books' of various families, down to the end of the sixteenth century, the practice of transmitting letters from their country-seats to London, or elsewhere, by their own servants, is frequently mentioned. After a day's journey they halted for the night at the ancient hostelry. Before this period, however, there were post-stations on the great roads. Gale states that during the Scottish war, Edward IV. (1461-83) established such stations, at distances of twenty miles from each other. On arriving at one of these, the messenger delivered his despatches to another horseman, who conveyed them to the next station; and so they passed from one station to another, each messenger travelling only a stage of about twenty miles. By this means letters were expedited about two hundred miles in two days. Cyrus, the first King of Persia, established an exactly similar mode of communication through his dominions. The superscription of "Haste, post haste," often met with in letters of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, shows that letters were not unfrequently transmitted through horsemen attached to a line of post-houses. In the 'Household Book' of the Le Stranges of Hunstanton, Norfolk, there is an entry, in 1520, by Lady Le Strange, of 9s. 3d. "for cost of riding up to London with a letter to my son Nycholas." In this case a servant of the family might ride up to London himself, procuring relays of horses at the different post-houses, or he might place his letter in the hands of an authorised messenger travelling to London with other letters. In these arrangements the rudiments of a regular Post Office begin to appear. Two persons having each a letter to send to London would be enabled to do so at one-half the expense by employing one public messenger; four persons would do so at one-quarter of the expense; and so on. The carriers of goods were also carriers of letters. The rate of hire for post-horses was fixed at a penny a-mile by a statute of 1548 (2 and 3 Edw. VI. c. 3).

The duties of the office of chief Postmaster of England at first related rather to the superintendence of the system for facilitating travelling, by the establishment and regulation of post-houses, and had little or no immediate connexion with the collection and distribution of letters. It does not appear certain when he undertook the latter task. In 1514 the aliens resident in London appointed their own Postmaster. Letters were committed to his charge, and it devolved upon him to provide the means of forwarding them to their destination. Sometimes the Flemings, at other times the Italians, appointed one of their own countrymen to this office; but his nomination was confirmed by the Postmaster of England. At length the aliens of London presumed upon exercising their choice as a matter of right, and in 1568 a Spaniard was appointed their Postmaster through the influence of the Spanish ambassador; but the Flemings had at the same time chosen one of their own countrymen, who was confirmed in his

office by the Postmaster for England; and to decide the matter an appeal was made to the Privy Council, the substance of which is given in a paper entitled 'Articles touching the Office of the Post of London.' In this document it was alleged that "The strangers that had been Postmasters of London had always been occasion of many injuries and much damage unto the merchants of England, as well by means of staying and keeping their letters a day, twain, or more, and in the mean time delivering the letters of strangers; and also by staying the ordinary post a day, three, or four, that in the mean time one extraordinary might be despatched by the strangers to prevent the market." Other abuses were alleged, and the petition concluded by a desire that an Englishman might be placed in the office. The English merchants suggested that, "for quietness' sake," an agreement should be made between the Postmasters of London and Antwerp, that one-half of the "runners" employed should be foreigners, though it was stated that under the former arrangement not one Englishman was engaged. How the dispute was settled we do not know; but in letters patent of Charles I., in 1632, it is stated that King James had constituted an office called the Postmaster of England for Foreign Parts. He had "the sole taking up, sending, and conveying of all packets and letters, concerning his service or business, to be despatched to foreign parts, with power to grant moderate salaries;" and no person besides was to take upon himself these duties.

In 1635 a proclamation was issued "for settling of the letter office of England and Scotland," which is the first attempt to place the Post Office system on its modern footing. It stated that hitherto "there hath been no certain or constant intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland," and commands "Thomas Witherings, his Majesty's Postmaster of England for foreign parts, to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and Scotland and the City of London, to go thither and come back in six days;" and all postmasters are "to have ready in their stables one or two horses." Bye-posts were to be established with places lying at a distance from the great roads; with Hull, Lincoln, &c., on the road to the north. Similar arrangements were to be carried out on the road to Dublin through Holyhead, and to Plymouth through Exeter; and Oxford, Bristol, Colechester, and Norwich, were to enjoy corresponding advantages with as little delay as possible. The pre-established system set on foot by private parties for the transmission of letters was not summarily put down, the Government contenting itself for the present by enunciating its exclusive title to the business of conveying letters. In 1640, Witherings, the Postmaster, was superseded by the Long Parliament for having interfered with the private adventurers who undertook the transmission of letters, his interference being declared contrary to the liberty and freedom of the subject; and the duties of his successors were to be exercised under the superintendence of the Secretary of State. But when, in 1649, the Common Council of the City of London proceeded to set up an office of their own for the despatch of letters, the Commons passed a resolution asserting their exclusive right to the control of such establishments. A struggle now took place between the Government posts and those carried on by companies of private individuals. The latter not only established more frequent posts than the Government, but carried letters at a cheaper rate.

Prideaux, a member of the Commons, who had been appointed Postmaster, threatened to seize the letters which passed through their hands, but the "New Undertakers," so far from being deterred, stated that they were resolved, "by the help of God, to continue their management," and announced that many new places would be included in their arrangements. Besides Tuesday and Saturday, they established an additional post-day on the Thursday, so that they had three posts a-week, while the Government had only one; and they charged only threepence where the charge of the Government was sixpence. Prideaux was empowered to reduce the Government rates, and the private carriers were subsequently put down by an order for the seizure of their letters. The revenue derived from the postage on letters soon became of some importance, and during the Protectorate various improvements were introduced calculated to render it more productive.

The authority of the Government posts was fully established by an Act passed in 1656 "to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland." The preamble showed that "the erecting of one General Post Office for the speedy conveying and re-carrying of letters by post to and from all places within England, Scotland, and Ireland, and into several parts beyond the seas, hath been and is the best means not only to maintain a certain and constant intercourse of trade and commerce between all the said places, to the great benefit of the people of these nations, but also to convey the public despatches, and to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of this commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript." The Act provides "that there shall be one General Post Office, and one officer styled the Postmaster-General of England and Comptroller of the Post Office." The horsing of all "through" posts, and persons "riding in post," was to be placed under his control. Rates were fixed for English, Scotch, Irish, and foreign letters, and for post-horses. The Post Office had now assumed the character and exercised the functions which it does at present.

When Prideaux was made Postmaster the revenue of the Post Office is supposed scarcely to have exceeded 5000*l.* a-year. It was farmed at 10,000*l.* in 1653, and at 14,000*l.* in 1659; at 21,500*l.* in 1663, at which period it was settled on the Duke of York: in 1674 at 43,000*l.*; and in 1685 at 65,000*l.* The Duke was now James II., and an Act was passed granting to him and to his heirs the revenue of the Post Office independent of the control of Parliament. This profligate grant was resumed at the Revolution, though it was settled on the King, but it could not be alienated beyond his life. In the following reigns a certain proportion of this revenue was applied to the purposes of the state; but it was not until the settlement of the Civil List, at the accession of George III., that the claims of the sovereign were finally relinquished. In 1724 the net revenue of the Post Office amounted to 96,399*l.*; in 1764 to 116,182*l.*; in 1784 to 196,513*l.*; in 1794 to 463,000*l.*; in 1804 to 952,893*l.*; in 1814 to 1,532,153*l.*, after which time it remained nearly stationary. The gross revenue from 1815 to 1820 averaged 2,190,517*l.*, and from 1832 to 1837, 2,251,424*l.*

The modern history of the Post Office may be divided into three distinct

periods: 1st, before 1784; 2nd, from that year to 1839; and 3rd, from 1839 to the present time. In the first period the mails were conveyed on horseback or in light carts, and the robbery of the mail was one of the most common of the higher class of offences. The service was very inefficiently performed, and the rate of travelling did not often exceed four miles an hour. A time-bill for the year 1717 has been preserved, addressed "to the several postmasters betwixt London and East Grinstead." It is headed "Haste, haste, post haste!" from which it might be inferred that extraordinary expedition was not only enforced but would be accomplished. The mails, conveyed either on horseback or in a cart, departed "from the letter-office in London, July 7th, 1717, at half-an-hour past two in the morning," and reached East Grinstead, distant forty-six miles, at half-an-hour after three in the afternoon. There were stoppages of half-an-hour each at Epsom, Dorking, and Reigate, and of a quarter-of-an-hour at Leatherhead, so that the rate of travelling, exclusive of stoppages, was a fraction above four miles an hour. But even nearly fifty years afterwards, and on the great roads, five miles an hour was considered as quite "going a-head." "Letters are conveyed in so short a time, by night as well as by day, that every twenty-four hours the post goes one hundred and twenty miles, and in five or six days an answer to a letter may be had from a place three hundred miles from London." Letters were despatched from London to all parts of England and Scotland three times a-week, and to Wales twice a-week; but "the post goes every day to those places where the court resides, as also to the several stations and rendezvous of his Majesty's fleet, as the Downs and Spithead; and to Tunbridge during the season for drinking the waters." The mails were not all despatched at the same hour, but were sent off at various intervals between one and three in the morning, and letters were delivered in London at different times of the day as each post arrived. This careless and lazy state of things existed until Mr. Palmer's plan for extending the efficiency of the Post Office began to be adopted in 1784.

Mr. Palmer's attention was drawn to the singular discrepancy which existed between the speed of the post and of the coaches. Letters which left Bath on Monday night were not delivered in London until two or three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, and were sometimes even later; but the coach which left Bath on Monday afternoon arrived in London sufficiently early for the delivery of parcels by ten o'clock the next morning; and though the postage from Bath to London was at that time only threepence, yet despatch was in many cases of such importance that the tradesmen of Bath willingly paid two shillings to send their letters to London in the form of a coach parcel, besides requesting their correspondents to give a gratuity to the porter for the early delivery of the packet, this promise of additional payment forming part of the direction. The slow rate of travelling of the Bath post was not an exception. The post which left London on Monday night, or rather on Tuesday, from one to three in the morning, did not reach Norwich, Worcester, or Birmingham, until Wednesday morning; and the Exeter post not until Thursday morning, while letters were five days in passing from London to Glasgow.

Mr. Palmer submitted his plans to Mr. Pitt. He proposed that the mails

should no longer be transported on horseback or in light carts, but that coaches should be employed, and, as the robbery of the mail was so frequent an occurrence, a man with fire-arms was to travel with each coach. The coaches with the mails were all to start from London at the same hour, and their departure from the country was to be so regulated as to ensure, as far as possible, their simultaneous arrival in town at an early hour in the morning. The first mail-coach upon Mr. Palmer's plan left London for Bristol on the evening of the 24th of August, 1784. The improvements suggested by Mr. Palmer met with a good deal of opposition from some of the Post Office authorities. One of them, Mr. Hodgson, "did not see why the post should be the swiftest conveyance in England;" and he conceived that to bring the Bristol mail to London in sixteen or eighteen hours was a scheme altogether visionary. Another gentleman, Mr. Draper, declared "that the post cannot travel with the same expedition as chaises and diligences do, on account of the business necessary to be done in each town;" and the quarter-of-an-hour which Mr. Palmer proposed to allow at the different post-towns was insufficient, as half-an-hour would, in Mr. Draper's opinion, be required in many places. The idea of a guard to each coach, so far from affording safety, would only occasion the crime of murder to be added to that of robbery; for, "when desperate fellows had once determined upon a mail robbery, the consequence would be murder in case of resistance." Timing the arrival and departure of the coaches bearing the mails would "fling the whole commercial correspondence of the country into the utmost confusion." Even the Postmasters General addressed the Lords of the Treasury after Mr. Palmer's plans had been partially in operation for eighteen months, stating that they felt "perfectly satisfied that the revenue had been very considerably decreased by the plan of mail-coaches." Happily the minister saw more clearly the advantages of increased safety, and of more frequent, rapid, and certain facilities of communication; and he resolved that the scheme should be carried out in all its most essential features. The results were that by 1797 the greater part of the mails were conveyed in one-half the previous time; in many cases in one-third; and in some of the cross posts in one-fourth of the previous time. Daily posts were established to above five hundred places, which before had only received them thrice a-week. The great commercial towns were thought to be as much entitled to this advantage as the water-drinkers at Tunbridge Wells thirty years before. The revenue of the Post Office increased beyond anticipation; but Mr. Palmer, who had stipulated for a per-centage on the surplus net revenue beyond 240,000*l.*, received instead an annuity of 3000*l.*

The era of mail-coaches embraces about half a century. Their origin, maturity, and perfection, and gradual displacement by the railways, all took place within that short period. In 1836 there were 54 four-horse mails in England, 30 in Ireland, and 10 in Scotland. The number of pair-horse mails in England was 49. Their average speed in England was nine miles, all but a furlong, per hour, including stoppages. Starting from London at eight o'clock in the evening, the mail reached Exeter, 170 miles, in 16 hours 34 minutes; Holyhead, 261 miles, in 27 hours; Glasgow, 396 miles, in 42 hours; Edinburgh, 399 miles, in 42½ hours. The number of miles travelled by the mails in England and Scotland, in

1838, was above seven millions, equal to a circuit round the globe, every day in the year. The English mail-coach was strongly characteristic of the national energy and spirit, and also of the national taste. The daily departure of the mail-coaches from the Post Office was always a favourite sight. In 1837 the number which left London every night was 27, travelling in the aggregate above 5500 miles before they reached their respective destinations. A short time before the hour of starting, they arrived in the yard round the Post Office from their respective inns, with the passengers already in their places. Through the iron railing, by the light of innumerable gas-lamps, the public could see the process of packing the mail-bags. It was really a fine sight to see twenty of these vehicles drawn up, each occupying the same station night after night, the horses fine and spirited animals, the harness unexceptionably neat, and the coachmen and guards wearing the King's livery. The travellers for such various and distant parts of the kingdom seemed as if they felt the difference between travelling by the mail and by the stage-coach. As the clock struck eight the Post Office porters dragged out huge bags, of which the guards of the different mails took charge. In a few minutes, each coach, one by one, passed out of the yard, and the sound of the guard's horn became lost in the noise of the streets. About six of the mail-coaches on the south-western, western, and north-western roads, did not take up their bags at the Post Office, but started from the western end of Piccadilly—the bags for those mails being conveyed in light carts in the care of mail-guards. The starting of these mails was a sight for the West-End. About twenty minutes past eight the mail-carts drove up at great speed, the guards' horns warning passengers of the necessity of getting out of the way. The bags were transferred to the mail-coaches, and each successively took its departure.

The annual procession of the mail-coaches on the King's birthday was also an exhilarating and pleasing sight, which will never again be witnessed. "The gala turn-out of our mail-coaches on the King's birthday," says a popular writer,* "I always think must strike foreigners more than anything else in our country with the sterling, solid integrity of the English character." And here we have some of the impressions of a foreigner after witnessing this sight:—"Such a splendid display of carriages-and-four as these mail-coaches could not be found or got together in all Berlin. It was a real pleasure to see them in all the pride and strength which, in an hour or two later, was to send them in every direction, with incredible rapidity, to every corner of England."† The procession proceeded from the City to the West-End, and through Hyde Park; and usually passed before the residence of the Postmaster-General for the time being.

We now come to a new era, which has had a most important influence on the arrangements of the Post Office. In 1836 the stamp-duty on newspapers was reduced from fourpence to one penny. The circulation of the London and provincial papers together has nearly doubled since this change; and a very large proportion of the total number is sent through the Post Office. Here is so much additional work to be got through. The Penny Postage came into operation on the 10th January, 1840; and the number of letters passing through the Post Offices of the United Kingdom has risen from 1,500,000 per week to 4,000,000,

* Sir F. Head.

† Von Raumer, 'England in 1835.'

being at the rate of above 200,000,000 letters per year, instead of about 78,000,000. In the same period the letters passing through the General Post Office, London, have increased from 400,000 to 1,364,000 per week; and in the London District Post (late Twopenny Post) the increase has been from 255,300 per week to 476,000.

The great lines of railway have been gradually rendered available for the transmission of correspondence as they were successively opened. In 1838 the sum paid by the Post Office to Railway Companies amounted to 12,380*l.*, and in 1841 to 94,818*l.* Most of the great towns in England, with Dublin and Edinburgh, have now a mail twice a-day from London, or fourteen times a-week, and a mail to London as often, making twenty-eight communications per week to and from the metropolis. Before the morning mails were established, a letter from Brighton for a town in Yorkshire was stopped fourteen hours in London, as it could not be transmitted until eight o'clock at night; but it now reaches its destination (200 miles, perhaps, from London) two or three hours before it would formerly have left the Post Office. The Liverpool merchant receives his foreign letters on the same day that they reach London, instead of thirty hours afterwards. The effect of expediting the class of letters formerly detained a whole day in London is a good illustration of the philosophy of the Post Office system: they have increased from 6,000 to 30,000 a-day, or five-fold.

The gross revenue of the Post Office in 1838, the last year of the old system, was 2,346,298*l.*; of the first year under the Penny Postage, 1,342,604*l.*; of the second year (1841), 1,495,540*l.* If the increase should be progressive at the same rate, the gross revenue will be restored to its former amount in about two years from the present time. The cost of management, which in 1838 was 686,768*l.*, in 1841 amounted to 938,168*l.* for the whole country. Of this increased cost—namely, 251,400*l.* in 1841, as compared with 1838—the sum to be attributed to the Penny Postage plan does not much exceed 50,000*l.* The morning mails, additional Post Offices, and other additions to the public accommodation, account for the remainder.

From what has been already stated, it will be seen that the London Post Office has grown up with the development of commercial and intellectual activity. If it were merely an establishment for the collection and distribution of the letters which pass through it, the building required for such a purpose would still rank amongst those of the largest class. Nearly as many letters go through the London Office now as circulated a few years ago through all the Post Offices of the United Kingdom, including London in the number. But the General Post Office is a grand central department for the management of the Post Office business of the United Kingdom, for maintaining the means of intercourse with foreign countries and distant colonies, and therefore apartments are required for a large number of officers who are employed in the general administration of the establishment at home and abroad.

The Post Office appears to have been successively removed, immediately after the commencement of the last century, from Cloak Lane, near Dowgate, to Bishopsgate Street, when the next transfer was made to a mansion in Lombard Street, occupied by Sir Robert Viner, who was Lord Mayor in 1675. It was a

large and substantial brick building, with an entrance from Lombard Street, through a gateway into a court-yard, around which were the various offices. There was a second entrance by an inferior gateway into Sherbourne Lane. In 1765 four houses in Abchurch Lane were taken, and additional offices erected; and from time to time other additions were made, until the whole became a cumbrous and inconvenient mass of buildings, ill adapted to the great increase which had taken place in the business of the Post Office. It was at length determined to erect a building expressly for affording the conveniences and facilities required; and in 1815 an Act was passed authorising certain Commissioners to select a site, and to make the necessary arrangements for this purpose. The situation chosen was at the junction of St. Martin's-le-Grand with Newgate Street, where once stood a monastery which possessed the privileges of sanctuary. Since the dissolution it had been covered with streets, courts, and alleys. Compensation was granted to the parties whom it was necessary to remove: their houses were pulled down; and the first stone of the new building was laid in May, 1824. On the 23rd of September, 1829, it was completed and opened for the transaction of business. It is about 389 feet long, 130 wide, and 64 feet high. The front is composed of three portions, of the Ionic order, one of four columns being placed at each end; and one of six columns, forming the centre, is surmounted by a pediment. The other parts of the building are entirely plain. The public entrances are on the east and west fronts, which open into a hall 80 feet long, by about 60 wide, divided into a centre and two aisles by two ranges of six columns of the Ionic, standing upon pedestals of granite; and on each side of the hall are corresponding pilasters of the same order. There is a tunnel underneath the hall by which the letters are conveyed, by ingenious mechanical means, between the northern and southern divisions of the building.

On entering the hall from the principal front, the offices on the right hand are appropriated to the departments of the Receiver-General, the Accountant-General, the Money-Order Office, and the London District (late Twopenny Post) Office. On the left are the Newspaper, Inland, Ship, and Foreign Letter Offices. A staircase at the eastern end of this aisle leads to the Dead, Mis-sent, and Returned Letter Offices. The Inland Office, in the northern portion of the building, is 88 feet long, 56 wide, and 28 high; and there is a vestibule in the eastern front where the letter-bags are received, and whence they are despatched from and to the mails. The Letter-Carriers' Office adjoins the Inland Office, and is 103 feet long, 35 wide, and 33 feet high. The business of assorting the letters and newspapers for delivery and for despatch into the country is carried on in these two offices. The whole building is warmed by means of heated air, and the passages and offices are lighted by about a thousand Argand burners.

The business of the General Post Office, independent of the general routine of administration, is directed towards two operations, the delivery and the collection and despatch of letters and newspapers. But before giving some explanation of the means by which these objects are effected, we must briefly advert to the London District Post—the local post of the metropolis and its vicinity.

In 1683, a merchant of the name of Dowekra set up an office in London, and undertook the delivery of letters, within certain limits, for a penny each. This

was thought to be an infringement of the right of the Duke of York, already adverted to; and in a suit to try the question, a verdict was given against Mr. Dowekra. He afterwards received a pension for the loss of his office, and at a subsequent period was appointed Comptroller of the Penny Post. In 1700 he was dismissed in consequence of various complaints, the nature of which will show the mode in which the office was at that time managed:—"He forbids the taking in any band-boxes (except very small), and all parcels above a pound, which, when they were taken, did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters in the City, and coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by Penny-Post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactorily. He stops, under specious pretences, most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen, by losing their customers or spoiling their goods, and many times hazard the life of the patient, when physic is sent by a doctor or by an apothecary." He was also charged with opening and detaining letters, and removing the office from Cornhill to a less central situation. The Penny Post was therefore at first similar in its operations to the Parcels' Delivery Company of the present day. In 1708, Mr. Povey set up a private post under the name of the "Halfpenny Carriage," and appointed receiving-houses and persons to collect and deliver letters in London, Southwark, and Westminster; but this undertaking was put down by the Post Office authorities. The conveyance of parcels by the Government Penny Post continued down to 1765, when the weight was limited to four ounces, unless the packet had first passed, or was intended to pass, through the General Post. The postage was paid in advance down to the year 1794. In 1801 the Penny Post became a Twopenny Post. In the same year the postage was advanced to threepence for letters delivered beyond the limits of London, Southwark, and Westminster. In 1831 the limits of the Twopenny Post were extended to all places within three miles of the General Post Office; and in 1833 the boundaries of the Threepenny Post were enlarged so as to comprise all places not exceeding twelve miles from the same point. These are the present limits of the London District Post, which is in no respect distinguished from other parts of the country, except by the frequency of collection and delivery of letters, the service connected with which is administered by a distinct department of the General Post Office.

The gross revenue of the Penny Post before 1702 did not exceed 361*l*. In 1801 it was 54,893*l*., and in 1836 it had reached 120,801*l*., the cost of management in the latter year being 47,466*l*.. The gross revenue under the last complete year before the adoption of the uniform rate was 118,000*l*.; and for 1840, the first complete year under the new system, it amounted to 104,000*l*., being equal to the gross amount collected in 1835. The number of letters has since gradually advanced until the gross revenue has now become restored to its former amount.

The limits of the London District Post, extending twelve miles in every direction from the General Post Office, comprise an area of five hundred and seventy square miles, being, within sixty miles, equal in extent to the county of Hertford. Within this boundary there are, besides the principal office, four hundred and thirty-six sub-offices or receiving-houses, including four principal branch-offices

centrically situated. A few years ago the receiving offices of the General and Twopenny Post were quite distinct, and a letter for the country dropped inadvertently into the latter was subject to a charge of twopence in addition to the General Post rate. The consolidation of these offices was a most satisfactory improvement, and they now receive indiscriminately letters intended for the General Post as well as those for the London district. Formerly the stranger might wander a long time in search of a receiving-house, and he might be compelled to pass one intended only for the reception of letters for the country, but during the present year the situation of the receiving-houses has been indicated by a plate of tin affixed to the nearest lamp-post, on which is shown the street number of such house, a crown being conspicuously placed at the top of the lamp. The keepers of the receiving-houses are shopkeepers, who were formerly paid according to the number of letters they received, but they have now fixed salaries, usually varying from 5*l.* to 40*l.*, though a few, where the duties are heavier, receive considerably more.

At above two hundred receiving-houses, situated within three miles of the General Post Office, the letters are collected six times a-day—every two hours from eight in the morning to eight at night; and there are as many deliveries within these limits. At above two hundred other offices, situated beyond this circle, and within one of twelve miles, the collection and deliveries of letters vary from two to five daily, in proportion to the wants and importance of each district. Thus the communications between the four hundred and thirty-six sub-offices and the central office amount, on the aggregate, to fifteen or sixteen hundred per day. For this purpose horse-posts, mail-carts, and letter-carriers are employed. A few years ago there were three classes of letter-carriers, the Foreign, General, and Twopenny, but the former are no longer a distinct class, and the latter are now extensively employed in delivering the letters which arrive by the day-mails, and also foreign and ship letters. The General Post letter-carriers are employed only within the three-mile district to deliver the letters which reach town by the mails in the morning; but a few of them are engaged within a circle, comprising chiefly the heart of the city, in delivering those which are brought by the day-mails arriving before two o'clock in the afternoon; but others which arrive somewhat later are sent out by the letter-carriers in the London District department. The practical tendency is to consolidate the two services so far as concerns the delivery of letters. The number of General Post Letter-carriers in 1835 was 281, and in June, 1842, only 261; but there has been a very large addition to the other class, whose number at the latter date was 662, with 117 assistants, making in all 779; and if the 261 others be added, we have a total of 1040 persons engaged in the delivery of letters. In 1735 the General Post Office employed 65 letter-carriers, and the Penny Post 100; but the number of receiving-houses was very large, amounting, it is said, to about six hundred, each of which exhibited at the door or window a printed placard with the words, “Penny Post Letters and Parcels taken in here.” In 1821 the number of General Post receiving-houses in the three-mile district was only fifty, and of those for the Twopenny Post one hundred.

With this digression we shall now be prepared to understand the machinery by

which the Post Office performs various of its important functions. On a Saturday the number of letters despatched into the country is above a hundred thousand, and there are as many newspapers. Each of the four hundred and thirty-six receiving-houses contributes its proportion, those from the greatest distance being received by horse-posts and mail-carts, which call at each office along their respective lines of road, and arrive at the central office between five and six o'clock. At five o'clock the receiving-houses in the three-mile district close, and at six o'clock the four principal branch-offices are closed for the evening's despatch. Within this district also the General Post letter-carriers go through their respective walks with a bell, and, for a penny each, collect the letters which were too late for the receiving-houses, calling also in many cases daily at the counting-houses and shops of merchants and tradesmen, for which extra service they are remunerated by a Christmas gratuity. At six o'clock they hurry with their bags to the chief office, or to the nearest branch office. The letter-boxes at the central office close at six, but a very large number of letters are received until seven, on payment of an additional penny. There is a box appropriated to these late letters, where, if an extra penny stamp be affixed to the letter, they may be deposited without the trouble of paying the penny to the window-man. A small number of letters are received from seven until half-past for a fee of sixpence. Newspapers are received until six o'clock, and, to expedite the business of sorting, the Post Office porters call at the different newsvenders before that hour, and carry to the office the sacks of newspapers already prepared for the post. This is, comparatively, a recent innovation, and but for the reduction of the stamp duty would never have been necessary. From six until half-past seven newspapers are also received on payment of a half-penny fee. A minute or two before the boxes are closed for the receipt of newspapers, the late editions of the evening papers, with an account of the proceedings in Parliament, and of other events which have transpired before seven o'clock, are brought on horseback in bags; and it often happens that intelligence reaches Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other great towns, as far north as Lancaster, distant two hundred and forty miles from the metropolis, which the merchant or tradesman who has retired to his house at Hampstead, Highgate, or Norwood, does not hear of until a later period on the following morning. The great exertions for effecting the despatch of the mails are crowded into the two or three preceding hours. The appearance of the large hall a few minutes before six is very striking. Men and boys with sacks of newspapers pour in in a continued stream; the newspaper window is raised for their reception, and one or two porters inside empty the contents into large baskets, which are wheeled forward for sorting, and pitch the bags outside to their owners. Within three or four minutes of the time for closing, the discharge of bags into the office-window, and the hurling of those which are emptied, take place as fast as it is possible for the two or three porters inside to perform the operation. When the clock has finished the sixth stroke the window descends as if it were impelled by a powerful spring. At the same instant all the letter-boxes close as if by some similar means. The scene there is as animated as at the newspaper window. Crowds of persons arrive by each of the entrances into the hall, and if their letters are

stamped there is no further trouble than that of depositing them in the letter-box. But there are hundreds who carelessly neglect this convenience, and yet detain their clerks and servants to the latest possible moment. To receive the penny and mark the letter is but the work of an instant, but, though several windows are open, the arrivals accumulate faster than they can be despatched; and each person fearing to lose the opportunity of handing in his letters, a struggle ensues, which it is disgraceful to permit, the strong putting on one side the weak, and the young clerk, anxious to serve his employer, thrust from the window just when his turn had come. All this confusion might be avoided by simply using a stamp; but where the remedy is so easy, the Post Office authorities can scarcely be expected to interfere further than stationing several of their servants in the hall to keep the approaches to the letter-boxes as clear as possible.

Before an attempt is made to assort the letters they are placed with the address uppermost, and stamped at the rate of two hundred a-minute. They are then assorted in about twenty great divisions, all those letters which are intended for a particular series of roads constituting one division. While this process is going on, the letters already placed in their proper division are taken to other tables, where other sorters are employed; they are then classed according to the separate roads, and next according to the different post-towns for which bags are made up, and which are about seven hundred in number. The newspapers merely require to be faced and sorted. Every letter and newspaper passes more than once through the hands of the sorters, and about three hundred persons are engaged as sorters, including a considerable number of letter-carriers. An account is taken of the unpaid letters to be sent to the postmaster of each town, and the bags are then sealed up.

As the clock strikes eight the sacks with the letters and newspapers are dragged into the Post Office yard, and put into the mails, mail-carts, and omnibuses. The old Edinburgh, the Glasgow, Holyhead, and other first-rate mails, are gone, and nine omnibuses for conveying the letter-bags to the railway stations occupy their places. At present there are only nine mails which take their bags from the yard, and these can never rival the celebrity of the old mails, being merely intended to maintain a communication with a few places which are not yet connected with London by railways, or are useful to intermediate districts rather than to the metropolis. The present mails are the Hull, the Louth, the Melton Mowbray, the Lynn, the Norwich, the Ipswich, and the Brighton. Dover, and Hastings mails; and the three latter will probably be superseded at no distant time. In place of six or seven mail-carts dashing with rapidity to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, there are only two, one for the Worcester and the other for the Exeter mail, the latter of which makes a part of its journey on a railway truck. The total weight of the newspapers and letters despatched on a Saturday night, including the bags, is above eight tons, and six out of the eight are, probably, transmitted by the railways.

Five of the omnibuses, or accelerators, proceed to the station of the London and Birmingham Railway; two to that of the Great Western Railway; and two to the South-Western Railway station. On the two latter railways the letter-bags

are conveyed in a mail tender under the care of a guard; but on the Birmingham line there is a different arrangement. On the arrival of the five accelerators at the Euston Square station, the servants of the Company carry the bags to a large vehicle, sixteen feet long, seven and a half wide, and six and a half feet high, fitted up as a sorting room, with counters and desks, and neatly labelled pigeon-holes. This is the Railway Post Office. It travels on the northern chain of railroads to Lancaster. While the train is proceeding at a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, a couple of clerks are engaged in sorting letters and arranging the bags for the different towns. By an ingenious contrivance of Mr. Ramsey's, of the General Post Office, letter-bags are taken up while the train is at full speed. They are suspended from a cross-post close to the line, and as the train passes the bag is caught by a projecting apparatus, which drops it into a net hung from the exterior of the Railway Post Office. Bags for delivery are simply dropped as the train passes. The bag taken up is examined, and the letters for places northward are put into the proper bags, which are left during the passing of the train. At Rugby the correspondence for Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Leeds, Hull, York, and Darlington, and for Edinburgh and the east of Scotland, and all the districts adjacent to the above places, is detached, and conveyed by different lines of railway in the care of mail-guards. The Railway Post Office continues its course, leaving at one place the mails for Ireland, and reaches Lancaster before half-past eight in the morning, the clerks being occupied the whole of the night in taking up and delivering bags, and in sorting their contents. They make up bags for above fifty different towns. The same process goes on in the day-mail, and the services of eighteen clerks are required for the day and night work. The gross number of bags taken up in the twenty-four hours by the day-mail and the night-mail together is about five hundred. In 1717, and for above half a century afterwards, a week would have elapsed before a reply could be received in London to a letter addressed to a person at Lancaster. Now a letter may be written to the latter place on one day, and an answer received to it on the next day. It is not only the internal means of communication which have been accelerated, but the change has been complete. Letters are conveyed in eleven days from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to London; and from London to Bombay in thirty-one days. There are lines of steam boats from England to Halifax and Boston; to the West India Islands; and to India by the Mediterranean and Red Seas. The post has become the safest and quickest of all modes of conveyance.

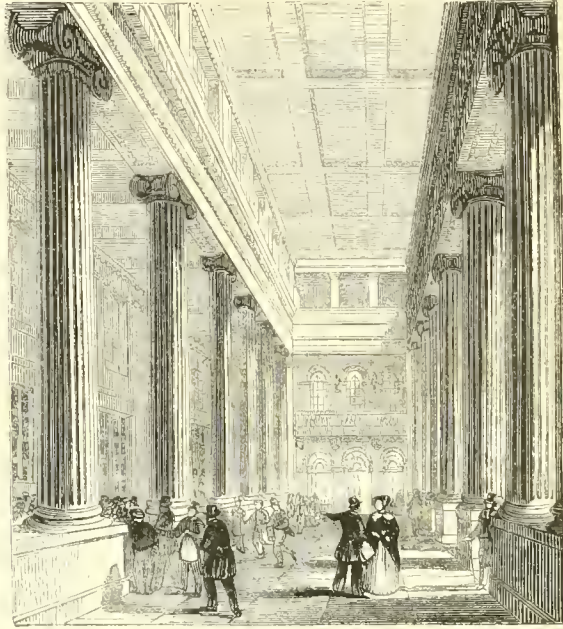
The business of the General Post Office commences at six o'clock in the morning, by which time all the mails have arrived. There are about seven hundred bags to be opened, and as many accounts of unpaid letters to be checked. It is said that expert persons will open a bag and check the account in a minute and a half. The letters are then sorted into districts, and afterwards into "walks" corresponding to the districts of actual delivery. A bill is made out against each letter-carrier, and the whole number start at the same time. The letter-carriers whose walks are farthest from the office are conveyed by the accelerators or omnibuses, which were first used when the new Post Office was opened. Nine of these vehicles are used at present, which convey a hundred and fifty

letter-carriers as near as possible to the scene of their duties, dropping them one by one in rapid succession. The effect of this excellent arrangement is to give the most distant parts of the town nearly the same advantages as those in the immediate vicinity of the Post Office. The work is so subdivided that the deliveries are finished in from one hour and a half to two hours. The despatch of letters to the suburbs, and villages and towns not included within the limits of the General Post delivery, but comprised within the twelve-mile boundary, is effected by the horse-posts and mail-carts, which leave the bags at different offices, where letter-carriers are in waiting to deliver the letters, or to take the bags to the respective receiving-houses to which they are subordinate, and which are in many cases situated at a distance from the line of road traversed by the mail-cart or horse-post.

There is one department of the General Post Office to which we have not alluded, which has lately become of great importance. This is the Money-Order Office. A few years ago the business was transacted in apartments at a house in Noble Street, a little distance east of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and subsequently it was transferred to offices in the present building, but it was again removed. Entering by the principal front, this office is now on the right hand of the hall; and a wooden construction has been put up, which projects into the hall, for those who wish to obtain orders, or to receive payment for them. About five years ago, the cost of transmitting a few shillings to a place 160 miles distant was 2s. 2d., the order being on a separate paper, which rendered the enclosure liable to double postage. The necessity of double postage was first avoided by the order being given on a sheet of letter-paper. Since the reduction of the commission to 6d. for sums between 5l. and 2l., and to 3d. for all sums not exceeding 40s., which took place in the year that the Penny Postage was adopted, the facilities of the office have become available to an extraordinary extent. At present the number of money-orders issued and paid is at the rate of upwards of 700,000 a-year, instead of 40,000. Twice as much is paid on orders from the country as is issued for payment at the country offices. In the quarter ending January 5, 1842, the number of each per day averaged 2071: namely, 1335 paid, and 736 issued. A large proportion of the former are paid to tradesmen for articles to be sent into the country by post, or other means. Innumerable are the objects procured in this way, without any other intervention than that of a Post Office order. The appearance of others who present their orders tells of exhausted resources recruited by appeals to early friends, or of profligacy recklessly wearing out their patience. On the whole, the air of those who apply for orders to be sent into the country is more cheerful. This class comprises servants who are sending a portion of their earnings to aged parents, workmen who can spare something out of their large wages for the wants of others; and here also is to be found the Irish labourer, and others of the same class. The total number of Post Office orders issued and paid at the present time, in England and Wales, is at the rate of 3,000,000 a-year, involving the circulation of about 7,000,000l. This return does not include Ireland.

We cannot conclude without a tribute to the admirable management of the

Post Office in this country. It has in a great measure ceased to be an engine of taxation; and, within the last few years, a series of improvements have been adopted which renders the institution a most valuable auxiliary in the diffusion, both directly and indirectly, of most important moral advantages.



[Hall of the Post Office.]



[Pall Mall, about 1740.]

LXIX.—PALL MALL.

"PALL MALL," says 'A New View of London,' published in 1708, and professing to give an ample account of that city in two volumes or eight sections—"Pall Mall, a fine spacious street between the Haymarket N.E. and St. James's Street S.W.; length 580 yards; from Charing Cross, near W., 260 yards." The precision and scientific accuracy of these admeasurements, to say nothing of the laconic brevity with which they are recorded, furnish a good model for the imitation of travellers whom the Geographical Society may hereafter send to explore unknown regions.

Pall Mall, even at this early period of its history, had already developed the character it has since maintained: for in Evelyn's time we have reason to believe it was not paved; Pepys mentions supping at a tavern in it, calling it "The Old Mall," and thereby indicating that the tradition of its original destination was then held in fresh remembrance; and in the days of Queen Elizabeth there were only a few houses standing where is now the corner of Warwick Street. Down to the era of Club Houses (of which anon) there have been few buildings of architectural pretensions in Pall Mall. Marlborough House (behind a screen of commonplace dwellings), Schomberg House, the Ordnance, Carlton House, and

the Opera House in the Haymarket—these are all. The geographer—the Strabo or Ptolemy of London—in 1708, we may call him—quoted above, while expatiating on the glories of St. James's Square, incidentally throws some light upon the external appearance of the houses in Pall Mall :—" St. James's Square, a very pleasant, large, and beautiful square, between Jermyn Street N.W. and Pall Mall S.E., and between Charles Street N.E. and King Street S.W.; all very fine buildings (*except those that side towards Pall Mall*), mostly inhabited by the *prime quality*. The area is upwards of $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and the centre is from Charing Cross W. 570 yards. *Here are houses of 500l. per annum!*"

Pall Mall was not, with the few exceptions indicated above, inhabited by "the prime quality," and the houses "siding towards it" were not *very* fine. It was, however, a frequent resort of the gay world—one of the most thronged and bustling walks or alleys in the great Vanity Fair of London fashion. It was one of the principal approaches to St. James's Park; it was, and still continues to be, a standing-place for carriages which have set down their courtly loads at birthday, drawing-room, or levee; and at the corner of the Haymarket has stood, since early in the eighteenth century, the theatre,* devoted almost from its first erection to the aristocratic representations of the opera. With such attractions Pall Mall could not fail to become a favourite lounge, and, being such, to draw into it such dealers as minister to luxury. So early as the 8th of March, 1709, we find one of their shops exciting the austere suspicion of no less formidable a person than Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of Great Britain :—" The Censor having observed that there are fine wrought ladies' shoes and slippers put out to view at a great shoemaker's shop towards St. James's end of Pall Mall, which create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this realm, the said shopkeeper is required to take in these eye-sores, or show cause the next court-day why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the slippers with green lace and blue heels."

From an intimation issued by the same eminent philosopher, on the 7th of October, in the year above-mentioned, we derive some information regarding one of the most frequented coffeehouses of the day :—" This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffeehouse in Pall Mall, between the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate Essays by word of mouth, on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of Bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience. N.B. The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the room over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters

* It was flourishing in 1709, as may be inferred from the following advertisement :—" On Saturday night last a gentlewoman's husband strayed from the playhouse in the Haymarket: if the lady who was seen to take him up will restore him she shall be asked no questions, he being of no use but to the owner."—" Tatler," Nov. 11, 1709.

and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer."

"Porters and chairmen!" the words carry us back into another world. The locomotion and messages and parcel carrying of the capital were then effected by means of human legs and arms. London was in those days a town which men could walk through, and its business could be transacted without the aid of complicated machinery. As yet, cabs, 'busses, and Metropolitan Parcels Delivery Companies, were not, and could not be. The very names of chairmen and porters are fast being forgotten; and a raw young Scotsman just come up from Edinburgh, who inquires for either (these terms having in that town been adopted of late years by the venerable fraternity of Celts, which used to rejoice in the euphonious and vernacular designation of "Cadics"—see 'Humphrey Clinker'), is apt to be stared at as if he gabbled an unknown tongue—as, indeed, he in most cases does.

But this is a digression: we return to Pall Mall in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when chairmen and porters still haunted the doors of its coffeehouses. In those days a good observer, the author from whom we have been quoting, assures us that no one "could speak with even Kidney at St. James's Coffeehouse without clean linen;" and the history of the young gentleman who "on the 9th of September, 1705, being in his one-and-twentieth year, was washing his teeth at a tavern-window in Pall Mall when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him" (see 'Tatler,' No. 1), affords us some notion of the forenoon amusements in those places of public resort. All was not thus "innocent and silly sooth," for in Suffolk Street, "opposite to the lower end of Pall Mall," was a notorious gambling-house, described metaphorically in the sixty-second 'Tatler' as a dog-kennel.

It was in one of the houses so slightly spoken of by the author of 'A New View of London' that, a few years earlier than the period to which we have hitherto been referring, the celebrated Beau Fielding, immortalized by Sir Richard Steele under the name of Orlando the Fair, had his abode. Some passages in the evidence given upon the trial of this worthy for bigamy are of a nature to throw light on the economy of a gay bachelor's lodgings in those days. He was visited at his chambers in Pall Mall by the woman whom he married in the belief that she was a lady of fortune:—"Mrs. Villars, the evening of my lord-mayor's day, brought Mrs. Wadsworth in a mourning-coach and widow's dress to Mr. Fielding's lodgings: he was not within at the time they came thither, but, being sent for, came in soon after, and was extremely complaisant for some time; but at length, though he had been cautioned not to let the lady know that they were his lodgings, yet he could not forbear showing his fine clothes, and what furniture he had, and in a little time after sent for Mrs. Margaretta to sing to her." The evidence of Mrs. Villars is more specific as to the manner in which he entertained his fair guest:—"He asked her whether she loved singing? He said he would send for Margaretta to come up. When she came, Mr. Fielding bid her sing her two songs which he loved, which she did. The one was 'Charming Creature,' and the other was 'Ianthie the Lovely.' After which Mr. Fielding sent for two pints of wine and some plum-cakes." Mrs. Margaretta herself said,—“ I remember Mr. Fielding sent for me to his

lodgings in Pall Mall. I sung several Italian songs and one English, and that was 'Ianthé the Lovely.' He desired me to sing that song, 'Ianthé the Lovely,' for he said he had the original of it, and had translated it out of the Greek." When Mrs. Wadsworth visited Mr. Fielding on another occasion, he told his valet "to get wax-candles, and seconces, and fires in the rooms;" and some time after her arrival "he came down stairs in great haste, and said, Boucher [his valet], go and bespeak a dish of pickles. I did so, and brought over a cloth and the rest of the things, and left them in the window." The dish of pickles was the wedding-feast, for on this occasion Mr. Fielding locked the supposed widow and her friend in his apartments till he went and procured "a priest in a long red gown lined with blue, and a long beard and a fur cap," who performed the marriage ceremony. The lady did not visit him again for fifteen or sixteen days, and then seems to have put up with pot-luck. "He was not at home when she came; but she went to supper by herself. She had for her supper some toasted cheese, a pint of wine, and a bottle of oat-ale. When he came home, he asked her why she did not send for something better for supper?"

The public amusements of Pall Mall were at this period scarcely more refined than those of the neighbouring May Fair. "Certain models," says Malcolm in his 'Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century,' "representing William the Third's palaces at Loo, Keswick, and Hunslaerdike, were shown in 1701, from ten in the morning till one, and from two till eight at night, at the White Hart near Pall Mall, facing the Hay-market, within two doors of the glass-lamps." The proprietors elegantly observe in their advertisement that they were "brought over by outlandish men," and that, "to render those diversions altogether more delightful and acceptable, there will be a collection of several curiosities to be sold and raffled for at the opening, and likewise every Monday and Friday following, those days being appointed the public raffling-days, besides a great variety of rarities; and to entertain the nobility and gentry (who the Undertakers hope will countenance them with the honour of their company), there shall be on Wednesday, the 14th of January, a concert of music by the best performers; and if all these diversions please such for whom they are intended, there shall be from time to time great additions made." The "outlandish men" who brought over the models of the palaces were possibly in league with the king, who may have wished to shame the English into giving him a new palace by showing how much better the Stadtholder of Holland had been lodged than the King of England was. If so, the plot was too refined for this meridian; the outlandish men, finding their exhibition did not pay, were glad to dispose of it to natives, who sought to enhance its attractions by adding the delights of a raffle, concerts, and indefinite promises of something still finer behind. So, notwithstanding sundry and divers models of projected palaces still extant at Hampton Court, Buckingham Palace was the first built in England since the Revolution, and a creditable specimen of royal and national taste it is.

In 1733 the Pall-Mallians do not seem to have advanced in taste and refinement much beyond their condition in 1701. We again quote from Malcolm:—"Some absurd persons were at the expense (!), in October, 1733, of procuring a Holland smock, a cap, checked stockings, and laced shoes, which they offered as

prizes to any four women who would run for them at three o'clock in the afternoon in Pall Mall. The race attracted an amazing number of persons, who filled the streets, the windows, and the balconies. The sport attendant on this curious method of killing time induced Mr. Rawlings, high constable of Westminster, resident in Pall Mall, to prepare a laced hat as a prize to be run for by five men, which appears to have produced much mirth to the projector; but the mob, ever on the watch to gratify their propensity for riot and mischief, committed so many excesses, that the sedate inhabitants of the neighbourhood found it necessary to apply to the magistrates for protection, who issued precepts to prevent future runs to the very man most active in promoting them."

But a new era was dawning for Pall Mall at the very time that these swift Camillas were scouring along its plain. Schomberg House, it is true, built in the reign of William III. by the Duke of that name, had rather retrograded: it had fallen into the hands of Astley the painter, who divided it into three habitations, reserving the centre for his own residence. The house bestowed upon Nell Gwynne by Charles II., from the back wall of which she horrified the decorous Evelyn by holding a light conversation with the King, never seems to have had any architectural pretensions: it is now occupied by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. Marlborough House was scarcely visible from Pall Mall. In the paper on St. James's Palace we had occasion to notice the cavalier manner in which Marlborough House, when occupied by "old Sarah," gave the public to know whether it was peace or war between it and the Court. This is perhaps the most appropriate place to advert to a characteristic scene which occurred in 1740. The City in that year observed with great solemnity the anniversary of Admiral Vernon's birth; and the Duchess of Marlborough presented two does to the Lord Mayor, and one to each of the Sheriffs, that they might feast their friends on the occasion. These dignitaries returned the compliment by visiting her Grace in state on the 1st of January. "She received us," says Mr. Hoare, "in her usual manner, sitting up in her bed; and expressed much satisfaction for the compliment and great honour, as she said, we had done her in returning our thanks; and after an hour's conversation on indifferent matters we retired." Lord Grantham, too, had a house in Pall Mall; and Sir Robert Walpole for some time lived nearer the Duchess Sarah than seems to have been altogether conducive to the preservation of his equanimity.

But these were trifles to the glories preserved for Pall Mall. In 1732 Frederick Prince of Wales purchased what an erudite historian of London calls "the original Carlton House and Gardens of the Earl of Burlington." The name of the proprietor seems almost to warrant that, in his hands, the English architecture of the day had already done its worst; but royalty can prompt the genius even of absurdity to flights beyond what ordinary mortals have the power to inspire. Flitcroft is said to have drawn a plan, in 1734, intended as an improvement of Carlton House; and Kent laid violent hands upon the gardens, said by the historian above alluded to to be "very beautiful, and *full as retired as if in the country*." For this sequestered spot Kent designed "a cascade;" and a saloon was erected in 1735, and paved with Italian marble brought to England by Lord Bingley and the immortal Bubb Doddington. "The walls were adorned with rich paintings and statues; and the chair of state was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold,

which cost five hundred pounds. A bagnio near it *consisted of* encrusted marble." It was not till 1788 that one Prince of Wales completed what the kindred taste of another had begun : but there is much to be told of Pall Mall before we reach that era.

It was about the same time that Carlton House was undergoing the process of "translation," as Nick Bottom's cronies would have called it, into a royal residence, that the literature of Pall Mall received its first development. Previous attempts appear to have been made. Letitia Pilkington at one time opened a pamphlet-shop here ; but her stock-in-trade consisted only of a couple of dozens of an unsaleable pamphlet, generously presented to her by the author or by the publisher, and a few secondhand prints, and the concern was soon wound up. In 1732, however, Dodsley, born and bred to be the appropriate link between new and old Pall Mall—between the Pall Mall of mere Court gaiety and the Pall Mall of elegant literature—Dodsley, born a poet and bred a footman, published his 'Muse in Livery.' In 1735 he opened, with the assistance of his patrons, a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall.

'The Muse in Livery' is indeed the work of a footman : it is professional all over. The very frontispiece (the "effigies auctoris" representing a young man with one hand attached by a shackle-bolt to concentric rings, inscribed "poverty," "ignorance," &c., and extending the hand which he has wrenched from its confinement, with the handcuff still there, but ornamented by a pair of wings, to the sun, the god of poetry) is typical of the sentiment and imagination of the particular race. Fielding, in the opening of his 'Joseph Andrews,' has presented us with a full-length portrait of the footman of that age ; and, to parody a favourite expression of coal-merchants when their commodity rises in price, "footmen were footmen then." It was only in 1701 that the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Carlisle, Earl Marshal of England during the minority of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, moved thereto by "many mischiefs and dangerous accidents occasioned by footmen wearing of swords," had found it advisable to "order that no footman attending any of the nobility and gentry of his Majesty's realms shall wear any sword, hanger, bayonet, or other such-like offensive weapon, during such time as they or any of them shall reside or be within the cities of London and Westminster." And it was not till a good many years later that a Townley arose to break the spirit of this ancient and honourable fraternity, by his 'High Life below Stairs,' as effectually as the Minister of George II. broke the spirits of the Scots Highlanders by the Act of Parliament forbidding them to wear their national dress. Dodsley flourished as a footman in the yet palmy days of the profession, when (see 'Joseph Andrews' for the particulars) the gentlemen of the cloth were still, in their own especial gallery, lords paramount of theatrical criticism. To have been drawn by a non-professional hand, Fielding's sketch must be allowed to have merit ; and so has 'Humphrey Clinker,' although that great man, living in the declining days of his order, had betaken himself to Methodism ; but still a portrait of a footman and his tribe by one of themselves must be allowed to be the more authentic. Dodsley has given us a full, true, and particular account of his thinkings and doings from the time of his rising in the morning till the close of the day's labours, which commences thus :—

“ As soon as laziness will let me,
 I rise from bed, and down I set me
 To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
 And such-like dirty-work as that,
 Which, by the bye, is what I hate.
 This done, with expeditious care
 To dress myself I straight prepare ;
 I clean my buckles, black my shoes,
 Powder my wig, and brush my clothes,
 Take off my beard, and wash my face,
 And then I'm ready for the chace.”

A few rapid and abruptly cadenced lines convey a lively impression of the multitudinous errands on which his lady despatches him : then follows a savoury description of the odours from the kitchen announcing the approach of the dinner-hour that makes one's mouth water. The meditative footman tells how he lays the cloth, decants the wine, ale, and beer, and declares—

“ This is the only pleasant hour
 Which I have in the twenty-four ;
 For whilst I unregarded stand,
 With ready salver in my hand,
 And seem to understand no more
 Than just what's called for out to pour,
 I hear and mark the courtly phrases,
 And all the elegance that passes.”

We reluctantly pass over his graphic account of the ceremonies of the tea-table to hurry to his public appearance in state when the hour of paying visits arrives :—

“ The chairman straight prepares his chair,
 A lighted flambeau I prepare ;
 And, orders given where to go,
 We march along, and bustle through
 The parting crowds, who bustle off
 To give us room. Oh, how you'd laugh
 To see me strut before a chair,
 And with a sturdy voice and air
 Crying, ‘ By your leave, Sir ! Have a care !’
 From place to place with speed we fly,
 And ‘ Rat-a-tat ’ the knockers cry ;
 ‘ Pray is your lady, sir, within ?’
 If no, go on ; if yes, we enter in.”

Tastes are free : we have no mind to enter into controversy with any one who may prefer Steele's more amplified description of a similar scene in the 109th ‘ Tatler :’—“ There has not, for some years, been such a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward in a very hasty, instead of a very solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane, in an instant. Among the rest, my country maid took the alarm, and, immediately running to me, told me there was a fine, fine

lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was." In justice, however, to Mr. Dodsley, we must remark that Steele, to heighten the effect of his description, employs the artifice of carrying the visit into a region where such sights were unknown. We may add that Dodsley writes like an experienced footman—Steele like one less familiarised with the ceremony.

But be this as it may, none but a footman, none but one who could say of the deeds he narrates "*quorum pars magna fui*," could give, as Dodsley has done, the scene in the servants' hall while their mistresses are chatting above-stairs:—

"Then to the hall I guide my steps,
 Amongst a crowd of brother skips,
 Drinking small beer and talking smut,
 And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out ;
 Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
 And he who's loudest is the greatest wit.
 But here among us the chief trade is
 To rail against our lords and ladies ;
 To aggravate their smallest failings,
 To expose their faults with saucy railings.
 For my part, as I hate the practice,
 And see in them how base and black 'tis,
 To some bye-place I therefore creep,
 And sit me down to feign to sleep ;
 And could I with old Morpheus bargain,
 'T would save my ears much noise and jargon.
 But down my lady comes again,
 And I'm releas'd from all my pain"—

that is, he is hurried off to conclude the evening at the play or opera. This, it will be allowed, is conceived in the true spirit of a footman, even to the peaching against his fellows, and affecting that he had never taken part in their uncivil comments on their betters; for, be it remembered, Dodsley's poetical vein was encouraged by his masters and mistresses, and this poem, and all the rest, were composed with a view to their being perused by them.

It may not be out of place to remark here that, curtailed though the footmen of our degenerate days are of the proportions and appendages of their progenitors, they are closer copies of them than is found to be the case with any other class in gay and genteel society. On the great gala occasions, when the nobles of the land present themselves to their sovereign, there is some attempt made by them to revive the finery of former days, but court snits, bags, and swords are only to be worn gracefully by those to whom custom has made them a second nature—almost what his fur and tail are to the monkey. The wearers of these antique adornments for a day walk as awkwardly in them as David did in Saul's armour. Not so their footmen, whose daily dresses are the only ones a beau of Queen Anne's time would acknowledge to be passable were he to rise from the grave, and who by daily use learn to wear them with a grace. We never stand at St. James's on a levee or drawing-room day, and observe the gentlemen (civilians at least) so ashamed of their unwonted array as to lose more than half the pleasure of being presented to royalty, and mark the *dégagé*, easy, self-pos-

sessed deportment of the gentlemen's gentlemen, with their fine coats, gold-headed staffs, and bouquets, but we are led irresistibly to think how the whole pageant would be improved were they and their masters to change places. Pall Mall is, on such occasions, the spacious hall to which the "brother skips" guide their steps. We will not take upon us to say that Dodsley's description of the manners of the class in 1732 is altogether applicable now—indeed our impression decidedly is that their deportment is marked by more gentleness and refinement—but they still retain their predilection for beer, though, perhaps, their drink cannot with strict accuracy be called "small beer." There is something extremely piquant in watching the dainty and minikin airs of one of these gentlemen picking his steps from the tap of the Star and Garter to where his friend the coachman remains glued to his seat (for what Talleyrand said, in his *éloge* on Count Reinhard, of a minister of foreign affairs, may equally be applied to a coachman—"il ne doit pas cesser un moment dans les vingt-quatre heures d'être ministre des affaires étrangères"), himself arrayed in a peach-blossom coat that might have made Goldsmith envious, inexpressibles of a brilliant orange bordering on pomegranate, irreproachable white silk stockings, and in his breast a bouquet of the rarest and most delicate exotics the green-house can afford, carrying in his hand the while a pewter pot, bright, it is true, as silver, but betraying, by a hundred indentations and roughnesses, its age and hard service, with the rich froth, of the colour of chocolate cream or the foam of an embrowned mountain-stream, mantling over it. And if they have no Dodsley among them in these latter days—have they not a "Yellowplush?"

We have said that 'The Muse in Livery' was an apt designation—that the Muse, if Muse she were, had contracted the sentiments and habits of the servants' hall as if she were to the manner born. But "honours change manners," as the old copy-line hath it: Dodsley the bookseller was a very different man. With wonderful good sense he spoke of the employment of his early life quietly as a matter of course; and he displayed good taste and kind feeling on many occasions. It was he who purchased Johnson's first original publication (1738); and it was he who, when in 1758 he started his 'Annual Register,' had the boldness and discrimination to employ as his historian no less "eminent a hand" than Edmund Burke. Dodsley's shop was the resort—and who that has known what an exquisite lounge a bookseller's shop is, ever cared for another?—of Young and Akenside, of Horace Walpole, the Wartons, and Burke. Dodsley too was the publisher of several of Pope's works. From 1735, when he first opened shop, to 1764, when he died, Dodsley's establishment was deservedly one of the lions of Pall Mall.

We learn from the 'Tatler' that the wits of Queen Anne's time were in the habit of repairing at times to Pall Mall and its vicinity. But when they did this they, in a great measure, laid aside their literary character, and appeared as men of gaiety and fashion, or of the great world of politics. "All accounts," writes Isaac Bickerstaff, in his introductory paper, "of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; poetry under that of Will's Coffee House; learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from St. James's Coffee House." And although in Dodsley's day, and since, they did not altogether lay aside their literature on

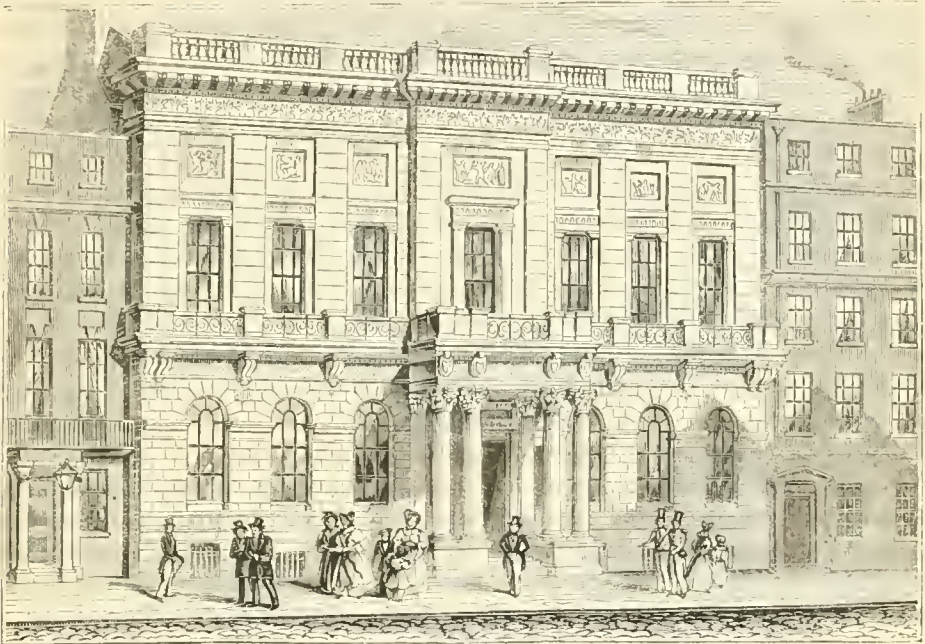
entering Pall Mall, they continued to wear it, as Ophelia allowed her friends to wear their rue, "with a difference." Accordingly we hear little of Dr. Johnson's visits to these regions: for the Doctor, although he certainly did purchase a scarlet waistcoat and gold-laced hat to appear in at the first night of his tragedy—thinking that a dramatic poet ought to dress less gravely than he had been wont—cannot with strict propriety be called a gay man. Gibbon, on the contrary, luxuriates in the atmosphere of St. James's.

Those who know Gibbon only as the author of the 'Decline and Fall' ought not to lose a moment in making his acquaintance through his diary and letters, as published by Lord Sheffield;—would that the task of editing them had fallen into the hands of some one less a slave to the feeling expressed in the cant speech—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" The ineffable coxcombry of this editor, affecting to think that a full-grown public was not as competent to judge of what was wholesome and what dangerous doctrine as himself, and under this pretext laying before the poor innocents nothing that *he* did not think they might safely partake of, has "cut us here a monstrous cantle out" of the edifying revelations of Gibbon. Johnson, on the one hand, as has been justly remarked by Mr. Croker, did not mix in high society, and Burke was too earnest a character to enjoy its frivolities. Horace Walpole made literature his relaxation. Gibbon is almost the only real *littérateur* of his day who mingled with the fashionable world on a footing of equality. And his journals and letters, mutilated though they be, afford us some pleasing glimpses of it. We like to catch the sententious historian recording that he writes from the Club of Almack, or of Boodle, in a velvet embroidered coat, with lace ruffles. His participation in the Bachelor's Masquerade at the Pantheon raises him ten per cent. in our estimation; and but for his pen the controversy among the proprietors of that establishment concerning immaculate and leopard beauties would have perished. He does the honours of the social position of a silent M.P. with infinite discretion, and with great glee and good humour.

In his time that truly English invention the Clubhouse seems to have attained its full development; at least, the following picture might still be matched without much difficulty:—"November 14, 1762. I dined at the Cocoa Tree with Holt, who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (The Spanish Friar), and, when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour to be a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men of the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of king's councillors and lords of the bedchamber, who, having jumped into the Ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones." Gibbon was a member of Boodle's, White's, Almack's, and perhaps of some more. He gave the preference to the last-mentioned:—"Almack's, June 24, 1776. * * Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed many agreeable hours, is the only place which still invites the flower of the English youth. The style of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is

exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and even rational society here than in any other club to which I belong."

The number of club-houses has increased since Gibbon's time, and also their architectural pretensions. Pall Mall is a favourite locality with them, and bids fair to become a street of club-houses. In the centre the "houses of call" of the two rival political parties, the Carlton and the Reform Club, keep watch and ward over each other. Near the west end of the street the United University opens wide its doors to the alumni of Oxford and Cambridge, and is much be-



[Oxford and Cambridge Club House.]

loved of such clergymen as, like Vanbrugh's Lady Grace, love to be a *lectle* dissipated "soberly." Passing to the east from the Reform Club, there is the Traveller's, for the reception of such as have "swum in a gondola;" the Athenæum, for the worshippers of the goddess Minerva, who stands over the door with downward-pointing finger, as if saying, "This man may enter—that man may not;" and the United Service, which appears, by the simple and somewhat barn-like style of its architecture, intended to keep its inmates in mind of life in the barracks. But Pall Mall is far too narrow to contain these multitudinous establishments: they overflow into all kinds of neighbouring streets. At the corner of Cockspur Street is the Union, beloved of the late James Smith; in Regent Street is the Junior United Service, and a club with a very hard name, the Erechtheium—an establishment that stands in somewhat the same relation to the Athenæum that a tap does to its hotel; in St. James's Street the two Whites', Brookes's, Crockford's, the Guards', and some more, crowd upon each other; and the Colonial has nestled itself in the house once Sir Philip Francis's in St.

James's Square. This is a tolerable list, and yet some clubs of note remain unnamed, as, for example, the Wyndham.

The features of all are much the same; places they are wherein to murder time; some are places of amusement under the pretence of promoting serious business, and some are places where serious business is sometimes transacted in the yawning intervals of pleasure. The political clubs are of considerable use to political leaders, especially when their party is in opposition. Ministerial leaders can ingratiate themselves with a partisan whom they would not like to admit to their own table by sending him and his family cards to a Queen's ball; but the Opposition have no such lightning-conductor to carry off their vulgarian friends, so they allow them a kind of equality within the walls of the club as a set-off. Politics are not altogether excluded from other clubs, indeed they are a condiment indispensable at every English table. When Vanbrugh erected his theatre in the Haymarket in 1706, "on the first stone that was laid were inscribed the words *LITTLE WING*, as a compliment to a celebrated beauty, the toast and pride of that party." Club loungers naturally betake themselves to politics, as fine ladies have been known to do, for a relief to ennui. The idle man of fashion seeks relief in business sufficiently important to be exciting, in the same manner as the grave man of business is apt to plunge into dissipation for relief. And in both cases it is odds that the fresh new-comer outstrips the old *habitués* in the race. The decline of drinking and gaming may have been favourable to political amusements: men must have some stimulus; and in this decorous age, though a De Roos will arise from time to time, men do not venture to shake the dice-box so pertinaciously as Charles James Fox. That habit, however, survived in full force to a not very distant period. Club-houses, their character, rise, and progress, deserve a chapter to themselves: we have taken them up at present on the same principle that Falstaff says Worcester took up rebellion—they lay in our way, and we found them.

But to our tale.

The transformation of Carlton House into a nursery for the younger sprouts of royalty has already been noticed, and a hint given that the decorations commenced under Frederick Prince of Wales were carried to their height by George Prince of Wales and Prince Regent. Pall Mall certainly has gained by the substitution of the airy open space between it and the Duke of York's Pillar, the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs, for Carlton House. That palace, probably because it stood on the declivity towards the Park, looked low and insignificant, and the screen of Ionic columns in front did not much mend the matter.

"Care colonne, che fatti quà?
Non sapiamo, in verità"—

was the sarcastic dialogue inscribed upon them by some Italian refugee, who had brought a taste for real art from his own country. Sheridan's allusion to them was not much more complimentary. About the time that the Duke of York took possession of Melbourne House, now Lady Dover's, near the Horse Guards, of which the most remarkable feature is the cupola in front, some discussions were raised (no uncommon case) in Parliament about the debts of the royal brothers. A considerable amount of virtuous indignation was of course

expressed by the Opposition of the day; and, some of their remarks having been reported to Sheridan when he entered the House, "I wonder," said he, "what amount of punishment of these young men would satisfy some people! Has not the one got into the Roundhouse, and the other into the *Pillory*?"

Carlton House did not carry many historical reminiscences with it when it was pulled down. It was the Regent's residence during the whole time of the Penin-



[Carlton House, Levee Day.]

sular war, but its connexion with the martial exploits of that period was merely accidental: the more distinguished soldiers who had occasion to visit London got an occasional dinner there. It derived a temporary *éclat* from so many of Moore's squibs being directed against it and its occupant; but this interest is of the kind upon which time operates with most destructive effect. Twenty or thirty years have a withering influence over lampoons. Already it is as difficult to enter into the spirit of those of Tom Moore as of those of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; and the Irish poet himself, in a fit of real or affected modesty, has gone far to accelerate the work of time. In vindicating himself from the charge of having repaid the hospitality of the Regent with satire, he has succeeded in proving that he could know very little of that Prince's personal habits and domestic arrangements; and has thus lowered the value of his rhymes—in so far as they might have been taken to convey authentic information regarding the manners of a Court—to that of the lampoons of any newspaper hack.

"Non omnis moriar" may, however, still be the motto of the old house. Something of Carlton House will still survive so long as the fame of Beau Brummell lives. Since his star was eclipsed, England has, properly speaking, had no beau, and indeed no character to supply the vacancy. He was the last of a race now apparently extinct. Contrary to the anticipations of a great poet, the dynasty of dandies has not been succeeded by some other herd of imitated imitators. The sceptre of foppery, handed down from Sir Fopling Flutter—

"He's knight of the shire, and represents you all,"—

through Sir Plume,

“Of amber-colour'd snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,”—

found no hand capable of wielding it after the deposition of Brummell. Fops, beaux, maccaronies, dandies—the same things under various names—are extinct. Prize-fighters and puppies have both gone out. Tom Cribb's parlour has contracted a dingy appearance—you may write your name in the dust which covers the tables; and your tailor finds difficulty in inventing a name of sufficient eminence in dress to pass off a new cut or shade of trousers.

Pall Mall retains unchanged its public character. There is Vulliamy's, to attract those who are curious in taking note how they lose their time; and Senior's, for those who think the occasional purchase of a foreign book stamps them literary characters. One compartment of Schomberg House is occupied by one of the most *recherché* mercers of the day; military clothiers abound; Sams is to be found at one end of the street, and Moon and Graves at the other. Besides, the clubs are a centre of attraction to those who are members, and also to those who would have people infer, from seeing them in this quarter, that they are members. The Opera House draws gay crowds at night, and the British Institution in the daytime. So the dash and glance of carriages as they wind through the crowd in mazy evolutions—the flutter of silks, waving of hands and glances of eyes, the brief dear whisper leaning on the door of the landaulet—all are as of old, “the everlasting to be that hath been.” Sometimes a transient cause of excitement enhances the bustle: thus during the last general election the array of led horses, drawn up rank and file in front of the Carlton Club, was positively imposing: in the effervescence of their success, the inmates seemed preparing to take Downing Street by a charge of cavalry.

The domesticities of Pall Mall seem to have experienced little alteration since the days of Beau Fielding. It is there that the beau's literary namesake places *Nightingale* and *Tom Jones* when they leave the lodgings of Mrs. Miller in Bond Street. And to this day a commission of inquiry might find similar loose hangers-on upon society resident there. These lodgings are also much affected by certain members of parliament, on account of their proximity to the clubs: the Irish predominate, though we have a dim recollection of one English M.P. addicted to poetry, who took up his abode in one of the houses (already more than once alluded to) between St. James's Square and Pall Mall, in order that the view of the Carlton on one side might remind him of the stern realities of life, while the contemplation of the shrubs and duck-pond of the square on the other might sooth him in his imaginative moods. It was under these auspices that he composed his immortal sonnet, ‘A poet-statesman at the grave of Jane Jones.’

Nor is Pall Mall altogether destitute of tragic associations, though certainly those of a lighter and gayer complexion predominate. In the paper on ‘*Piea-dilly*’ we commemorated Sir Thomas Wyatt's march along it, when a cannon-shot from the Queen's forces occupying the hill above killed one or two of his followers, and drove in some yards of the park-wall. It was nearly opposite the south-west corner of the Opera House that Mr. Thynne was assassinated by the retainers of Count Königsmark—one of them a strange compound of Dirk Hatteraick (“Virtue! Donner! I always accounted to my employers for the last stiver!”)

and the French Countess, who was of opinion that God Almighty would think twice before he damned a person of good family. And it was in the Star and Garter (in the very house where gas first poured its fairy radiance on a street in the beginning of this century—not far from the spot where experiments are now making on the efficacy of the Bude light in street illumination) that William Lord Byron killed his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, in an extempore duel. The memory of this transaction has been longer preserved than it might otherwise have been from its bearing on the history of the poet who inherited the title; and yet, for those who find the study of the strange windings and cross-turns of human character attractive, the story is not devoid of an interest of its own. The young men were cousins; Lord Byron seems to have had more mind, to have been more considerate, than the other. In the discussion (about the preservation of game) in which the fatal quarrel originated, he not only embraced the more creditable side of the argument, but the very taunts and jeers thrown out on the occasion imply that he acted upon the principles he advocated. But he was a slave to that constitutional timidity which degrades a man in his own eyes quite as much as in the eyes of the world. His intellectually less gifted cousin was a finer animal—a frank, straightforward, confident being—borne onward by the sanguine spirits of perfect health—a graceful object to all beholders—and tainted with the overbearing spirit which want of reflection generates in such spirits. It is clear that in his contempt for his cousin William's timidity he had overlooked his good qualities, and recklessly and causelessly been in the habit of wounding his feelings by alluding to it. It is equally clear that these insults had sown the seeds of bitterness in a mind naturally of kind dispositions, and possessed of sufficient sense to struggle against, but not to master, the malignant feelings called up by persevering, unprovoked contumely. The deportment of Chaworth, when invited by Lord Byron to enter a separate room, was that of a man astonished to see the worm he has trodden upon turning on him. The deportment of Lord Byron after he had wounded his adversary was that of a conscious coward astonished at his own momentary valour:—"I am as brave as any man," he cried, as he allowed himself to be disarmed. Chaworth died in character; incapable of seeing that he had given any just cause of provocation; triumphing in the thought that he was conquered only because he was taken somewhat unawares. The fate of the survivor was still more melancholy: to bear about for years the consciousness that he had killed a near relation without convincing the world that he possessed courage, and with the damning sense of cowardice still clinging to him.

Enough has been said to show what throngs of associations crowd Pall Mall for those who—living more in books and in the memory of the past than in the busy world *in*, and not *of* which chance has made them denizens, close the eyes of their body to open

"The visionary eye whose lid
Moves not and cannot fall;"—

they who, like poor Susan, can behold

"Volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
While a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside;"—

or, like Old Adam, the Farmer of Tilsbury Vale,

“While he watches the clouds that pass over the streets,
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
You might think he’d twelve reapers at work in the Strand”—

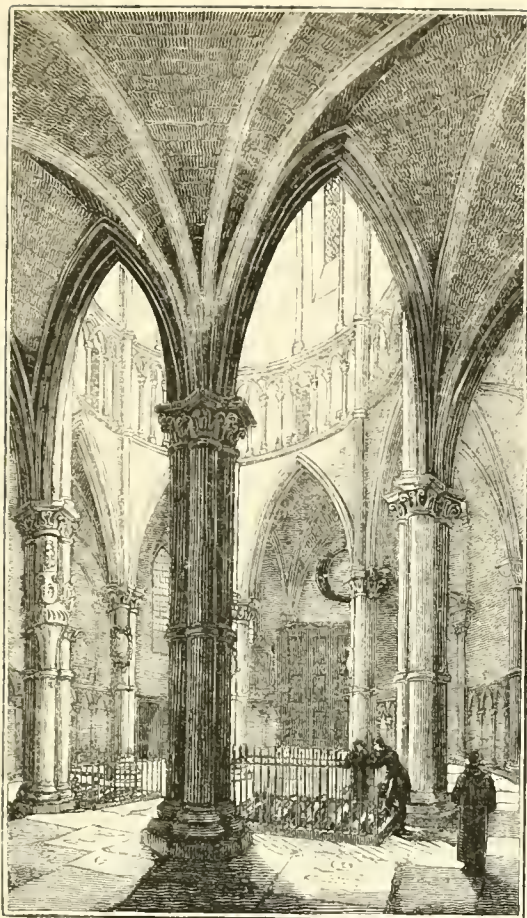
see other sights in Pall Mall than the carriages that hurry and the loungers that saunter past them. Full “in their mind’s eye,” Beau Brummell stands, with a hand in each pocket of his swallow-tailed coat, bringing the pendant ribbons round before him, and looking with an air of grave mockery upon Bubb Doddington, who, in his best-fancied birthday suit, bows right to Beau Fielding attired in the very dress he showed to Mrs. Wadsworth, and left to Sir Fopling Flutter, who, in the “sacred periwig” which “wind ne’er blew nor touch of hat profaned,”

“Returns the diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shag casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.”

Not far distant, Dodsley, in the periwig and full coat of burghess “well to do in the world,” beneath which peep out a pair of irreproachable “yellow plushes,” bows deferentially to Burke, casting a sidelong glance of patronage, not unmixed with respect, upon the colossal slouch of Johnson, in his coat of rusty-brown and unchanging scratch-wig. In the distance the shadowy form of Thynne points to his wound, and Chaworth frowns on Lord Byron, who shuffles past as if he would fain apologise for having the presumption to kill him, but cannot muster courage to do it. The Duchess of Cleveland’s carriage is disappearing round the far corner of the street with Wycherley’s in full pursuit, at which Beau Fielding smiles meaningly, as who would say, “My turn will come.”



[Sculpture on Thynne's Monument in Westminster Abbey.]



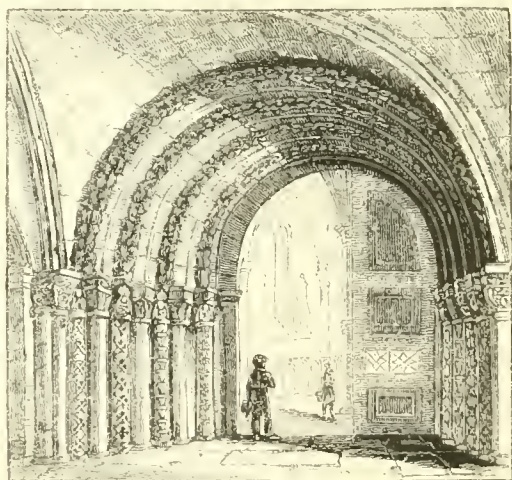
[Interior of the Round.]

LXX.—THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE seems to be a strong under-current of enlightened and generous sentiment respecting the care of our national edifices moving beneath the surface of the bustling, struggling, money-loving world, which it is pleasant to reflect on and still more delightful to see—revealing itself, as it does, in the restoration of such beautiful structures as the Lady Chapel, Southwark; and Crosby Place; and in the still more important works of reviving the pristine splendour of the Abbey of St. Albans, and of the old and famous church of the Knights Templars, now in progress, the subject of the present paper. In expense, magnificence, and refined taste, this last-mentioned restoration promises—the extent of the original being considered—to surpass every similar attempt known in this country. In looking also at the quarter from whence the funds for these

labours are obtained, one finds fresh cause for satisfaction. The benefactors are no longer isolated individuals, but a combination of many, or even public bodies. Thus, whilst the Lady Chapel and Crosby Place have been, and St. Albans is in process of being, restored, each at the expense of a considerable number of subscribers from different ranks of society, the works at the Temple Church, on which an enormous sum of money is to be expended, are being carried into effect by the unaided efforts of the Societies to which it belongs—those of the Inner and Middle Temple. This is, perhaps, the most cheering symptom of the whole. When we consider how many of our noblest cathedrals, churches, halls, and other public buildings are directly or indirectly connected with wealthy and influential bodies, we may judge what wonders may be worked by the practical example of the Templars. We see, indeed, good grounds to hope that it will mark an era which the future antiquary—and not him only—will be delighted to refer to;—an era from whence no edifice of real value, whether for its intrinsic grandeur or beauty, its place in the history of art, or for its associations, will be allowed to sink into irretrievable decay and ruin, as too many have done, nay, as too many yet are suffered to do. Apart from the ordinary advantages pointed out by the advocates of such restorations, there is one which we do not remember to have seen dwelt on sufficiently. To a large number of persons—the intelligent poor, who have no money to buy books, nor leisure to read them, in particular—these national memorials have a peculiar value. They are not to them merely objects of interest as the “local habitations” of men and deeds already made familiar by history; they *are visible history itself*. To adduce no other example than that afforded by the subject before us, here in this very low and dark passage, through which crowds are hurrying, some to the chambers of the men of law who are in this part so thickly clustered together, some to make a shorter cut from Temple Bar to Blackfriars, and inhale the pleasant breeze from the Temple Garden in their way—in this very passage how often may we not see the artisan, with his basket of tools on his shoulder, pausing to gaze on some peculiar expression that has caught his eye in one of the faces of the beautiful Norman gateway before us, and then, by a natural process, on the gate



[Entrance Doorway.]

itself—the church within—into which he peeps curiously; whilst, lastly, his thoughts revert to the Knights Templars, whose church he has heard it was, and as he connects the skill, the courage, and the rank conveyed in the idea of knights, with what he sees, the peaceful and holy temple before him, so gloriously adorned with all the braveries of architecture, sculpture, painting, and yet so simple, almost austere in its general effect, he arrives, perhaps unconsciously, to a very fair notion of that extraordinary and interesting class of men.

Pending the completion of the church, according to the splendid designs for its restoration, we shall not attempt a description of the edifice; but in the mean time let us imagine ourselves entering the interior as it was till recently, and call up some of the historical associations in which it is so rich. The church, as no doubt most of our readers know, is divided into two portions, opening, however, into each other—a circular part called the Round, and an oblong. The different architecture as well as the different shapes show that these portions belong not to the same period. The Round is of course the oldest, and is a most remarkable feature, there being but three other churches in England of the same form. Above six centuries and a half have elapsed since the consecration of this part, an event not merely noticeable in itself as marking the culminating period of the Knights Templars in England, but for the circumstances with which it was attended.

In the year 1128, Hugh de Payens, the head of a new and strange society, which had excited much notice among the pious and warlike of England, arrived in London to explain its objects, and extend its scope and influence. We may imagine the interest with which his auditors (among whom were the King, Henry I., and his court) listened to his tale of the origin and progress of the order. But a few years before, himself and eight other Knights, pitying the sufferings of the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, recently recovered from the Infidels by the first Crusaders, entered into a solemn compact to devote their lives and fortunes to the defence of the highway from the inroads of the Mussulmans, and the ravages of the numerous robbers who infested it. “Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ” they then called themselves; but, as their services became conspicuous, and the heads of the church lodged them within the enclosure of the Temple on Mount Moriah (the site of the great Jewish structure destroyed by Titus), and amidst that magnificent assemblage of buildings partly erected by the Christian Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, and partly by the Musulman Caliph Omar, in the seventh, this new combination of the somewhat opposite qualities of the warrior and the monk became known as the *Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon*. Their rise was rapid, and so was the growth of their ambition. Presently they enlarged their object from the defence of the roads to the defence of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem itself; and eminent men from various countries joined their society, and threw their whole possessions into the common stock. Hugh de Payens was made Master; who, having first succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the Pope in a personal visit, spread everywhere throughout Europe the knowledge of the actual purposes of the new Order, and sought assistance. He set out from Jerusalem with four brethren; he returned to it, after his visit to England, with three hundred, all chosen from the noblest families of Europe, and principally from France and England. The days of the

Order when two Knights (Hugh de Payens himself and a companion) were compelled to ride one horse, a memorable circumstance commemorated in the Seal of the Order, were at an end now; and an opposite danger, that of too much wealth, was, as subsequent events showed, the most to be guarded against. Before Hugh de Payens' departure from England, he placed a Knight Templar, called the Prior of the Temple, at the head of the Society in this country, whose duty it was, in common with all the similarly appointed persons throughout Europe, to manage the estates and affairs of the Order, and transmit the revenues to Jerusalem. Numerous Templar establishments now sprang up in different parts of Great Britain, the chief of which was that of London. The site of the first metropolitan house was in Holborn, where Southampton House was afterwards erected, and subsequently the existing Southampton Buildings. And here a very interesting remain was discovered, but we regret to say not preserved, an ancient circular chapel of Caen stone. This house Hugh de Payens himself saw formally established. As the English Knights increased in number and wealth, they purchased the site of the present Temple, and set about erecting their magnificent church and other buildings. To distinguish this house from that of Holborn, the one was called the *New*, and the other the *Old Temple*.

Whilst these works were fast progressing to completion, and the Templars were probably looking for some distinguished personage to consecrate and open their house with suitable honours and ceremonies, the misfortunes of their brethren in Palestine brought no less a personage than Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, to England, accompanied by the Master of St. John's, now, in emulation of the Templars, a fighting as well as a religious establishment. It was evident that the state of affairs must be critical that could have brought such messengers together. After a long-protracted struggle, attended by many alternations of success to both sides, but ending generally in the increased power of the followers of Mahomet, particularly after the appearance of Saladin on the scene, nearly the whole body of the Templars were destroyed or taken prisoners in a terrific battle between the Christian and Mussulman armies on the banks of the Jordan in 1179. Among the prisoners was Odo de St. Amand, the Master, who truly "perished in his pride," although his motives demand both sympathy and admiration. Saladin offered him his liberty in exchange for his nephew, who was in the hands of the Templars; but the only reply he could obtain was that a Templar ought either to conquer or die, and that the only ransom he had to give was his girdle and his knife. He was thrown into the dungeons of Damascus, where he languished and died. Subsequent successes, however, enabled the Christian warriors to give Saladin a serious check, when a truce for four years was agreed to. It was to make the best use of this temporary suspension of arms that Heraclius the Patriarch, the Master of the Temple, and the Master of St. John's, proceeded to Europe. Their chief hope was in Henry II. of England, who had promised, on receiving absolution for the murder of Becket, to proceed in person to Palestine with a great army, and to maintain, in particular, two hundred Templars at his own expense. To fortify their position, the trio obtained letters from the Pope, threatening Henry with the judgment of Heaven if he failed in his engagements. The Master of the Temple died at Verona, on

the way, the other two arrived in England in 1185. Henry met them at Reading, and listened with tears to their statements, as, throwing themselves on their knees before him, they described the state of the Holy Land, and besought his assistance. Their reception was very encouraging, and Henry promised to bring the matter before Parliament, when it met, on the first Sunday in Lent.

In the mean time the English Templars brought Heraclius to their house and church here (the round portion), now finished, and requested him to consecrate the latter. Familiar as he was with the gorgeous architectural splendours of Jerusalem, Heraclius must have examined with pleasure the beautiful house of the Templars in London, which was not merely beautiful, but replete with all conveniences suitable to so distinguished and wealthy a community, and every way fitted for the due performance of the discipline of the Order. The Church, with its circular, sweeping colonnade and tessellated pavement below, and noble arches, stained windows, and painted and groined ceiling above; the peaceful-looking cloisters; the separate residences of the Prior or Master, and the Knights, the Chaplains, and serving brethren, the retainers and domestics; the Refectory where they dined, and the Chapter House where they held their meetings; and lastly, the garden or pleasure on the banks of the Thames, where the brethren not only walked but trained their horses, and performed military exercise—all betokened the firm hold the Order had here obtained, and the taste and wealth at its disposal. Heraclius now performed the act required of him; and, till the year 1695, when some workmen destroyed it, there was an inscription recording the circumstance placed over the little door leading from the Round into the Cloisters, granting an indulgence of fifty days to those yearly seeking the sacred edifice. On this same visit, it is deserving of notice, Heraclius consecrated the church of the rival Society of Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell.* In the house of the latter, just one month after the performance of the ceremony at the Temple, the Parliament met; when, among other distinguished persons present, were William, King of Scotland, and his brother David. An earnest discussion took place on Heraclius's demands for succour, the King expressing his desire to fulfil his promise, but secretly wishing, there is little doubt, to be spared its performance; whilst the barons, and others present, represented to him that he was bound by the solemn oath of his coronation to stay at home and govern his dominions. They tried a kind of compromise, in offering to raise fifty thousand marks to defray the expenses of a levy of troops, and added their desire that all Nobles and others desiring to join the Christian bands in Palestine should be freely permitted so to do. The result is thus told by Fabyan, on the authority of a still older chronicler:—"Lastly, the King gave answer, and said that he might not leave his land without keeping, nor yet leave it to the prey and robbery of Frenchmen. But he would give largely of his own to such as would take upon them that voyage. With this answer the Patriarch was discontented, and said, 'We seek a man, and not money; well-near every Christian region sendeth unto us money, but no land sendeth to us a Prince. Therefore we ask a Prince that needeth money, and not money that needeth a Prince.' But the King laid for him such excuses, that the Patriarch departed

* For an account of this body, including some notices of its quarrels with the Templars, the burning of the Temple by Wat Tyler, &c., see 'St. John's Gate,' vol. ii. p. 133.

from him discontented and comfortless, whereof the King being advertised, intending somewhat to recomfort him with pleasant words, followed him unto the sea-side. But the more the King thought to satisfy him with his fair speech, the more the Patriarch was discontented, insomuch that, at the last, he said unto him, 'Hitherto thou hast reigned gloriously, but hereafter thou shalt be forsaken of Him whom thou at this time forsakest. Think on Him, what he hath given to thee, and what thou hast yielded to Him again; how first thou wert false unto the King of France, and after slew that holy man Thomas of Canterbury, and lastly thou forsakest the protection of Christian faith.' The king was moved with these words, and said unto the Patriarch, 'Though all the men of my land were one body, and spake with one mouth, they durst not speak to me such words.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for they love thine, and not thee; that is to mean, they love thy goods temporal, and fear thee for loss of promotion, but they love not thy soul.' And when he had so said, he offered his head to the King, saying, 'Do by me right as thou didst by that blessed man Thomas of Canterbury, for I had liever to be slain of thee than of the Saracens, for thou art worse than any Saracen.' But the King kept his patience and said, 'I may not wend out of my land, for my own sons will arise against me when I was absent.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for of the Devil they come, and to the Devil they shall go;' and so departed from the King in great ire." Such was the result of the Patriarch's mission to England, from which so much had been hoped.

As the consecration of the new Temple Church may be said to mark the consummation of the establishment of the Order in England, we may with propriety follow our notice of that event with a few words on the constitution of the house, and its discipline. Their rule was drawn up by their early patron, St. Bernard; their chief privileges they derived from Pope Alexander, who in 1172 promulgated a bull in their favour. The head of the house was now styled the Master of the Temple, and it was to distinguish the supreme head at Jerusalem from these minor potentates that it became a custom to call the latter the Grand Master. The master was elected by the chapter or assembly of the knights from among themselves. His jurisdiction extended not only over his own house in London, but over all the provincial priors or preceptors and their establishments. These houses the master visited in succession. The main body of the Templars were persons who had been previously knights (none other were admitted into their *class*), and whose fathers were or might have been knights. On their entrance into the Order they had to declare themselves free from all obligations, that they were neither married nor betrothed, had never taken vows nor been consecrated in any other religious order; that they were neither in debt nor diseased, and that they possessed sound, healthy constitutions. On the south side of the Round there was to be found, till the year 1827, an ancient structure, called the Chapel of St. Anne, formerly enjoying a peculiar reputation, as making barren women, who resorted thither to pray, "joyful mothers of children." In this chapel, no doubt, according to the custom of the Templars generally, would take place the introduction of new candidates into the Order—a solemn and most impressive proceeding, during which the whole body of knights were present. After a variety of preliminary questions put to the candidate before his entrance into the midst of the assembly of the knights, and satisfactory answers received, he was

conducted to their presence, when, kneeling before the Master with folded hands, he said, "Sir, I am come, before God, and before you and the brethren, and pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our dear Lady, to admit me into your Society and the good deeds of the Order, as one who will be, all his life long, the servant and slave of the Order." The Master then replied, "Beloved brother, you are desirous of a great matter, for you see nothing but the outward shell of our Order. It is only the outward shell when you see that we have fine horses and rich caparisons,—that we eat and drink well, and are splendidly clothed. From this you conclude that you will be well off with us. But you know not the rigorous maxims which are in our interior. For it is a hard matter for you, who are your own master, to become the servant of another. You will hardly be able to perform, in future, what you wish yourself. . . . When you wish to sleep, you will be ordered to watch; when you will wish to watch, then you will be ordered to go to bed; when you will wish to eat, then you will be ordered to do something else," &c. A renewed series of interrogations followed, in the course of which the candidate bound himself by the most solemn asseverations to be obedient to the head of the house and the chief head at Jerusalem, to observe the customs of the Order, to live in perfect chastity, to help, with all the strength and powers God had bestowed on him, to conquer the Holy Land, and never to be present when a Christian was unjustly and unlawfully despoiled of his heritage. He was then received, assured of "bread and water, and the poor clothing of the Order, and labour and toil enow," and the coveted habit placed on him by the Master, the famous white mantle with the red cross. The Master and Chaplain then kissed him, and the former, whilst the newly-made Templar sat before him, delivered a discourse in which he admonished the listener not to strike or wound any Christian; not to swear, not to receive any attendance from a woman without permission, nor to kiss any woman at any time, even his mother or sister, not to assist in any baptismal ceremony, never to abuse or call names, but be ever courteous and polite. He was also directed to sleep in a linen shirt, drawers, and hose, and with a small girdle round his waist, to attend divine service punctually, to sit down to table and rise from it with prayer, and to preserve silence in the interim. Lastly, when he heard of the Master's death he was to repeat immediately, wherever he might be, two hundred pater nosters for the repose of his soul. The ceremony over, the new member received clothes, arms, and equipments, and no longer appeared abroad but in his costume of a Knight Templar, such as we here behold him. He was allowed also three horses and an esquire, who was sometimes a serving brother, sometimes a hired layman, and sometimes a youth of noble birth, proud to serve so distinguished a personage.

Directly attached to the body of knights were two other classes, the chaplains and the serving brethren, and somewhat more remotely the affiliated, and the Donates and Oblates. Through the class of serving brethren many found admittance into the Order, who, not enjoying the honour of knighthood, and knightly descent, must have been otherwise by the rules proscribed. Some distinguished men joined the Society even in this comparatively humiliating position. The affiliated comprised persons from all ranks of society and of both sexes, who, desiring to assist the Order, or to share in the advantages connected with

it, such, for instance, as the exemption from the effects of interdict enjoyed by the Templars, were permitted to join the Order, without assuming its habit, its hardships, and its dangers, on taking certain vows, as that of chastity, and engaging to leave their property to the Templars on their death. The great Pope, Innocent III., did not disdain to declare himself as standing in this position to the Society, in one of his bulls. The Donates and Oblates were either children destined to the service of the Order, or persons who engaged to promote its welfare to the best of their power while they lived: princes were to be found among the last-mentioned class.

The very duty of the Knight Templar to fight the enemies of his faith, by compelling him to mix continually and largely with the world, prevented him



[A Knight Templar.]

from observing the strictness of the rules set down for his governance, and, as a very natural consequence, his conduct was no doubt often sufficiently lax when he had no such excuses to plead. Among the rules of the Order that seem to have been religiously observed were those of obedience; at least the punishments were very severe for any breach of such rules, as we are reminded by the sight of the penitential cell of the Temple, which is formed within the solid thickness of the wall of the church, and measures only four feet and a half in length, by two and a half in breadth, so that the unhappy prisoner could not lie down except by drawing his limbs together. One act of mercy, however, there was for him to be thankful for. During divine service he could hear and participate in all that was passing, through one of the apertures here looking into the church. If the secrets of this prison-house could be made known, they would be doubtless appalling; for the meagre facts that have oozed out into the light of day are sufficiently terrible. Here Walter le Bachelier, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was fettered by order of the Master, and left till he died of the severity of his punishment. The corpse was then taken out at daybreak, and buried in the

court between the church and the hall. Besides imprisonment, which was either temporary or perpetual, according as seemed expedient to the Master, the Templars were occasionally scourged on the bare shoulders by the Master's own hands, in the hall, or even whipped in the church on Sundays before the congregation. A knight of the name of Valaincourt once quitted the Order, but, unable most probably to stifle the whisperings of his conscience that he had done wrong, returned, and submitted himself cheerfully to whatever penance the Master thought proper to impose. He was accordingly condemned to eat for a year on the ground with the dogs, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, and every Sunday to be scourged in the church before all assembled.

A public exhibition such as that last named no doubt had a double effect, and edified the world as much as the criminal. The Order for a long time, indeed, seems to have been, as it deserved, highly popular, for its piety, bravery, and humility; and the usual consequences of popularity in those days followed. Great men desired to be buried among them, which could only be accomplished by a connexion with their Society in one of the available modes; lands, manors, houses, fairs, privileges were showered upon them; money was deposited with them in cases of peculiar danger; and one monarch at a somewhat critical time deposited himself in their community. This was King John, who, during the period of the arrangements connected with the signing of the Great Charter, resided here. Numerous documents of this king's are dated from the Temple. Among other distinguished visitors was one the Templars must have been glad to get rid of—Martin, the Pope's nuncio, of whom Matthew Paris says, "He made whilst residing at London in the New Temple unheard-of extortions of money and valuables. He imperiously intimated to the abbots and priors that they must send him rich presents, desirable palfreys, sumptuous services for the table, and rich clothing; which being done, that same Martin sent back word that the things sent were insufficient, and he commanded the givers thereof to forward him better things, on pain of suspension and excommunication."* The treasure deposited in the Temple must have been frequently immense, from the quality of the depositors or the circumstances of the deposit. Fully trustworthy, enjoying the privilege of sanctuary, and able so well to defend personally whatever was in their charge, the Templars became distinguished as the safest of guardians on all extraordinary occasions. The king, his court, and chief ecclesiastics, all made the Temple their bank when they pleased, and here, too, were brought all monies collected for the Christian service in Palestine. The most remarkable record on this subject is connected with the great Earl of Kent, Hubert de Burgh, on whose disgrace and committal to the Tower the King began to look shrewdly after the captive's treasures. Matthew Paris says, "It was suggested to the King, that Hubert had no small amount of treasure deposited in the New Temple, under the custody of the Templars. The King, accordingly, summoning to his presence the Master of the Temple, briefly demanded of him if it was so. He indeed, not daring to deny the truth to the King, confessed that he had money of the said Hubert, which had been confidentially committed to the keeping of himself and his brethren, but of the quantity and amount thereof he was altogether ignorant. Then the King endeavoured with threats to

* Transcribed for Mr. Addison's 'History of the Knights Templars,' p. 113.

obtain from the brethren the surrender to him of the aforesaid money, asserting that it had been fraudulently subtracted from his treasury. But they answered to the King, that money confided to them in trust they would deliver to no man without the permission of him who had intrusted it to be kept in the Temple. And the King, since the above-mentioned money had been placed under their protection, ventured not to take it by force. He sent, therefore, the treasurer of his court, with his justices of the Exchequer, to Hubert, who had already been placed in fetters in the Tower of London, that they might exact from him an assignment of the entire sum to the King. But when these messengers had explained to Hubert the object of their coming, he immediately answered that he would submit himself and all belonging to him to the good pleasure of his sovereign. He therefore petitioned the brethren of the chivalry of the Temple that they would, in his behalf, present all his keys to his lord the King, that he might do what he pleased with the things deposited in the Temple. This being done, the King ordered the money, faithfully counted, to be placed in his treasury, and the amount of all the things found to be reduced into writing and exhibited before him. The King's clerks, indeed, and the treasurer acting with them, found deposited in the Temple gold and silver vases of inestimable price, and money and many precious gems, an enumeration whereof would, in truth, astonish the hearers."*

Of the eminent persons who caused their bodies to be here interred some very interesting memorials are preserved. We allude to the two ranges



[Effigies of Knight Templars.].

of monumental effigies of great men reposing in their habits as they lived; one of five figures on the north side of the entrance to the oblong part of the church; the other of four, and a coped stone, the top of a coffin, on the south. The first figure on the left in the range here shown is that of Geoffrey de Magnaville, the bold and bad son of the Norman baron of the same name who distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings. This baron, after committing all kinds of excesses

* History of 'Knights Templars,' p. 112.

during the troubled reign of Stephen, died excommunicated by the church, and abandoned by all but the Templars, who, finding him repentant, put their habit on him, and enrolled him among their order. On his death, as they dared not bury him in consecrated ground, they hung him up in a leaden coffin on a tree in the garden here, where he remained till absolution was obtained some years afterwards, when they buried him in the portico before the western door. Next to him is the effigy of the famous Protector, the Earl of Pembroke, to whom Henry III. was indebted for the safety of his throne during his minority, and the people of England for healing, as far as they could be healed, the dissensions between the barons, and for driving the French from the country. He was buried here on Ascension-day, 1219. The expressive and beautiful effigy which forms the third in the group represents the youthful-looking Lord de Ros, one of the foremost of the memorable men who forced the Charter from John. None



[Effigies of Knight Templars.]

of the other figures in this and the following range can be distinguished with any certainty. It is known that two of the sons of the Protector Pembroke, William and Gilbert Marshal, were here buried, and the two effigies to the right, which have evidently a kind of correspondence (such for instance as the turn of the bodies in opposite directions), are supposed to be theirs. William Marshal, another of the patriots of Runnymede, married King John's daughter, and was therefore brother-in-law to Henry III., who was so grieved at his death that, on attending the funeral, he could not conceal his emotion. We need hardly add that all the cross-legged figures represent crusaders. Among other persons of eminence whose remains may yet lie beneath the floor along which we are pacing, are William Plantagenet, fifth son of the king just mentioned, and the Bishop of Carlisle, who was killed in 1255 by a fall from his horse, and to whose memory it is supposed the recumbent figure of a bishop in the recess in the south wall was erected. In the tomb beneath, which was opened in 1810, was found, at the feet of the skeleton of the bishop, the skeleton of a very young infant. It may

partly explain this strange circumstance to point out that the tomb had evidently been opened before. Here too the celebrated man of learning, Selden, and Plowden, the eminent lawyer, were both interred. In the churchyard of the Temple many stone coffins have been found, once filled, no doubt, by persons of distinction in their day, but whose very names are now lost in oblivion.

The extraordinary features which from the first characterised the Knights Templars, both in themselves and in their history, and made them so widely and popularly known, and which still invest their name with a thousand romantic associations, were to be equally visible in their melancholy fall and extinction. There seems little doubt but that the body grew in many respects more and more lax in their observance of many of the virtues for which they had at one time been so distinguished; but still it is only simple justice to say that, on the whole, they never lost sight of the object for which they had first banded themselves together: on the contrary, as the fortunes of the Christians in the Holy Land grew darker and darker, their spirits, throwing off much of the grosser corruptions which their immense wealth and irresponsible power had generated, shone out the more clearly through the gloom. They showed by their heroic disregard of danger, sufferings, and death, that they were still the "fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," if no longer the "poor." Their last great act, the defence of Acre in 1291, was a worthy close to their brilliant career. And, if anything could add to our surprise as well as horror at the ultimate fate of the Order, it is the consideration that the period when the circumstances to which we are about to allude took place was not twenty years removed from this event, in which the great body of the Knights Templars perished, the last defenders of the last (with one exception) Christian stronghold.

The throne of France, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, was occupied by Philip the Fair, a man already distinguished for his avarice, and the unscrupulous means he was accustomed to use for its gratification. But all the evil deeds he had ever committed in this way, we might almost say that any powerful tyrant had ever committed from such motives, were thrown into the shade by the proceedings which now took place. The Templars were known to be wealthy; they had houses in every portion of Christian Europe; their manors and lordships were reckoned at not less than *nine thousand*; the popular opinion estimated their annual revenue at six millions sterling—an exaggeration most probably, but there was quite truth enough in it for Philip the Fair. He was not covetous; if it should turn out a million or so less, why he would be content. Such, no doubt, was one of the directions his thoughts took. Then what an opportunity was afforded by circumstances! That long and expensive day-dream of the Crusades was evidently over; what could the Order want with its wealth? What could the world want with the Order? No doubt the monarch's answers to himself were perfectly satisfactory. Then the example of his brethren of England was before him: both Edward I. and Edward II. had been nibbling at the possessions of the English Templars, influenced most probably by similar considerations. The first monarch, on his victorious return from Wales, being short of money, was seized with a sudden desire to see his mother's jewels, deposited in the Temple. Filial piety found its own reward. Being admitted, he was enabled to carry away ten thousand pounds to Windsor Castle, the Templars said, by breaking

open their coffers. Philip's policy took a subtler—more sweeping course. The Pope, Benedict XI., fortunately died just at that moment, and quickly did Philip obtain the induction of a tool of his own, ready for any work, into the vacant chair of St. Peter. This was Clement V. Rumours, traceable to no particular source, now began to spread abroad through the world that the Templars were not what they seemed, that the Holy Land would not have been lost but for their want of Christianity, and even blacker insinuations were heard. The way thus prepared, the next thing was to secure some base wretch to give these rumours shape by direct accusation. On the 14th of September, 1307, the necessary informations having been obtained from a condemned criminal, said by some writers to be an apostate Templar, Philip struck the first and most important blow. Throughout France the proper officers of the different provinces received at the same time a communication commencing in the following portentous language:—"A deplorable and most lamentable matter, full of bitterness and grief, a monstrous business," &c., had reached the King's ears; and then followed direct charges against the Templars of the vulgarest as well as the most abominable kind of blasphemy against the Saviour, and of the committal of the worst crimes among themselves; and lastly, an order to seize the Templars suddenly, and place them under the power of an inquisition empowered to try them, and employ torture if necessary during the examination. Human nature recoils at the very mention of the sufferings inflicted upon these brave, and we may safely say on the whole, innocent, but most unfortunate men. Of the one hundred and forty who were first put to the torture, no less than thirty-six actually perished in the hands of their tormentors. One of the Templars, who confessed what was desired, when subsequently brought before the commissary of police to be examined, revoked his confession, saying, "They held me so long before a fierce fire that the flesh was burnt off my heels; two pieces of bone came away, *which I present to you.*" These revocations occurred so often, in spite of the remembrance of what had been suffered, and what might in consequence be yet expected, that Philip, like a wild beast who has tasted of blood, became half frenzied apparently at any opposition, and determined to take wholesale vengeance. In one decree *fifty-four* Templars, who had thus given the most decisive proofs of their innocence (for, be it observed, a continued acknowledgment of guilt would have saved them), were sentenced to be burnt; and this most atrocious act was performed at Paris, in the most barbarous manner. And by a continuance of these processes of the torture and the scaffold in different parts of the country on the one hand, and every kind of deceit, persuasion, and threat on the other, Philip, having ultimately succeeded in clearing the body of all the most high-principled and bravest members, managed to make the remainder somewhat more tractable, among which for the present may be included the Grand Master, whom he had inveigled into France, though of him we shall have again to speak. Let us now turn to the progress of affairs in England.

Edward II. was then king; and this monarch at first turned a deaf ear to Philip's letters and examples, and even wrote to some of the European princes, urging them to take care that due justice was done to the Templars in their dominions. But a papal bull soon ended the threatened opposition from this quarter; and Edward was convinced, or professed to be so, by the Pontiff's

proofs, which consisted essentially of the confessions obtained in the manner already shown. On the 8th of January, 1308, the English Templars, who had been probably lulled into a sense of security by the King's earlier conduct in the matter, were suddenly arrested in all parts of England, and their property seized. Two hundred and twenty-nine of their number in all were thrown into the different prisons of the country, on similar charges; amongst them was William de la More, the Master of the Temple, and most of the other chief officers of the body in this country. Many escaped to Wales, to Ireland, and to Scotland. What a glimpse of the time and the cruel bloodthirsty hunt that was set on foot for these so recently honoured and distinguished men is afforded by a little incident, the account of which has been preserved in our national records!

"THE KING, &c.—Our favourite valet, Peter Auger, the bearer of these presents, having lately made a vow that he would not shave his beard till he had made a journey to a certain place in parts beyond sea; and the said Peter, being afraid that some one, in consequence of his long beard, may suppose him to have been a Templar, and for that cause may hinder or injure him; we being desirous to bear testimony of the truth, by these presents inform you that the said Peter is our valet de chambre, and that he never was a Templar, but permits his beard to grow long for the cause above specified."*

With the weakness that characterised Edward's conduct throughout, he could not even abide by his first resolution that no torture should be used: the Pope once more induced in him a change. In 1310-11 the unfortunate Templars were here too given up for some months to the unrestricted management of inquisitors appointed by the Pontiff; and even then their enemies failed. On being brought before certain examiners sitting in the churches of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and in St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, every individual without exception declared the innocence of the Order with respect to the foul and monstrous accusations brought against it. It is probable the torture was not carried to the extreme lengths it had been in France. The inquisitors might not have the same confidence in these horrible outrages of human nature under the hesitating Edward, as under the reckless Philip. They accordingly changed their tactics, and were obliged to content themselves with what we should now think much better evidence, if trustworthy, than any torture could have given—the depositions of other parties. Our readers may judge how trustworthy was the information thus obtained from the mere statement of its character. One witness had been told the Templars annually worshipped *a calf*; another that a Templar had in his possession a brazen head which answered all questions; a third that a Templar had confessed to him that, on his admission into the Order, he had been obliged to deny God and Jesus Christ, and to spit on the cross. This last was the favourite charge of the inquisitors, although not a single case was supported by so much proof as would induce a magistrate of the present day to detain a prisoner for a second examination. It moreover failed to satisfy the holy inquisitors themselves; they yearned, no doubt, for their accustomed method, and so were once more indulged with the rack and its kindred influences. A splendid triumph at last was theirs. A chaplain and two poor servingmen were overcome,

* Translated from the original Latin passage, as given in the 'History of the Knights Templars,' with the following references:—*Pat. 4. E. 11.*, p. 2, m. 20. Dugdale, *Hist. Warwickshire*, vol. i. p. 962, ed. 1730.

who confessed, publicly, the guilt of the Order as to its contemptuous denial of the Saviour; and, for so doing, were reconciled to the Church. But the main body were as resolute as ever, and a kind of compromise was devised (it were worth knowing by whom) of an ingenious nature. The Templars, it appears, were guilty of believing that the Master had the power of absolution, and had always acted accordingly. It was now kindly pointed out to them that this was a grievous heresy; that the Master, as a layman, could have no such power: the Templars were too wise to quarrel about words, for as a thing it was evident it would never concern them again, so they observed they were ready to abjure that and all other heresies. The admission seems to have been made as much of as if it alone had been the object of all the torture and suffering inflicted. The Templars, in successive bodies, made a public acknowledgment in accordance with what they had said, *and no more*; and they too, like their apostate brethren, were reconciled to the Christian community and its ecclesiastical head. And in this almost ludicrous manner terminated the previously solemn and terrible proceedings against the Templars in England. We must add, however, that their property, in common with the property of the Order generally, was transferred, nominally, by the Pope to the rival Order of St. John, who, it is said, ultimately obtained about a *twentieth* part of their possessions, and the rest was swallowed up by Philip, the Pontiff, Edward II., and the other European Princes, &c. As to the rightful owners, the pettiest meanness was added to all the other atrocities committed upon them; many of the members were reduced almost to starvation, till some of the chief English ecclesiastics interfered and procured their admission into different monasteries. The Order was finally abolished by the Pope in 1312, and the site and buildings of the Temple, with the Church, soon after fell into the hands of the students of the law, recently, and for the first time in England, formed into a society.

All this time the Grand Master, James de Molay, with three others of the most illustrious men among the Knights Templars, were kept in close confinement in Paris; and in March, 1313, as a final close, we presume, to the affair, they were brought out on a scaffold in front of the great church of Notre Dame, to renew their confessions before the eyes of the world. Two of the four did whatever was required, but the Grand Master, to the astonishment of every one present, advancing to the edge of the scaffold, raised his chain-bound hands on high, and, addressing the mighty multitude assembled, said in a loud voice:—“It is just that, in so terrible a day, and in the last moments of my life, I should discover all the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth to triumph. I declare then, in the face of heaven and earth, and acknowledge, though to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes; but it has been the acknowledging of those which have been so foully charged on the Order. I attest, and truth obliges me to attest, that it is innocent. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture, and to mollify those who made me endure them. I know the punishments which have been inflicted on all the knights who had the courage to revoke a similar confession; but the dreadful spectacle which is presented to me is not able to make me confirm one lie by another. The life offered me on such infamous terms I abandon without regret.” The fourth Templar followed the grand example set him, when both

were hurried back to prison. And so maddened was Philip by this unexpected overthrow of all his precious schemes to leave the evidence of the head of the Order on record against it, that that very same evening he and his companion were burnt to death by small fires of charcoal, which protracted their agonies to the last possible moment. No traces of the former weakness or indecision were visible; the two died as greatly as they had determined to do; Molay, according to a widely-believed tradition, summoning, with his dying breath, the Pontiff to appear before the last awful tribunal within forty days, and the King within twelve months. If the people had half thought the Templars martyrs before, they must have made sure of it when the times mentioned elapsed, and both parties, by their deaths, appeared to have obeyed the dread summons.



[James de Molay, the last Grand Master.]



[Scotsman and Frenchman. From Hogarth's *March to Finchley*.]

LXXI.—SCOTSMEN IN LONDON.

BY JAMES M'TURK, ESQ.

MR. CROKER has, in more than one of his notes to Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' expressed a conviction that at some period of the Doctor's life, of which no record has been preserved, he must have experienced some unutterable affront or injury from Scotsmen. This seems an uncalled-for conjecture, for although the prejudice against them was real, the expression of it was exaggerated—in moments of controversy by the heat of debate—at other times by that half-sense of shame which prompts us all at times to caricature and burlesque the expression of feelings which we can neither defend nor get rid of. Dr. Johnson's dislike of Scotsmen was rather loud than intense: it was a dislike of his abstract idea of Scotsmen, prompting him to bristle up whenever one approached him for the first time, confirmed or dispelled afterwards by the real qualities of the individual. The impossibility of parting with a playful crotchety grudge was once happily expressed by Charles Lamb to a young Scotch admirer who had introduced himself to "Elia." "Are you a Jew?" asked Charles, when his new acquaintance declined a luncheon of pork-chops, which he hospitably pressed upon him. "No. I am, however, one of your 'imperfect sympathies'—a Scotsman." "Oh," cried Charles, colouring and stammering most desperately, "that's all nonsense, you know. I have a great respect for Scotsmen, if—if—if they did not think such a d——d deal of themselves."

If one were to attempt an analysis of the feelings which keep the Scotch, almost

as much as the Jews, a distinct and peculiar people in London, this notion that they “think such a d——d deal of themselves” will be found at the bottom of the English side of the shyness. A distinct people they undeniably remain: their waters no more mingle and are lost in the great tide of cockneyism than the black waters of the Nahe at Bingen are lost in the strong current of the Rhine. Bread Street may be thought an extreme case—but it will serve to illustrate our position. Bread Street is chiefly tenanted by a colony from Paisley, and the denizens of Paisley are proverbial for their local peculiarities even in Scotland. A sturdy ingenious tribe of small capitalists they are, in whose eyes Paisley is all the world. No more perfect picture of independence can be imagined—not even a chimney-sweep with his hands in his pockets whistling along the pavement of Bond Street—than a Paisley “Cork”—that is, one of those whose industry or good fortune has brought him to float as it were on the surface of their society—standing within his shop-door, or “where Corks most do congregate,” the Causeway Side (one of the principal streets in Paisley) on the look-out for a mouthful of gossip. In Bread Street he is the same unsophisticated Cork—loitering about his door in a way unknown to other London tradesmen, his hands eased in his Paisley-gloves (*Anglice* thrust to the bottom of his breeches-pockets), gabbling at the highest pitch of his voice his own ineffable patois.

It is scarcely a paradox to say that you meet with more intense Scotch nationality in London than in Scotland. Every valley or strath of Scotland has a character of its own; and in Edinburgh, the capital where representatives of all these districts are brought into contact, the clannish spirit of the people prevents their mixing. This is the most disagreeable feature of Edinburgh society, or rather this is what prevents it having any society properly so called. Circles there are, or have been, as pleasant as heart can wish—that of which Lord Jeffrey used to be the centre of attraction, the re-unions of Professor Jameson, and some others, live pleasantly in the memory, but they were rather *in* Edinburgh than *of* it. Apart from them the population of Edinburgh consisted of Dumfriesshire people, Fife people, Aberdeenshire people, and so forth. A man must keep company with his own countrymen, or live alone; for access there was none to the intimacy of the different *coteries* except by right of birth. In London, on the contrary, Scotsmen recognise a common nationality, as they do in any other foreign country, and herd lovingly together. The English part of the community know them as merchants, or lawyers, and, above all, as bakers (for, strange though it may appear to those who have tasted bread in Scotland, almost every baker's shop you enter in London is a Scotsman's); but they know little of them as persons to live with: they are public mysteries, mid-day spectres, things to be seen, not touched, except by each other. “They herd together:” they have their Caledonian balls once a-year, at which some of the most imaginative appear in the Highland costume; they have their Presbyterian clergymen and places of worship—Scotch Presbyterianism is quite a different thing from English; and they have an annual dinner of the Caledonian Asylum, after which Highland chiefs win all their hearts by dancing the Highland fling.

This holds true of those who are transplanted to London full-grown and trained, for even Dr. Johnson admitted that a good deal may be made of a Scotsman—if he is caught young. Scotsmen educated at Westminster or Eton—and even some

who have only commenced their English education at Oxford and Cambridge—are scarcely to be known from Englishmen, except the latter, who are apt to be found out in the same manner as the Ionian who was detected at Athens by the extreme purity of his Attic dialect. Scotsmen are so early drilled by their Kirk Sessions into punctilious carefulness in word and deed, that they are always on their guard themselves, and always expecting that others should be so too, and this renders them uncomfortable companions. They can relish the greater freedom of England, but rarely emancipate themselves from their first fetters: like Gray's Eton truants, they taste a fearful joy. We remember a characteristic conversation between two Scotsmen—a retired Indian employé, and an eminent political writer, of whom Bentham used to say, with more candour than politeness, “That his leading articles were excellent, but that his conversation reminded him of a magpie chattering from the back of a jackass.” They had—“more suo”—been for half an hour trying to trump each other's panegyrics of their dear native land, when a sudden fit of candour seizing one of them, he exclaimed, “After all, do you think that any one who has been accustomed to London life could exist comfortably in Scotland?” “No, by —,” was the reply. “It is thinking so much of themselves,” in this more extended sense of the word—understanding thereby not merely a high estimate of their own merits and importance, but a pedantic, sleepless anxiety as to what people may say or think of them—that keeps Scotsmen in London from mingling kindly with others than themselves.

It is not, however, with the numerous Scotsmen who are in London, without any person being aware of their presence, that we have to do, but with those who have by any means emerged into such notoriety as to become for a time features in the public life of London. These introductory remarks are merely thrown out as tending to explain the dubious feeling with which this class of metropolitan lions have generally been viewed. The writer of these pages ought to know something of the matter, for, as his name indicates, he is descended by the father's side from a clan still tolerably numerous in the South of Scotland,* while by the mother's side he traces his lineage to the eminent scholar mentioned by Smollett, who came all the way from Scotland to teach Londoners the true niceties of English pronunciation. He is thus, to say the least, as well qualified to write about Scotch character as Mr. Logan is to write about Highland costume and antiquities—regarding both of which he has told the Gael a great deal of which they had previously not the slightest suspicion.

The sub-repulsion which undeniably exists between the Scotch and English temperament is more owing to difference of character than to what are properly called faults on either side. The Englishman is more a natural character—is more open to be swayed by impulse; the Scotsman has always before his eyes the ideal held up by the ‘Shorter Catechism,’ through which he was drilled in youth,—is continually asking himself whether and how far he (and still more others) falls

* Nor is it by any means the only heathenish name to be met with there. At the time of the Reformation the new clergy, in their zeal to put down superstitious customs, issued an edict prohibiting the practice of baptizing bells. It so happened that in the district of Middlebie the Bells were the preponderating clan, and the worthy minister of the parish, misapprehending the edict, refused to administer the sacred rite to any of the name. There are people still alive who remember a respectable family talked of in “the country-side” as the “unbaptized Bells of Middlebie.”

short of its requirements, and is more stern and impertinent with this unceasing inquisition the more he feels conscious of not being up to the mark. At the period when English intellect asserted its right to be the normal form of English thoughts, feelings, and actions, and stamped upon the people their national, or, as some call it, Protestant character, the English were already a highly-civilised people—wealthy, animated by the humanized and refined tastes and emotions of a wealthy people, who have by their own energies conquered their wealth—influenced by the teaching and example of learned universities and a brilliant court. The Scotch at the same period of their history were still, in the mass, a barbarous people. Now, it is much more easy for moral and religious reformers to impress belief in a creed, and compliance with a formal external morality, upon a rude than upon a civilized people: individual character is developed in a less marked manner among the former, and their intellects are less inquiring, less difficult to satisfy—there are fewer obstacles in the way of their spiritual teachers acquiring a complete ascendancy over them. Though true Protestantism—the exercise as well as the avowal of the right of private judgment—strikes deepest root among a civilised people, formal Protestantism, like formal Romanism, is most easily stamped upon an uncivilized people. And it is your narrow-minded formalist who is ever most apt to lay down the law. Hence, since the time that Scotsmen began to repair in considerable numbers to our capital, they have come lecturing and to lecture, and that John Bull cannot abide.

Non mea verba: the thing is proved by their own best writers; Smollett's Strap and Scott's Ritchie Monypplies are the true exemplars of all their tribe. King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland came not only to reign over but to play the schoolmaster over us, and the latter tyranny was the more insufferable of the two. Then came the Scotch delegates to the Westminster Assembly of divines, resolutely bent upon establishing the reign of terror of Kirk Session and "cutty stool" as rigidly here as in the north, and converting frank jolly Englishmen into the same solemn "prim, pert praters" they had made of great part of the northern race. The 'Edinburgh Review,' when it first started, was little more than an incarnation of the same spirit in a new form. Some young men, on the strength of having read the great English authors, or heard of them through the medium of Dr. Blair, and one or two of them having moreover spent a few months at Oxford, took upon them to lay down the law to the literary world of England. It was as if Strap, Lismahago, Ritchie Monypplies, and Andrew Fair-service had clubbed their forces to—teach their grandmother how to suck eggs.

Intimately and necessarily combined with this lecturing propensity is another Scotch characteristic, even more apt to make their neighbours regard them with a jealous eye, especially their London neighbours; for the genuine Cockney is weak precisely where the Scotsman is strong, and *vice versâ*. The same process of drilling in his tender years which makes the latter a walking sack of sententious maxims qualifies him at the same time for success in business. Narrow-mindedness, and even a spice of pedantry, are no obstacles there. Some foolish people are indignant that the Duke of Wellington, who is neither poet nor philosopher, should have been so uniformly successful, and in such colossal struggles, both as a warrior and a statesman. Why, if the Duke had been either, he might have been a Coleridge, thinking fine and high thoughts, inspiring with the conta-

gious power of thinking men who never could have accomplished it of their own accord, but he never could have *done* anything. To *do*, a man must concentrate his thoughts within the narrow range within which human power can make itself felt; that very discursiveness which charms in the thinker and the poet unfits them for action. And to descend from these altitudes, the very *abandon* which makes the Londoner a pleasing companion unfits him to rival the grim, self-concentrated Scotsman in the earnest business of life. All Englishmen have something more instinctive in their actions than is the case with their northern neighbours; but the high perfection to which the social mechanism has been brought in London renders those who have had in this city their "place of kindly engendure" the moral antipodes of Scotsmen. London habits of business no more cultivate the mind than the monotonous operations of factory spinners and weavers: the difference is that they allow (except in the cases of milliners and a few others) more time for eating, drinking, and sleeping, and that pleasing state of reverie which some men think is thinking. But even in the most perfect machinery cranks and wheels will at times be getting out of order, and the aid of persons is requisite who are shifty and can devise substitutes when routine is at a standstill. Here it is that the Scotsman comes into play; and hence Scotsmen are in demand not merely when accidents happen, but at all times, in order that they may be ready against emergencies. We are referring, it will at once be seen, to the commonplace of life: but it is especially in mediocrity that the Scotch are great. Scott was led by his national partiality into an uncharacteristic mistake when he made Quentin Durward aim so high and so successfully: he was nearer the mark when he set his Nigel to pluck small gamesters with uniform success, and return in triumph to his paternal "peel-house" with a rich city bride, for whom a kind of genealogy had been patched up. The Scotch are first-rate second-rate men; as in their own bagpipes the *drone* is more pleasing than the higher and more varied notes to which it is the monotonous accompaniment. They swarm in counting-houses and engineer-shops—in the subordinate departments of government-offices—in the India-house, and so forth: their triumphs are over the commonplace and narrow-minded of society—the class most alive to the dislike of successful rivals.

To these permanent sources of repulsion which keep the Scots a peculiar people in the great motley mass of London society, accidental circumstances, as above hinted, have from time to time contributed. They were regarded as a set of hungry adventurers, when all the beggarliness of their land flocked southward in the train of King Jamie, to pick up the crumbs that fell from the royal table. The Presbyterians—the *juste milieu* of their age—contrived under the Commonwealth, like all pragmatists of the extreme middle, to make themselves universally disliked or despised, and Scotsman and Presbyterian came to be regarded as synonymous terms. The Highlanders in the '15 and '45 frightened the Whigs and angered the English Tories, who had come to regard their political principles as sacred, but too good for common use, as Mrs. Slipslop thought it Atheism to mention the Bible out of church. And by bringing their parish politics into the great concerns of the empire about the beginning of the reign of George III., the Scots contrived to make themselves for a time the popular bugbear. Nor were minor offences wanting; as witness—

Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, writing to Mr. Pepys, in May 1701, says—“The story I told you the other day relating to what they call in Scotland the Second Sight is of so old a date, and so many of the circumstances out of my memory, that I must begin, as old women do their tales to children, ‘Once upon a time.’ The matter was thus:—One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February 1661-2, the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman (who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife), ‘What is the matter that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?’ ‘She is a handsome lady indeed’ (said the gentleman) ‘but I see her in blood.’ Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room we parted: and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if ever she had it she should die of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopped; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she died, almost weltering in her blood.” Really if Scotland insisted upon sending us long-legged, grim-visaged “gentlemen” to stare ladies out of countenance, and then tell raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories by way of apology—even though they only fell true once in a hundred times—no wonder that the English became somewhat shy of their company.

During the time which elapsed from the accession of James I. till the beginning of the civil war, the Scots seem to have carried it in London with a high hand. This is scarcely in accordance with the caution which we have attributed to them as a national characteristic; but allowance must be made for their elation at that time: they seem to have been possessed with the idea that it was not so much the King as the whole nation that had come to the crown of England, and they were puffed-up accordingly. The freaks even of the higher classes among them in the neighbourhood of the Court at that time read marvellously like those of the Irish hodmen of our day in the courts and alleys where they most resort. Take for example one of their capers in May 1638. “One Carr, a servant of Marquis Hamilton’s, was arrested before Wallingford House, which bred a mighty tumult. The serjeant carried him into a house near Charing Cross, whither flocked many of the Marquis’s servants and others, broke open the house, setting ladders to it to unglaze and untile it, got in, beat the serjeants, so that one of them died since; threatened to blow the house up with gunpowder, took the prisoner, brought him forth, and with swords drawn conducted him to Whitehall, and there put him in. The King resented this very ill, and hath caused proclamation since to be published for apprehending the principals who were the murderers and chief causers and fomenters of this unlawful assembly, who in their madness neither regarded the justices’ constables, nor any other whatsoever.”

This anecdote is told by the Rev. Mr. Garrard, caterer-in-ordinary of town gossip for Lord Strafford, when Lord-Deputy in Ireland. In the same letter Mr. Garrard had sent his Lordship an account of a duel between Lord Elgin and Sir William Crofts; and not long before he informed him—"There fell out a quarrel betwixt my Lord Philip Herbert, son to the Chamberlain, and the Lord Carr, son to the Earl of Roxborough (who lately is made a councillor here), at Pall Mall—young youths both: upon some words my Lord Philip struck him, so they fell to cuffs. It passed no further; my Lord had notice of it, who made them friends." Sometimes the Scots came into collision with the natives on tenderer ground: women are fanciful; variety can lend a charm even to freckles and high cheek-bones; at least such seems to be the moral of the following story—also recorded by that right indefatigable tattle, Mr. Garrard:—"A grandchild of Vanlove's, rich Peter Vanlove, was to be married to a son of Sir Thomas Read's, he who lay seven years in the Fleet, and spent but 18*d.* a-week. He now lives at Brockett Hall, near Hatfield. Read hath estated upon this second son of his 1500*l.* a-year, and a match was intended with Mrs. Vanlove, who had a portion of 4000*l.*, and 400*l.* a-year after the death of her father, young Peter. Monday the 11th of this month they were to be married. The day before, in the afternoon, she sends to speak with Mr. Alexander, a third son of the Earl of Stirling, Secretary of Scotland here. He comes, finds her at cards, Mr. Read sitting by her. She whispered him in the ear, asking him if he had a coach—he was of her acquaintance before. He said yes; she desired Mr. Read to play her game, and went to her chamber, Mr. Alexander going along with her. Being there, she told him that to satisfy her friends she had given way to marry the gentleman he saw, but her affection was more to him; if his were so to her, she would instantly go away with him in his coach and be married. So he carried her to Greenwich, where they were married by six that evening." It is not to be wondered at that under such circumstances the Scotch should be anything but popular in and around London. A letter from Garrard to Lord Strafford, in May 1634, shows symptoms of this: "Our two elected Knights of the Garter, the Earls Darnley and Morton, rode in great state through London to Windsor. There was a secret vie who should go best attended; but my Lord Darnley carried it sheer, for he clothed fifty men in tissue doublets and scarlet hose, thick laced, twelve footmen, two coaches set out bravely, and all the ancient nobility of England that were not of the Garter rode with him, and many other Earls and Barons. With my Lord Morton rode the Earls of Warwick and Devonshire, the Earls Denbigh, Grandison, and Craven, Sir William Howard, Sir William Bruncher, young William Crofts, some of the equerries, all the rest Scottish lords and gentlemen. That which added much to his show, all the Scottish Colonels that came with Oxenstiern rode along too, and most of his company were furnished with the King's horses." The loan of the King's horses and the clannish friendship of the Colonels accidentally in London, both together, were unable to bear up against the good-will with which the "ancient nobility" turned out, to enable the English Lord to outshine the Scotch one. At an earlier period the feeling seems to have been still more deep and bitter. Mr. Garrard writes to the Lord-Deputy in 1635, that at the New Spring Garden behind the Mews "there was an order yielded to by consent that every man of what quality soever

should sit down or stand by the banks ; and the best obeyed, only old Pinchbeck was refractory. The Lord Chamberlain came civilly enough to him ; he mumbled and did not obey, which made the Chamberlain gently with his hand move him toward the bank, and there he sat down. Two days after he wrote him a strange letter, beginning it, ‘ Sir, you may remember what counsel I gave you at Croydon, for which I have suffered ever since ; King James could never abide me, and I lost my fortune with Prince Henry to do you service.’ His counsel was to strike Ramsay, and then they would break their fast on the Scotch there and sup upon them in London.”

After the Restoration the Scotch colony in London was considerably less cock-a-hoop : Cromwell had cudgelled the conceit out of them to some tune ; and neither royalists nor commonwealth-men were so satisfied with the part that nation had taken in the civil war as to feel inclined to patronise them. Charles II. had enough of Scotch society, during the short time he kinged it in Scotland before the battle of Worcester, to satisfy him for life. Besides, the whole people had enough of employment at home ; Episcopalians and Presbyterians had gone together by the ears, and were less frequently to be met with abroad. The partisans of the dominant faction only came to London to procure appointments, and returned home again, where their harvest lay, as soon as they could ; the Presbyterians came in search of concealment, and kept quiet. Nor did the Scotch emerge into notoriety for some time after the Revolution ; for it was well on in the eighteenth century when Steele began to say sometimes a word or two in their favour, and Swift to compare their conversation to the drone of their own bagpipes. The Scotch were still foreigners in London down to the period of the Union, and as such could not aspire to the great prizes of public life. Bishop Burnett was the Scotsman of most note about London at the Revolution era, and he was decidedly a favourable specimen. The Bishop of Sarum has scarcely had justice done him. He writes a bad style, it must be confessed, but not so bad as Locke did : he is a good deal of a *gobemouche*, but his gullibility was sincere and good-natured, and that palliation can scarcely be urged in favour of the inaccuracies of Swift’s ‘ Last Years of the Reign of Queen Anne.’ But the poltering, blundering good-nature and earnestness of the Bishop render him a delight of a man, whatever he may have been as a writer. He loved praise, and he was too sincere himself, and sympathized too much with the enjoyments of others, to be able to conceive there could be any reason for concealing or disavowing the pleasure it gave him. He repeats all the flatteries said of or to him, and clearly believed that they were all said in good faith. Never meaning to hurt any person, he seems to have been incapable of understanding how words of his could offend. When first presented to King Charles, he, then a young man, lost no time in delivering the merry monarch a lecture on his misbehaviour. This propensity was unconsciously heightened by the Bishop’s absence of mind : he was constantly saying what he ought not from sheer forgetfulness of whom he was speaking to. One day, in conversation with the old Duchess of Marlborough, he was extolling the merits of her deceased lord, and running an affecting parallel between him and Belisarius. This was the way to ingratiate himself with the old lady, but he soon spoiled all. “ Oh,” exclaimed she, “ how could men ever abandon him ? ” “ Oh, Madam,” rejoined the Bishop, “ only think what

a brimstone of a wife he had!" The Bishop of Sarum was a sort of moral antipodes to Talleyrand: the English *frondeur* said sharp things unintentionally,—the French with what Scotch lawyers call "malice prepense;" the Englishman never could conceal anything he knew or felt,—the Frenchman was a sealed book to the last. One can easily conceive how such an involuntary and incessant treader upon sore toes may have been avoided by his contemporaries; but our toes are safe from him; disembodied spirits tread lightly, and we can afford to be just.

The union of the two kingdoms, by transferring the seat of executive government for Scotland and of its legislature from Edinburgh to London, brought about a state of affairs not much dissimilar in kind from that which had been produced by the elevation of James I. to the English throne. That monarch's bold figure of speech about "the kings in the House of Commons" had become in the eighteenth century almost a literal truth. Members of Parliament were courted by ministers and would-be ministers with as much supple flattery as ever kings had been, and to them was transferred much of that servile homage which had in earlier times found a market only at court. Forty-five members in the House of Commons, and sixteen in the House of Peers—and these, as feeling themselves alone in assemblies whose prejudices and objects of pursuit had little in common with their own, predisposed to act as one organized whole—were a phalanx worthy the courting of any minister or leader of opposition. The Scots found themselves persons of great importance in London. And the power had fallen into the hands, not of the gay and roystering braggadocios who had constituted the ruffling followers of a lawless court, but into the hands of the sedate and cautious burgessry of Scotland. The expenses of civil war, or their own extravagance, had clipped the wings of the old Scotch nobility, and raised to power the younger branches of old families who had betaken themselves to lucrative pursuits, and the *nouveaux riches* of the burghs in which industry and commercial enterprise were beginning to strike root. The class to which habits of reflecting industry had communicated a cautious disposition and habit of obeying the law, at the same time that its growing wealth had awakened in it aspirings of bolder ambition—the class fitted above all others to produce and be influenced by the earnest, narrow-minded, sturdy clergy of the kirk—was in the ascendant in Scotland; and at their head were one or two of the oldest families of the kingdom, who had been enabled to maintain their position by what their enemies insinuated was a timid, self-seeking character, duly transmitted from father to son. The decorum and caution of Scotland had the reins in their hands; the romantic, the imaginative dare-devils were thrown into the arms of the faction of the exiled family. Scotsmen became naturalized in England, London became their metropolitan city, at a period when those who flocked to the seat of government to make their fortunes were almost to a man stamped more or less with the characteristics of the tamed puritan, and were followed by a hard-featured, fantastic race—half French courtiers, half Highland clansmen—who alternately skulked in the lanes and blind alleys, or emerged for a moment into broad day, as the tortuous windings of Jacobite plots and intrigues required. It is difficult to say which portion of the nation gave most umbrage to John Bull,—the orderly, place-hunting gentlemen, who followed office with the stealthy, noiseless footfall

of the cat, the pertinacity of a blood-hound, and the tenacious snap of a bulldog; or the particoloured gentry from the Highlands, who were implicated in every attempt at insurrectionary movements that disturbed his peace.

The position of the Scotch members of the legislature at this period, though capable of being rendered a lucrative, was necessarily a subordinate one. The secret of their strength was their own union and the equality of the great English parties. When the indigenous factions were nearly balanced, the adhesion or secession of the Scots could at any time turn the scale, but of themselves they could do nothing. This was a situation admirably suited to that mediocrity of genius which has already been noticed as one of the peculiarities of the Scotch character—a spirit of which the Earl of Islay, the great subordinate of Sir Robert Walpole, may be considered the incarnation. But their ambition for second-rate distinction was perhaps still more marked in domestic life; their very gallantry was tinged by it. There are examples of female adventurers, by fair faces, or the whimsical tide of fashion, attaining to an English coronet, but there is no case on record of such a one being deemed a worthy prize by the two principal noblemen of the country in succession, as one of the Miss Gunnings was, first by the premier Duke of Scotland (Hamilton), and afterwards by the almost feudal prince of the Highlands (Argyle). Let it be remembered, too, that at the time the former married her the first bloom of her beauty had been rubbed off by the wear and tear of fashionable life—that the hardness of the *habituée* was distinctly visible (*vide* Richardson's correspondence) in her whole appearance and deportment. Scotch pride could, in the wane of her beauty, put up with one of whom they could brag that she had once been the first toast in England. The Chudleigh was a fresher and more attractive flower, and equally willing to be gathered by a duke; but neither Hamilton nor Campbell had the courage to try, nor would they have attempted the Gunning four or five years earlier.

The London jeers and taunts—the caricatures written and engraved of Scotsmen in London at this period—are, in consequence, more of a domestic, or at least of a personal, than of a public nature. The gentleman, beneath whose coat a tartan waistcoat peeps out, in earnest conversation with the Frenchman, in Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' shows the prevalent London notion of the Scotch Jacobite. Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, in Macklin's 'Man of the World,' is a highly-exaggerated picture of the Scotch supporter of, or conformist to, the Hanoverian government. Politics—meaning thereby the gabbling, and ranging under different banners, and spitting of spite, which pass muster for politics in general society—have at least this advantage, that, by directing malice against a body, they in some measure draw it off from individuals. Squire Western and his sister contrived to drag on a cat-and-dog life together, because the former could expectorate his spleen, not against the lady, but the "Hanoverian rats" in general, and because she could vent her venom, to which she in vain attempted to communicate the milder flavour of dignified contempt, against the whole body of booby Jacobite squires. The real feeling of rancour was much bitterer between the Scottish and English denizens of London at the time now under consideration than when the reckless invectives of Wilkes, Churchill, and Co., were at the loudest.

It is a relief to turn from these harsh topics, which have forced themselves on

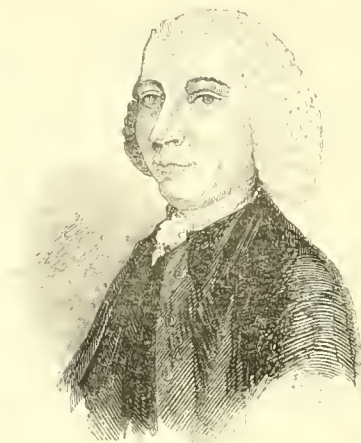
our notice, to loiter before plunging into the bitternesses of the ensuing period, and dwell for a moment upon the character of Thomson. There was nothing of the harsh angularity about him which is found in so many of his countrymen that it has come to be regarded as a national characteristic. He was not, like the most of them, harsh and hard as the wooden Highlander, the prescriptive Lar, or domestic genius, of the tobacco-shop. He was too easy and good-natured for the land of thistles, and slipped southwards by a natural instinct teaching him his appropriate place. His friends in early life sought to make a minister of him: he might (had fortune seen fit to allow him to be born south of the Tweed) have made a good rector, with a comfortable benefice and a couple of curates under him, but for the hard and stern work of the ultra-presbyterian Scotland of his time he was utterly unfit. He almost frightened the Divinity Professor into fits, by sending him poetry instead of verses which he had been ordered to compose as a college exercise. In London, quite as much by the guardian care of friends as by his own skill in advancing his fortune, he contrived, after a probationary period of starvation, to pick up a competency, and then set himself down to enjoy a true Castle of Indolence, sleeping till noon, because, as he said, he "had no motive to rise," and biting peaches off the trees to save himself the trouble of pulling them. His poems—that is, his only readable poem, his 'Seasons'—are the express image of his own character. The language is, as Johnson observed, extremely diffuse, because it would have given him trouble to condense it; the imagery is a simple outpouring of impressions which had lodged in his mind unawares, and been moulded by his imagination without any trouble—save effort of the will. There is nothing about the 'Seasons' of the conventional forms and cant words which now exclusively pass muster for Scotch. Thomson's shepherds and shepherdesses—sweet, insipid dears!—are the usual abstractions of Arcadia; he ascends "some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains;" and though the Obi rolls its tide in his lines, we cannot remember that even the half-Scotch Tweed is once mentioned. Yet the colouring of his landscape is essentially Scotch: the fishing scene in spring, the snow-storm in winter, all have that local colouring which a Scotchman recognises at once, and is aware of a home-feeling stealing over him. Of his sentiment, "least said is soonest mended"—he seems scarcely to have felt the more delicate beauty of the human figure. His Amanda—and ("partly because they count her in my line") I may be supposed to speak with partiality, not prejudice—must have been, if family tradition "may be in aught believed," as regular a red-haired, "rump-fed ronyon" as ever startled the passing traveller into wondering whether she were man or woman. But, whether refined or not, his attachments were sincere, and by their quiet fervour thawed even the hard soul of Quin.

The Marquis of Bute, to whom belongs the honour of raising for a time the Scotch name into an object of popular hatred, is as striking a specimen of the power of English imagination to dress up a bugbear to frighten itself as can well be conceived. Horace Walpole describes him as a gentleman, who, having spent his time studying mathematics in the seclusion of his own little island till his 35th year, and simples in the hedges about Twickenham, discovered about that sedate time of life that, like Sir Andrew Ague-check, he had a leg for a galliard, and took good care to show it in private theatricals and fancy balls. Nor does

he appear ever to have been anything more. But discomfited political leaders wished for some one to point out to the populace as giving the young King bad advice; and as the Marquis of Bute stood, or seemed to stand, near the throne, they denounced him as the terrible intriguer. To heighten the joke, Scots nationality fired in behalf of a Scots nobleman, and imagined him the first of statesmen. And while the clamour of controversy raged around him, the poor object of it, conscious that he was an object of dislike to, and kept at distance by, the King, must have felt, while reading the descriptions of himself by either party, much like the heroine of an old Scotch song—

“Hech! quo’ the wee wifkie, this is no’ me.”

Among those who mingled in the wordy war of politics at that time was as arrant a Scotchman as ever crossed the Tweed—Tobias Smollett. You rarely



[Dr. Smollett.]

hear mention made either of Fielding or Smollett apart. They are the Castor and Pollux of British literature; and it would be difficult to decide whether the justice of this classification be more strikingly illustrated by the excellence of their novels or the execrable trashiness of their plays. They are so closely associated, that their very differences are brought out more strikingly by the conjunction. Both were writers for bread, and not very scrupulous, at least on the score of dignity, as to the literary tasks they undertook. Fielding, however, had higher notions of novel-writing than Smollett. The former regarded it as an art, and sought to give unity and finish to his performances; the latter was satisfied if he could fill up the number of volumes bargained for with matter that would “go off,” and thus satisfy the bookseller. He eked out ‘Humphrey Clinker’ by incorporating a tour in Scotland with it; and he eked out ‘Peregrine Pickle’ by a still more questionable admixture. He had more of the “penny-a-liner” in his composition than Fielding, as the ‘History of England’ is alive at this day to testify. Between the minds of these two writers there was this essential difference—that Fielding took pleasure in delineating character, while Smollett rioted in caricature. Fielding with patient elaboration produces what, if not a transcript of nature, is so natural we could conceive it existing:

Smollett, taking the hint from something he sees in nature, overlays it by a combination of all the grotesque images it suggests to his fancy. Fielding's writings are expressive, Smollett's suggestive. There is a more quiet intense feeling of the ludicrous in the former, a more Bacchanalian revelling in it in the latter. When Fielding attempts the burlesque it is with an effort, but it is the natural language of Smollett. Smollett's Strap, Lismahago, the old Scotch schoolmaster in London, &c., are among the best delineated Scotch characters our literature can supply. They (and still more his ostensible heroes, Pickle and Random) have all a dash of their author in them—of his disregard of money, and his almost morbid pleasure in probing the eccentricities of human nature. Nor was he without that self-complacency which is the badge of all his race: Fielding had a good-natured friend to tell what company he sometimes kept, but Smollett has given a full-length picture of one of his ragged levees at Chelsea.

Next in the order of our Scotch worthies (how unlike the grim heroes of the peasant's manual so designated!) is an equally but more unconsciously eccentric personage—Jamie Boswell. Smollett and Boswell were perhaps equally



[Boswell.]

remarkable in their day for doing what no other person would have done, but the former played his pranks knowingly and wilfully, while the latter made an ass of himself in perfect innocence of heart. Boswell might have said of Smollett, had any one praised his "admirable fooling"—"Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural." Boswell wore a head-gear "pricked with the humour of forty fancies." He wooed and tended gruff Sam, as the Humorous Lieutenant, after quaffing the philtre, sighed for the sweet old King; he ran about seeking the acquaintance of every notoriety—from Paoli to the Keeper of Newgate; he was everybody's shadow, and yet when wine warmed him he sometimes tried to expand into an absolute substantial personality of his own—sneaking back like a rated hound into his echoship as soon as he sobered. Poor Goldie! when Bozzie joined in the laugh against him, his feelings must have been those which one could fancy laying hold of Malvolio, if he had overheard "the foolish knight" tittering in

triumph over his soliloquy. Yet was not Boswell an absolute fool, though he looks very like one—especially in his more grave and sententious moods, when he is consulting with Johnson about the best way of turning sentences in his law-papers, and receiving as a sincere compliment the sly hit of the old Scotch Judge, who, alluding to the magniloquent diction of his argument in some paltry case, advised him “not to cast his pearls before swine.” His ‘Life of Johnson’ is not merely unique—it is full of characteristic portraiture and shrewd remark. It was almost worth while leading such a lacquey’s life to be able to make such a book.

We have come as near to modern times and modern associations as can well be ventured, unless we would draw a storm of Highland indignation into the shop of our publisher. The poets, politicians, painters, and political economists whom Scotland has sent us in this our own day and generation are themes that crave wary handling, and had better be passed over, at least for the present. Trying back, many shadowy figures rise upon our recollection, who seem almost as worthy of being recorded as those who have rather forced themselves upon us than been selected. There is Hunter (the elder—the accoucheur), whose private memoirs would be a strange chapter in the history of British nobility, and whose own personality would almost require a Le Sage to do him justice. There is Macpherson, a penny-a-liner, and not only a liar himself, but the cause of lying in others. There is Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, for whom a tall showy figure, invincible good-nature, and a serviceable disposition, did more than genius or even dexterity in political intrigue could have done. And if we are to add to the list the mere birds of passage, what crowds rush upon our view, from old Balmerino stopping the coach to buy “honey-blobs,” as he returned from receiving sentence of death, and Lovat sitting to Hogarth for his portrait, down to James Hogg, the last genuine Scotch lion sent to London, and, of all lions upon record, the one which played its part most *con amore*, roaring after a fashion unparalleled since the days of the immortal Bottom. Adam Smith, however, though only a casual visitor, must not be passed over in silence, were it only for the sake of mentioning how Dundas sent the ‘Wealth of Nations’ reeling in his saddle home to his lodgings from the Bacchanalian revels of Wimbledon.



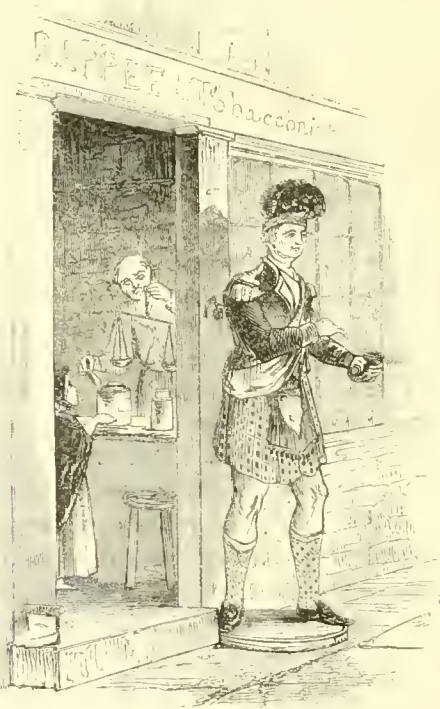
[Adam Smith.]

We have touched upon the overflowings of Scottish spirit in London—the occasional flashes and sparkles which show that there is life and high spirit in that hidden stream of Scotch domestic life which meanders through metropolitan society—flying the light almost as much as the over-arched “River of Wells” which once flashed and sparkled in the sun like other brooks. There is not, after all, such perfect uniformity in Scotch character as those who formed their notions of it from the caricatures of Macklin and Churchill used to believe. How different are the Scotsmen of Walter Scott from those of Smollett, though with enough of general resemblance to mark their relationship. Smollett’s are like himself, more intent upon fun than gain; but the fun that can penetrate their rhinoceros hides and reach the seat of sense would be harsh and repulsive to more susceptible natures. Their jokes are like the sailors’ shaving with tar and a rusty barrel-hoop on crossing the line. Andrew Fairservice has the same skinny withered hardness, and honest Cuddy Headrig compensates for superior plumpness by stolidity; but, unlike Smollett’s, all Scott’s heroes have an eye to the main chance. They are what their author would have been and could not be; for he was one of those who possessed the taste without the talent for accumulating and retaining a fortune.

Whoever would seek to penetrate into the “tiled lodge” of Scotch metropolitan society must take a roundabout road, and set out in the first place for Scotland. There in every town-hall and burgh church he will find portraits, statues, or mural inscriptions to eminent civic dignitaries of London, of whom the metropolis knows comparatively little, perhaps nothing. There matter may be collected for the history of obscure mayoralties and shrievalties—of merchants possessing great influence at the India House—things, the memory of which has utterly perished in the City. There will be found an explanation of the process by which our colonies and Indian dependencies have become so redundantly stocked with Scotsmen. The astonished Londoner will there discover what a busy world he has been living beside, unaware of its existence—an affiliated society of Scotch settlers in the metropolis forming a connecting link between the populations of North Britain and British India. If he play his cards right he may obtain the certainty, through the voluminous correspondence of parents and grandsires carefully treasured in family archives, that the same interchange of good offices between the London colony and the mother country which is now in active progress has been carrying on for upwards of a century. He may read in them how the prosperous London merchant received annual tribute of kebbocks, kipper, and whiskey, as punctually as ever the feudal laird received his kains and rents; and how he repaid these acts of vassalage by procuring appointments for younger sons as cadets in the Company’s service, or pursers in the Company’s navy, or book-keepers on West Indian estates, or as clerks in the Commissariat or other Government offices. The same authentic annals will explain by what means the Duchess of York’s spring-garters first penetrated into Scotland; and many a stirring tale of flirtation is mingled with the grave business-like thread of the narrative. The young Scotch beauty on a visit to her London relations felt a strange charm in the mixture of something outlandish with the home tones of her native land in the young soldier or sailor whom chance brought from the far East during her stay, and the place of their meeting height-

ened the charm. She again was to him like the glens he had roamed through in boyhood, and dreams of her fair face mingled with and interrupted his earnest resolves to make a fortune. And if any young Englishman seemed inclined to admire her, the business was done at once. Many are the homely but stirring recollections which cement the union between the Scotchman in London, to the third and fourth generation, and his relatives in the far North. They have a common fund of family traditions; and a visit to London or a visit to Scotland is the day-dream of childhood in all their families. How the males do chirrup it over their tumblers of toddy within sound of Bow Bells or on the borders of the Moor of Rannoch! But such eternal blazon must not be for the present, though, gentle reader,

“ There is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.”



[Snuff shop Highlander.]



[The Chapel.]

LXXII.—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

THOUGH the local position of this institution is too well known to render it necessary for us to adopt the method of many worthy topographers, and describe it by its boundaries and parochial relations, one may easily imagine the difficulty those who should know it best—the founders of the hospital—would experience in finding it were they now alive. In that extensive wilderness of houses, how should they expect to discover the building they left almost surrounded by fields? Who would think of coming here to seek for a place enjoying at once the advantages of a country residence, and that of being near to all the metropolitan conveniences, as was the case with the Foundling Hospital much less than a century ago? And in looking on street after street of lofty and noble houses, which have for ever banished the daisies and buttercups and the sweet-smelling hay of the summer time from the place, still more astonished would they be to learn how great a number of them belonged to the Hospital itself; a striking evidence of the prosperity of their beloved charity.

The gates are flung wide open, and on foot and in luxuriant vehicles a quiet, but brilliant-looking stream of persons are passing through them into the very spacious area in front of the edifice. The hum of industry in the solitary shop

of the Hospital to the right, where some of the boys are instructed in the mysteries of the tailor, is mute ; the play-grounds on either side, with their arcades and alcoves and gymnastic implements, are all deserted ; nothing is to be seen or heard but the continued passage across the centre of the area of the visitors to the famous chapel, which occupies the central of the three sides of a square of large but plain brick buildings constituting the Hospital. In the corner to the right we find a small vestibule or hall, leading by a passage from its farther end into the chapel, and directly into the kitchen-garden of the establishment. At its entrance stands a governor, receiving the slight donation which is expected from visitors. This hall, to many, has a kind of melancholy interest. The walls are decorated with funereal memorials of different persons who have been buried in the chapel vaults. Among the rest we read the names of Sir Stephen Gaselee, and beneath a handsome marble bust placed between pillars, and over a sarcophagus, an inscription to the late Lord Tenterden. The privilege of burial here is now confined to governors of the Hospital and its officers, with their families, who generally pay a handsome fee. Children who die in the Hospital are buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras. Passing on into the chapel, we enter upon a noticeable scene. The building in itself is large, light, and generally elegant in its appearance ; the stained glass here and there sheds its rich glories ; the altar-piece, with its most touching and beautiful of subjects, Christ blessing children, and treated in the artist's (West) best manner, is at once appropriate and impressive ; but it is not on these features the eye of the spectator rests, much less on the mingled crowd of the pious, the wealthy, and the fashionable, which occupies the gallery over the altar-piece at this end, as well as the two side galleries and the body of the chapel : it is that long slope of youthful and interesting faces descending from the ceiling to the front of the gallery at the other extremity of the building, the boys in their dark costume on the right, the girls in snowiest vesture on the left, with the noble organ rising between them ; it is they who are the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes"—it is in that gallery centre the attractions which make the Foundling Hospital Chapel one of the most popular of London places of worship. As the service proceeds, and the hymns and choruses are sung by the children and the professional choir—as the anthem, one of Handel's most glorious works, is raised in solemn chorus or touching melody, we no longer wonder at the popularity to which we have alluded ; such singing and such music would draw audiences—and not necessarily undevout ones—anywhere, much more to an institution which has so many other interesting features to attract curiosity. That organ, so magnificent in tone and power, was the gift of Handel, not in its form as we now see it, for the original instrument has been greatly enlarged and altered, but there are the actual materials possessing the peculiar quality which we attach to the humblest article that has been touched by a man of lofty genius ; and so the present organ is essentially the very instrument before which the wonderful musician himself sat, and from which he drew forth the notes in which the sublime strains of the Messiah here found voice : year after year in this chapel did Handel fill the coffers of the Hospital by the gratuitous performance of that, his greatest work. All the other benefactors of the Hospital sink into comparative insignificance in regard to the amount of actual pecuniary benefit

they were the means of conferring: above ten thousand pounds were in all added by the 'Messiah' to the funds. A curious misunderstanding occurred between Handel and the governors. He "presented the charity with a fair copy of the original score of the 'Messiah.' This act of bounty was so ill understood by some of the governors, that, imagining this deed gave them an exclusive right to its performance, they formed the singular resolution of applying to Parliament to legalise their claim. But, first of all, it was deemed necessary to obtain Handel's concurrence; and accordingly a deputation of these gentlemen waited upon him with their strange, though well-meant, requisition. But the musician, bursting into a rage which the music he has put in the mouth of Polypheme would but faintly express, exclaimed, 'Te deivel! For vat sal de Foundling put mein oratorio in de Parlement? Te deivel! Mein music sal not go to de Parlement.'"^{*} The advantages conferred on the Hospital by the musical performances thus commenced by Handel were, in a measure, made permanent through an accidental circumstance highly honourable to the thoughtful humanity of the governors. In the minutes of the institution we read that in a general committee, held on the 20th of March, 1758, it was "resolved that Tom Grenville, a boy of this Hospital, born blind, be taught music by the assistant to the organist of the chapel," and "at the price of two guineas per quarter." Two or three other blind children were similarly treated, who, it is pleasant to relate, lived to "contribute very abundantly" to the Hospital funds through that circumstance. Attention was now attracted to the subject of teaching music to the children generally, and the result was the admirable chorus, which, in conjunction with some half-dozen professional voices, has, down to the present day, contributed greatly to the prosperity of the institution. About a thousand a-year is now collected at the chapel-doors, and at the annual sermon, over and above the expense of the professional assistance alluded to.

As we leave the chapel on the conclusion of the service, we perceive that the musical performances, though the chief, are by no means the only attraction of the visitors to the Foundling. Mingling with the throng which at the outer extremity of the hall passes through a door on the left along a passage, we find ourselves in the girls' dining-room, an apartment of great length, hung round with pictures of no ordinary merit. Here is Hogarth's well-known and capital portrait of Captain Coram, the founder of the institution, of whom we shall presently have to speak. This is the picture to which Hogarth refers in the following passage of his autobiographical sketch, where he is alluding to his dispute with Ramsay, the eminent painter, as to the qualifications required for portrait-painting. He says, "The portrait which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first and painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it." This may not sound very modest, but it is quite true; although at the same time among the other por-

^{*} Burney's 'History of Music.'

traits in this very room, and which are among the works Hogarth refers to, are Dr. Mead's by Ramsay, the Earl of Dartmouth's by Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides others by Hudson (Reynolds's master) and Shackleton. Sir Joshua's picture, we may observe by the way, is a melancholy example of those experiments in colouring to which the great painter was addicted. The face is of a cadaverous hue, and the drapery sadly blistered. But the general attention is now withdrawn from the walls. The girls enter, and take their stand each in her proper place against the long row of tables that extends from end to end of the room, the crowd forming a lane on either side. A moment's pause, and a sweet voice is heard saying grace; the utterer is that modest-looking girl in the centre of the table, who from her superior height and appearance seems chosen as one of the oldest among her companions. Scarcely has she finished before another girl, at the end of the table, dispenses, with the ease and rapidity of habit, from the large dishes of baked meat and vegetables before her, the diners of the expectant children, plate following plate with marvellous rapidity till all are satisfied. This room occupies a great portion of the easternmost wing or side of the edifice: the boys' dining-room is in a similar situation, though more contracted in its dimensions, in the opposite wing. Following in the wake of the busy gazers across the court-yard, towards the apartment in question, through the school-room, we are arrested in the latter by the sight of the performance of a kind of preliminary to the act of dining, which, though somewhat tantalizing, no doubt adds fresh zest to the sharp appetite when it does get to work. Arranged in a double row,

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"

till the little fellows at the end near which we are standing seem so young and short (though fat enough) that we could fancy them but just taken from the nurse's arms, and breeched, waistcoated, and coated for the occasion, are the whole of the male portion of the youthful community, going through their drill exercises at the word of command of their master. They change at once, and without blunder, or hesitation, or want of concert, from a two-deep to a three-deep line, they beat time, they march, turn and turn again, until the welcome word is given for the final march to dinner-table in the adjoining room, where the sound of the regular, even tramp of their footsteps soon ceases. We need not follow them, as there is nothing materially different in the economy of their table from that of the girls previously noticed. The public promenade through the Hospital is not yet exhausted. There are the long wards with their rows of clean and comfortable little beds, and baskets at the foot of each, and there is the pleasure-ground into which the windows of some of the chief apartments open.

The two most interesting apartments of the Hospital are those devoted respectively to the use of the secretary and to the meetings of the committee or executive of the institution, and which very properly are not shown on the sabbath. The object of the governors in throwing open the other portions of the edifice described is, we presume, to enable the public constantly to judge of the treatment and condition of the children; an excellent reason, but which, of course, does not apply to the apartments above mentioned. These are in the western wing. In the secretary's room are 'Elisha raising the Child,' an immense sea-piece by Brookings, painted within the walls, landscapes and por-

traits; but the gem of the place, and indeed of the entire collection, is Hogarth's 'March to Finchley.' The history of this work is curious. Among his other benefactions to the Hospital, Hogarth gave a number of unsold tickets connected with the disposal of the 'March to Finchley' by lottery; one of these tickets obtained the prize.

In a recent paper on the Royal Academy we had occasion to observe that the first idea of a public exhibition of works of art was borrowed from the Foundling Hospital. So many and such eminent artists contributed to adorn the home of the newly-founded charity, that the place became one of the most fashionable of morning lounges. The committee-room, into which we now enter, was of course a chief point of attraction; and its walls show very strikingly the generous strife which had prevailed in its decoration. The beautiful stucco ceiling, the marble chimney-piece, the verd antique table, with its magnificently carved support, and the glass above it, are respectively the gifts of different artists. Rysbrack gave the beautiful piece of sculpture over the mantel-piece; Hogarth, Hayman, Wills, and Highmore, contributed the four great pictures which occupy so large a portion of the walls; whilst Wilson, Gainsborough, and others of humbler name, filled the eight small round compartments scattered between the more pretending works, representing different metropolitan hospitals. Of the four large pictures, Highmore's represents the 'Angel of the Lord and Ishmael;' Wills's, 'Christ showing a Child as the emblem of Heaven;' Hayman's, the 'Finding of Moses;' and Hogarth's, the 'Adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter.' Mr. Cunningham speaks of the "serene and simple dignity" of this fine work by Hogarth; and another critic (Ireland) justly observes, "There is not perhaps in Holy Writ another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation." The scene, with its distant pyramids, is splendid, the composition harmonious, and the principal figure (Pharaoh's daughter) exquisitely beautiful. It seems to us that, on looking at such pictures as this and the portrait of Coram, Hogarth has done much, after all, to defend his claim to be a painter, in the painter's own lofty sense of the term. What he wanted was chiefly that which arduous study could have given him. Fortunately there is little room for regret: his admirable picture-morals are worth a thousand of the works of many of those who, whilst denying his right to call himself an artist, hid, under showy conventionalities and high-sounding names, the intrinsic hollowness of their own productions. It will be seen from what we have stated that the Hospital may pride itself upon the possession of some fine works of art. To these have been recently added a most valuable acquisition—a Cartoon by Raphael—which is now in the possession of the Royal Academy, having been lent to that institution, and which we have not therefore enjoyed the pleasure of seeing.

In the room thus decorated by the hand of genius the committee sits every Wednesday that determines all applications for admission—a most delicate and important duty, and one that is so bound up with the peculiar history of the institution that we can have no better opportunity of relating its rise and progress than the present.

Addison, in one of his periodical essays in the 'Guardian' (No. 105), says, "I will mention a piece of charity which has not yet been exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more because it is practised by most of the

nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror; but what multitudes of infants have been made away with by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards ashamed or unable to provide for them! There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child; and how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence!" In consequence of this, and probably similar appeals, the matter at that time proceeded so far that various persons left by their wills sums for the support of the projected charity; but it was not until Captain Thomas Coram came upon the scene, about ten years later, that the scheme assumed a tangible shape. This gentleman, who had been bred to the sea, and was then the master of a vessel trading to the colonies, became, it is said, interested in the work to which he was about to devote the greater part of his life and energies, from the circumstance that, in passing to and fro between Rotherhithe and London in pursuance of his avocations, he frequently saw infants exposed in the streets, deserted by their parents, and left to perish through the inclemency of the seasons. Coram accordingly took the matter in hand; and, unappalled by seventeen years of difficulties, held it firmly to the last, and until he saw the complete establishment of his darling institution. Every kind of appeal had he to urge, many personal humiliations to undergo, before arriving at this result. The example of the chief countries of the continent, viewed in connexion with the child-murders and exposures which they had been said to remedy—evils which there was no denying existed also in England—furnished his strongest and most forcible argument, and which he pressed upon the attention of all persons of rank, power, or wealth, who he thought would assist him. Never was philanthropist more indefatigable than Coram; and, like other good men of his class, his perseverance did not always meet with the most courteous acknowledgment. A copy of Coram's memorial and petition to Her Royal Highness Princess Amelia is deposited among the records of the Hospital, at the bottom of which Coram has written the following note:—

"N.B.—On Innocents' Day, the 25th of December, 1737, I went to St. James's Palace to present this petition, having been advised first to address the lady of the bedchamber in waiting to introduce it; but the Lady Isabella Finch, who was the lady in waiting, gave me very rough words, and bade me begone with my petition, which I did, without opportunity of presenting it.

"THOMAS CORAM."

It was as well perhaps the Princess and her waiting-woman did not hear the Captain's opinion of their conduct at the moment he found himself thus dismissed. History recordeth not his words, but no doubt they were sufficiently *piquante*; for neither Coram's habits nor ambition were of the courtier's nature. He evidently thought the rough seaman no discredit to the honest man or the warm-hearted philanthropist, and there were others enlightened enough to think the same. When he presented at last his petition for a charter, he presented with it three memorials: the first signed by twenty-one "ladies of quality and distinction," duchesses, &c.; the second by the husbands of the said ladies,

and other noblemen and gentlemen; the third by justices of the peace residing near London, "and other persons of distinction." The answer was the grant of the charter by George II., on the 17th of October, 1739, which recited that "Thomas Coram, in behalf of great numbers of helpless infants daily exposed to destruction, had, by his petition, represented that many persons of quality and distinction, as well as others of both sexes, being sensible of the frequent murders committed on poor miserable infants by their parents to hide their shame, and the inhuman custom of exposing new-born children to perish in the streets, or training them up in idleness, beggary, and theft, had, by instruments in writing, declared their intentions to contribute liberally towards the erecting an Hospital, after the example of other Christian countries, and for supporting the same." The charter then appoints a body corporate of governors and guardians, including John Duke of Bedford, and three hundred and fifty other persons, among whom were several peers, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Justices and Chief Baron, the Speaker, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and Coram—certainly a goodly assemblage to conduct the affairs of the infant charity. The preliminary measures having been taken, on the 26th of October, 1740, there appeared on the door of the house in Hatton Garden (distinguished by the shield above it, painted by Hogarth, and the first of his numerous gifts to the charity) the following notice:—"To-morrow, at eight o'clock in the evening, this house will be opened for the reception of twenty children, under the following regulations:—No child exceeding the age of two months will be taken in, nor such as have the evil, leprosy, or disease of the like nature, whereby the health of the other children may be endangered; for the discovery whereof every child is to be inspected as soon as it is brought, and the person who brings it is to come in at the outward door and ring a bell at the inward door, and not to go away until the child is returned or notice given of its reception; but no questions whatever will be asked of any person who brings a child, nor shall any servant of the house presume to endeavour to discover who such person is, on pain of being discharged. All persons who bring children are requested to affix on each child some particular writing, or other distinguishing mark or token, so that the children may be known if hereafter necessary." The twenty children accordingly were taken in, and a notice affixed over the door, "*The house is full.*" We may imagine the scene Hatton Garden presented at that moment, with probably five times as many mothers with their infants rejected as had been chosen, and gazing upon that notice with all the heartburnings and rage of the unsuccessful, in a competition where the choice seems necessarily to have lain among the strongest, or those who could best elbow their way through the clamorous and excited crowd. These melancholy and disgraceful scenes were subsequently got rid of by an ingenious balloting process; all the women being admitted into the court-room to draw balls from bags, those who drew black ones were summarily dismissed, those who drew white were entitled to an admission for their children if eligible, whilst those who drew red might remain to draw once more among themselves for any vacancies left open by the ineligibility of any of the former class.

In 1745 the western wing of the present Hospital was opened and the house at Hatton Garden given up; the other two portions of the edifice soon followed, and in 1747 the chapel was begun. And here, full of years and honours, was

buried Coram, in 1751, the first person interred in the place. His had been a busy as well as a benevolent nature. He did not confine his exertions to the foundation of this Hospital, but embarked in various other useful and patriotic objects chiefly in connexion with the colonies. His colonial experience and views indeed were so much esteemed by Horace Walpole—the first Lord Walpole and uncle to *the* Horace—that in writing, on some subject of the kind, to his brother Sir Robert from the Hague, where he was then ambassador, he says, “Lose no time in talking with Sir Charles Wager, Mr. Bladen, and one Coram, the honestest, the most disinterested, and the most knowing person about the plantation I ever talked with.”* How “disinterested” he was we may judge from the fact that at the age of *eighty-two* he found himself destitute. This state of things was of course not long left unremedied. Arrangements were made to raise an annuity by subscription, but, in order to be sure that they were not offending Coram by the scheme, Dr. Brocklesby waited upon him, and put the question plainly to him. The old man’s reply was truly dignified. “I have not wasted,” said he, “the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in my old age I am poor.” A deed, yet carefully preserved among the Hospital records, shows the result of the subscription: it is dated March 30, 1749, and binds the parties whose names are subscribed to it to pay the different sums annexed, amounting in all to a hundred and sixty-one guineas yearly. Coram lived only two years to enjoy this evidence of the respect of his fellow-men. He died on the 29th of March, and in the evening of the 1st of April following was buried in the chapel. The body was met at the gate by the Governors and the children, who then preceded it two and two together towards its last earthly home. Immediately before the coffin the charter was borne by a person on a crimson velvet cushion. The pall was supported by numerous distinguished persons. On entering the chapel, already filled to the uttermost corner by the assembled spectators, a part of the choir of St. Paul’s raised the solemn and affecting strains of the burial-service composed by Dr. Boyce, who himself officiated at the organ. An anthem, by the same eminent musician, was also sung during the ceremony. The body was finally deposited under the communion-table.

During the period from the establishment of the Hospital to about five years after the death of Coram the applications for admission were so constantly beyond the number that the funds would admit, that the Governors ultimately determined to petition Parliament for assistance. The Hospital had evidently grown popular, and the general wish, concurring with that of the Governors, was, that it should be able to accommodate all the children offered who were eligible by its constitution. Among the modes proposed for the attainment of this object, prior to the request of regular grants from Parliament, were some of an amusing character: taxes on coals exported from Great Britain, an additional Sunday turnpike-tax, parish registers of all births, deaths, and marriages, with a fee for every registration, to be thus expended; and, above all, a poll-tax on bachelors, on the ground that so many of them would doubtless have a personal interest in the welfare of the Hospital;—these were some of the modes proposed for its support by kind friends or satirical enemies. Parliament received the

* Coxe’s ‘Life of Walpole.’

application of the Governors favourably, and on the 6th of April, 1756, granted the sum of 10,000*l.* on the condition that all children under a certain age (first two months, then six, and lastly, as at present, twelve) should be received. The Hospital was at the same time empowered to form provincial establishments: in consequence of which houses were erected at Ackworth, Shrewsbury, Westerham in Kent, Aylesbury, Barnet, and one in Cheshire: the chief of these, at Ackworth, cost above 20,000*l.* And now commenced the state of things that had well-nigh utterly destroyed the institution, and which for a time caused it to be looked on, and not unjustly, as the greatest curse in the shape of a blessing that well-meant charity had ever inflicted. The Governors set to work with renewed energy to meet the new demands made upon them, and to fulfil what they esteemed their high vocation. To make the act of application as agreeable as possible, a basket was hung at the gate, and all the trouble imposed on parents was the ringing of a bell, as they deposited their little burdens, to inform the officers of the act. Prostitution was never before, in England at least, made so easy. The new system began on the 2nd of June, 1756, on which day 117 children were received, and before the close of the year the vast number of 1783 were adopted by the institution. Far from being frightened at this army of infants so suddenly put under their care, the Governors appear to have been apprehensive of being neglectful of the uses and capacities of the institution; for in the following June appeared advertisements in the chief public papers, and notices at the end of every street, informing all who were concerned how very widely open were the Hospital gates. Such attention was not ill bestowed; 3727 children were admitted that year, and in all, during the three years and ten months this precious system lasted, nearly 15,000 infants were received into the Foundling Hospital! And now for some of the consequences. The first and greatest, the injury to the national morality, is so glaring, that one wonders how a public body of well-intentioned and respectable men, such as the Governors, could have ever overlooked it; but what then shall we think of the Parliament? It would have, however, taken some time to prove with tolerable precision the extent of this evil, and the system might not have been brought to such a summary conclusion as it was, but for others more directly palpable to the popular sense, and some of which outraged the very feelings on which the institution itself had been based. "There is set up in our corporation (writes a correspondent from a town three hundred miles distant, in one of the chronicles of the day) a new and uncommon trade, namely, the conveying children to the Foundling Hospital. The person employed in this trade is a woman of a notoriously bad character. She undertakes the carrying of these children at so much per head. She has, I am told, made one trip already, and is now set upon her journey with two of her daughters, each with a child on her back."* From another quarter we learn that the charge for bringing up children from Yorkshire, four in two panniers slung across a horse's back, was for some time eight guineas a trip, but competition had in that, as in other pursuits, lowered the price. It was perhaps to make up for the reduction in the profits that certain carriers, before leaving the children, actually stripped the little creatures naked

* Transcribed from 'Hans Sloane; a Tale illustrating the History of the Foundling Hospital in London: by John Brownlow: a little work by one of the officers of the hospital, containing many interesting facts relative to the latter.



for the sake of the value of their clothing, and thus left them in the basket ! The same authority gives us a glimpse of the effect of such modes of conveyance upon the poor little creatures subjected to them that is too painful to contemplate. He says, referring we presume to the House of Commons, " Has it not in the same great Assembly been moreover publicly averred that, of eight babes brought up out of the country for the Foundling Hospital at one time in a waggon, seven died before it reached London—the only one that lived owing its life to this circumstance, viz. that it had a mother so maternally loth to part with it, and commit it alone to the carrier, that she went up on foot along with him, purely that every now and then she might give it the breast, and watch and supply its other needs occasionally, &c. ; keeping pace with the waggon all the way for that purpose ? " *

As the liberality of the system became more and more apparent, various country overseers and other parochial authorities began to show how greatly they were charmed with it, by occasionally dropping into the basket a child or two that they feared would become chargeable to their parishes, and in some instances by frightening the unhappy mothers themselves into the act, when they had no desire to part with their children. Other parents, again, residing in or near London, whose children were dying and who had no means of decently burying them or thought the Hospital had much more, brought them hither at the last stage of illness, to die not unfrequently between the act of taking them out of the basket and their delivery to the nurses in the ward. We may here add that among the incidental consequences of the system was the charge frequently made against the parents who had deposited their infants in the famous basket of having improperly disposed of them, the suspicions sometimes extending even unto murder. Such cases came before the magistrates ; and the parties accused were detained in custody till certificates of the safe receipt of the child at the Foundling were obtained from the governors. To obviate this inconvenience a billet was delivered, when required, on the arrival of a child at the Hospital. Such were some of the evils let loose upon society by the parliament of the nation and the governors of the Hospital, through the adoption of the principle of indiscriminate admission. And the fate of the children admitted seems to show that the principle was as carelessly carried out in practice as it was vicious in theory. As the infant inundation poured in, the governors began to ask what was the best mode of preserving the lives and health of the foundlings committed to their care. The advice of the College of Physicians was asked and given ; but unfortunately measures had been so precipitated that the essentials were impracticable. Where, for instance, could wet-nurses be obtained for such multitudes ? How could the extraordinary watchfulness required under the circumstances—the deprivation of the proper maternal care and the mingling of diseased and healthy children—be given when there were so many requiring care ? Seeing these things, we may be prepared for the result. Of the whole 14,934 children received under the new system, only 4400 lived to be apprenticed ! Of course parliament did not wait for this consummation before it interfered and stopped the ruinous course it had advised and supported. On the 8th of February, 1760, a resolution was passed declaring " That the indis-

* ' The Tendencies of the Foundling Hospital in its present extent considered : 1760.'

criminate admission of all children under a certain age into the Hospital had been attended with many evil consequences, and that it be discontinued." At this period there were above 6000 children in the establishment, and Parliament was bound to continue its grant for their support till nearly the whole of them were apprenticed out. From 1756 to 1771, the years of the Parliamentary connexion, the national funds contributed it appears no less a sum than 549,796*l.* 16*s.* to the expenses of this ill-judged experiment, which inflicted a shock on the Hospital that had, as we have before observed, well-nigh destroyed it. A striking evidence of the state of public feeling at the period is afforded by the fact that many of the Governors thought it actually necessary to give the Hospital a new name, and a resolution was passed, though afterwards rescinded, to denominate it "The Orphan Hospital." We conclude this part of our subject by observing that, till very lately, some of the children introduced under the basket system were, as aged and imbecile adults, still living in the Hospital, it being a noticeable peculiarity of the latter, that it supports through life any of the children who may be unfitted personally or mentally for apprenticeship.

The Governors of the charity, after the severe warning they had received, proceeded with more caution; they restricted their exertions to the scope of their own funds, sold their country hospitals (the Quakers bought Ackworth and established their famous school); and indeed from that time to the present their administration has grown more and more strict, or, in other words, they have endeavoured to reduce the original evils which must belong to all such institutions to a minimum, and to raise the good they can accomplish to a maximum. Yet it was not till 1801 that the most objectionable practice of taking children without inquiry, on a payment of 100*l.*, was formally abolished. We now proceed to explain the present system and management of the charity in its more essential and interesting points.

A notice on the wall by the Hospital gates informs all concerned that children can only be received into the Hospital upon the personal application of the mothers, and that the requisite printed forms of admission to be filled up may be obtained at the Secretary's Office. A copy of this form is before us, and attached to it we perceive "Instructions," which state among other matters that "no person need apply unless she shall have previously borne a good character for virtue, sobriety, and honesty." To prevent improper influence, "persons who present petitions to the Committee must not previously apply to any Governor, or to any officer or servant belonging to the Hospital, on the subject, on any pretence whatever." The form shows the age of the child, and states that it is wholly dependent on the petitioner, &c.; and this, properly filled up, is presented personally by the mother to the sitting members of the Committee, varying generally from eight or ten Governors to double that number. The preliminary inquiries—as, the poverty and good character of the applicant, the illegitimacy of her infant, the abandonment by the father, and the non-cognizance of the case by any parish authorities—being satisfactorily disposed of, the chief points to which the attention of the Chairman is directed in his questions are to learn what probability there may be of the petitioner's return to the paths of virtue, in the event of the acceptance of her child, and which includes the question of the number of persons to whom her shame may be known; a matter considered to affect greatly

the possibility of her maintaining herself honestly, and preserving her station in society. Mr. Wrottesley, in his account of the Foundling Hospital,* shows very happily, by an imaginary case, the views by which the Governors are actuated in their selection of cases, and the consequent character of the examinations before the Committee. “The most meritorious case, therefore, would be one in which a young woman, having no means of subsistence except those derived from her own labour, and having no opulent relations, previously to committing the offence bore an irreproachable character, but yielded to artful and long-continued seduction, and an express promise of marriage; whose delivery took place in secret, and whose shame was known only to one or two persons, as, for example, the medical attendant and a single relation; and, lastly, whose employers or other persons were able and desirous to take her into their service, if enabled again to earn her livelihood by the reception of her child. This is considered the most eligible case, and others are deemed by the Governors as more or less so in proportion as they approach nearer to or recede further from it.” The Committee, being satisfied of the eligibility of any particular case, as stated by the mother, cause inquiries to be made into its truth. These inquiries are of an unpleasant character, for the Treasurer’s Clerk, on whom the duty devolves, is expressly instructed to avoid, during its performance, divulging any of the facts with which he may be acquainted; and it is easy to perceive this must be a difficult and onerous task. And this very secrecy, though indispensable, leads sometimes to an act of great immorality—the marriage of the parties in question to persons who are kept in entire ignorance of the most important event of their previous history. The result of the inquiry being also satisfactory, the child is at once admitted if there be a vacancy, or is placed on the books till one is made. The day of admission is Saturday. On leaving her child the mother receives a certificate in return, to which is attached a private mark, by which the Hospital authorities may, if requisite, subsequently recognise the child, a corresponding mark being carefully attached to the child’s clothing; but as for the unhappy mother, in all probability from that day forward never again will she be able to recognise it; the connexion between them is utterly severed, except in the event (one of rare occurrence) of her claiming the restoration of the child, and giving the Governors the most satisfactory proofs of her ability properly to maintain it. It is painfully interesting to read Mr. Wrottesley’s description of the various modes adopted by many of the mothers to avoid this dreadful severance, which the Hospital is strict in enforcing. He says, “All kinds of devices are resorted to by the mothers to identify their children; and extraordinary instances of ingenuity exercised by them with that view are recorded: sometimes notes are found attached to the infant’s clothing, beseeching the nurse to convey information to the mother of her name and residence, that the latter may identify her child during its stay in the country: sometimes mothers have been known to watch for and follow the van on foot, which conveys their children to the country stations (where they are nursed till five years old); sometimes to attend the baptism [in the chapel, on the first Sunday after admission], in the hope of hearing its name. If they succeed in identifying the child during its stay at nurse, they can

* Report of the Commissioners for inquiring concerning Charities, p. 781.

always preserve the identification during its subsequent abode in the Hospital, for the children appear at chapel twice on Sunday, and dine in public on the same day; and this gives them opportunities of seeing them from time to time, and preserving the recollection of their features. In these attempts at discovery mistakes are, however, sometimes committed, and attentions are lavished on the offspring of others; instances even have occurred of mothers coming in mourning attire to the Hospital to return thanks for the kindness bestowed on their deceased children, who were informed on their arrival that they were alive and well." When recognition does take place, the officers of the institution have found that the children generally were injured by the indulgences lavished upon them. It is proper to observe that mothers can always obtain intelligence of the health and welfare of their children. The number of children is 360, and it is stated that about eight mothers weekly avail themselves of the privilege in question: some come regularly once a fortnight. We may here say a word on the classes of society to which such parents generally belong. A large proportion are domestic servants; of twenty-five cases eighteen belonged to this class. The remainder are chiefly daughters of small tradesmen, mechanics, or farmers, or milliners in humble circumstances.

The children, as we have incidentally seen, are baptized the day after their admission, and named. Formerly it was the custom to name the children after the chief benefactors and Governors of the institution, but a ludicrous inconvenience was experienced from the custom: some of the children, it was found, as they grew up, got a notion into their heads that they had a greater right to the appellation they had received than the mere custom of the Hospital had bestowed: we need hardly add that no sooner was this discovered than the practice at once ceased. Names of a very general character are now chosen. Immediately after their reception and baptism the infants are sent to one of the two stations in the country, East Peckham in Kent and Chertsey in Surrey, with their respective neighbourhoods. The nurses who receive the Hospital children receive 3*s.* 6*d.* per week for each, and a gratuity of 10*s.* 6*d.* at the end of the first year if the child appears to have been successfully reared. The nurses in each district are under the supervision of paid inspectors. A curious and in many senses gratifying result attends this novel connexion. The nurses and their husbands, generally poor cottagers, not only are called father and mother by the poor orphans, who have practically no other parents, but they almost invariably fulfil their duties in a manner that not only leaves nothing to be desired, but that goes beyond all reasonable expectation. Nature, as if unwilling to have one of her holiest instincts lost under any circumstances, raises up in the breast of strangers the love for these poor castaways that they fail to receive from their parents. Accordingly the parting between the nurses and the children, when the age is attained at which they are removed to London, is generally of a distressing character. In many cases the nurses would evidently, if they could, be but too happy to be allowed to keep the children as their own, and at their own expense, rather than lose them. This is a feature of the management of the Hospital that it would be highly desirable to see altered, if alteration be practicable. The children are by the present mode *twice deprived of their parents*, and the last deprivation is by far the worst, for their affections have then grown strong, and piteous

must be the suffering when they are rudely torn away from the objects around which they have so long clung. There is even a more serious evil, we should fear : the human heart in children is a dangerous thing to tamper with ; is it not likely that, in finding its love thus (cruelly to all appearance) thrown as it were back upon itself, the very instinct of self-preservation may keep it from any such dangerous advances for the future, and so allow it to remain safe at the expense of all those better feelings which are the most worthy of care ? In short, if this part of the system does not exactly generate selfishness, it must at least, we should consider, blunt all the finer sensibilities, and lower the standard of humanity, among children so trained.

On the return of the children to the Hospital their education commences, which is scarcely of so high a character as we should expect from the generally excellent management of the institution. There are, for instance, now in the boys' school, 115 boys, who are taught by a single master ; whose duties moreover are not even confined to school-hours, but extend to the care of the children at meal-times, their clothes, &c. Under these circumstances it would be absurd to expect that any high degree of efficiency can be obtained for the imparting a good education even of the plainest kind. It is probable (indeed we have heard something to that effect) that the Governors are deterred from working any effectual improvement by the fear that public opinion would not sanction them in making the condition of the children more eligible than it is : they fear perhaps that the feeling begot by the unfortunate Parliamentary experiment has not yet entirely vanished, and that the old charge of fostering vice by taking such care of its innocent consequences may be again aroused. If so, we think it is, in the words of the poet, "a lost fear." The children *are* innocent : that is enough to arouse and support the public sympathy in their favour ; and if, as we hope, the excellence of the education here given shall one day attract as much attention as the order, the neatness, cleanliness, and general arrangements of the Hospital do now, we are sure there will be few murmurers. The general interest exhibited in the measures of Dr. Kay for the pauper population of the country, as partially exhibited in the Norwood Schools, may prove at once an example, and the safety of its imitation on the part of all charitable educational institutions. Some of the elder boys, as we have before had occasion to observe, are taught tailoring, now the only trade or occupation pursued in the Hospital ; whilst the girls generally are taught to make their own clothes, and, as they grow old enough, to assist the ward-mistress in making up fine linen for the public at certain settled prices, and then to share in the duties of the Hospital household, and learn the mysteries of cleaning, cooking, washing, and ironing. Lastly comes the period of apprenticeship, when the Foundlings finally quit the Hospital that has so long and kindly supported them, and prepare for the arduous struggles of active life. The boys are apprenticed to persons of different trades, and, if required, premiums are given varying from 5% to 10% ; but in that case the inquiry into the character of the party becomes doubly strict. The girls are never intrusted to the care of unmarried men, nor to married men except with the consent of their wives, nor to persons who keep only a single servant. Personal inspection and inquiry as to their conduct and treatment is kept up through the whole period of their apprenticeship, and more particularly with regard to the females. A pleasant cus-

tom has been instituted of late years of giving to the gradually dissolving connexion the right tone of feeling preparatory to its final dissolution. Once in every year takes place a meeting of the apprentices at the Hospital, to mingle once more among their youthful associates and elder friends and guardians; on which occasion a gratuity is given to all who can present a certificate of good conduct from their masters.

The principles that shall guide the future conduct of this important charity are of such moment that we shall make no apology for saying a few words on the subject, although our space forbids any elaborate or lengthened disquisition. From the cash account* of the Hospital for the year 1841 we perceive the annual receipts exceed 11,000*l.*; and as all those large and valuable houses belonging to the charity which surround it are held on leases, the actual income in the course of a few years will be at least 50,000*l.*! As a natural consequence, the number of the children may be very greatly increased.† As at present constituted, will the Hospital thus confer additional benefits on society? Mr. Wrottesley's opinion seems to be in the negative. He says, "Now it would seem that not only does general indiscriminate admission encourage licentiousness, but that, for a like reason, any facilities afforded for disposing of the offspring of illicit connexions without compromising the reputation of the parents have also a direct tendency to produce a similar result, and a tendency proportionable to the degree in which such facilities are afforded; and that the amount of mischief produced by any system under which illegitimate children are provided for on such terms can be always accurately estimated by observation of the number and class of the objects obtaining relief therefrom, and the circumstances under which relief is given." The "tendency" referred to cannot be denied; neither can the fact that the existing arrangements do most decidedly keep it down and render it comparatively innoxious. That this is a fact, and one that, although Mr. Wrottesley does not notice it, must answer all theories on the question, is evident from the following statements:—Sir Thomas Bernard, a former Treasurer, and the author of a carefully written and, to his credit be it said, impartial account of the Hospital, expressly says, "It is worthy of observation that *no instance* has come to the knowledge of the Committee of any woman so relieved who has not been thereby saved from what she would in all probability have been involved in—a course of vice and prostitution." Again, the gentleman we have before referred to, the treasurer's clerk, referring to an experience of many years, and extending up to the present time, informs us that he remembers but *a single case* where the reception of the child has been followed by subsequent misconduct on the part of the parent. We do not know how it is possible to desire a much stronger answer to the charge of encouraging "licentiousness." There are evils in the system unquestionably; the separation of the child from the mother, and the deceit practised in subsequent marriages, are serious ones, and, but for the rigid character of the regulations, licentiousness undoubtedly would be produced; but do those acknowledgments settle the question? Is it nothing to arrest error in its onward course, and, if you cannot change it into virtue, to keep it certainly from sinking into vice? Above

* Among the items is one of a gratifying kind—"Legacy of the late Edward Harris, a foundling, £25."

† The funds already, it appears, admit of an extension in the number from 360 to 400 children, and we understand a proposition to that effect will shortly be made.

all, is it nothing to take care of the children who would become the most pitiable victims of such vice? Let any one consider for a moment the probable fate of the great majority of the sinning but unhappy mothers who have here found relief, and then further consider what must have been the condition of their children; would the result have been anything like that shown in the following statement, where the history of one hundred and three girls after leaving the hospital is briefly but sufficiently shown? Of this number seventy-seven at the expiration of their apprenticeship received gratuities varying from two to five guineas for their good conduct, (gratuities only awarded on the presentation of a certificate by their employers,) four died, three became insane or imbecile or invalid, seven forfeited the gratuity for obstinacy without vice, three committed offences during their apprenticeship, but reformed afterwards and became respectable characters, four never applied for the gratuity, and of the whole number three only turned out bad characters. The remaining two were discovered by their mothers during their apprenticeship, and quietly taken away. It is true that in a literal sense the exact object of Coram has not been obtained or found practicable—the taking care of “exposed and deserted” infants; but it would be difficult to say the Hospital has not done what Coram must have much more desired, that is, prevented such infants from being so exposed or deserted; and certainly, in the present management and influences of the Hospital, there is nothing that would make him less proud of his title as its Founder.



[Captain Coram. From Hogarth's Picture.]



[Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.]

LXXIII.—THE CORN EXCHANGE.

SOME of the heartiest vituperations, perhaps, in the language, are to be found in the racy and entertaining ‘Rural Rides’ of the late William Cobbett; but they are hurled with more especial vigour against the all-devouring “Wen,” as he was accustomed to call this great city, which, according to him, drew into its capacious stomach all the cattle, sheep, corn, and other good things raised by the labour of the country. Besides this, he entertained a pretty general contempt for that class of dealers who merely hand the produce of the land from one to another, and who do not by their industry change the state of the commodity which they buy and sell. No one would have been more active in putting in force the statutes of the sixteenth century against the “corn badgers” or dealers, who were described as persons “seeking only to live easily and to leave their honest labour,” and their proceedings as “very hurtful to the commonwealth of this realm, as well by enhancing the price of corn and grain, as also by the diminishing of good and necessary husbandmen.”* This useful class of men Cobbett would have sent to the plough. We believe we may state with perfect truth that

* Preamble of 5 Eliz. c. 12.

the prejudices against them have entirely passed away within the last twenty years ; but so recently as 1795 Lord Kenyon thundered from the bench, and denounced the "full vengeance of the law" against the corn-dealers. Slow as may be the progress of political knowledge, no considerable number of persons would now applaud such anathemas as these, which, at the time, were loudly echoed amongst all classes.

When England was almost exclusively an agricultural country the process of obtaining a loaf of bread was a very simple one. The farmer threshed out as much corn as he wanted and carried it to the miller, and the townsman went into the pitched market and bought a sack of wheat, and he also had direct dealings with the miller. The great number of towns in which markets were once held, and which contained only a very scanty population, show how general were the means of maintaining direct dealings between the producer and consumer. In these days, at least in London, a man neither buys wheat, nor deals with the miller, nor bakes his own bread, so complete is the subdivision of employments. A comparison of the extent to which the principle is carried in the metropolis and in a large provincial town, so far as concerns the supply of bread, may be found in the Population Returns for 1831, which show that in Southwark and Sheffield, each with a population exceeding 91,000, and with a difference of less than 200 between them, there were 338 bakers in the former place and only 53 in the latter, from which it is plain that in the northern town a great majority of families dispense with the services of bakers. The relative price of fuel in the two places may in some slight degree partly account for this. But the simple as well as the complicated is equally natural in the different circumstances in which they occur. If the two millions of population now concentrated within a circle of eight miles round St. Paul's were dispersed over an extensive country, with a small number of towns of from two to ten thousand inhabitants scattered here and there, one or two containing more than that number, and the capital with perhaps fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, the process of supplying the same amount of population with the staff of life would, under these circumstances, be totally changed. Producers and consumers would be brought generally into contact with each other, and few intermediate dealers would be necessary. But the immense supply of corn and grain which London requires for its own consumption, both for men and animals, is probably drawn from farms comprising between two and three million acres, or the total produce of six or seven thousand farms of large size ; but, considering that other markets are to be supplied, and that something is required for local consumption, it may be said that many thousands of farms contribute some portion of their produce to the supply of London. Now, as it would be totally impossible for the producers in every case to bring their corn to London, it can only reach us through the services of innumerable agents, whose useful operations were denounced by the statutes of the sixteenth century. Some of the corn-merchants of London turn over in a year capital amounting to nearly a million and a half sterling, and it is obvious that they cannot themselves attend all the markets from which the supply is in the first instance collected, and yet, unless it chiefly reached London in great bulks, the process of supplying it would be very expensive. They purchase of the merchants at some shipping port, and these again deal with others whose transactions

are on a still smaller scale, and who buy directly of the grower. Each watches within his own district the opportunities of profit to be made from supplying the scarcity of one part of the country out of the abundance of another. Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, has clearly pointed out the value of such services:—"The apprehension, on the one hand, of not realizing all the profit he might, and, on the other hand, of having his goods left on his hands, either by his laying in too large a stock, or by his rivals underselling him—these, acting like antagonist muscles, regulate the extent of his dealings, and the prices at which he buys and sells. An abundant supply causes him to lower his prices, and thus enables the public to enjoy that abundance, while he is guided only by the apprehension of being undersold; and, on the other hand, an actual or apprehended scarcity causes him to demand a higher price, or to keep back his goods in expectation of a rise. For doing this, corn-dealers in particular are often exposed to odium, as if they were the cause of the scarcity; while in reality they are performing the important service of husbanding the supply in proportion to the deficiency, and thus warding off the calamity of famine; in the same manner as the commander of a garrison or a ship regulates the allowances according to the stock and the time it is to last. But the dealers deserve neither censure for the scarcity which they are ignorantly supposed to produce, nor credit for the important public service which they in reality perform. They are merely occupied in gaining a fair livelihood." The importation of foreign corn, which, in wheat alone, has amounted to about nine million quarters in the last four years, involves a more extended chain of operations, which reaches from the counting-house of the London merchant to the growers in the heart of central Europe, the cultivator in the Steppes of Southern Russia, the settler who has cleared a patch of land in the forests of Canada, and the American farmer on the Ohio. What ploughing, and sowing, and reaping—what threshing, winnowing, and measuring—before a single grain leaves the spot where it is produced, and how variously are all these processes conducted in the different countries which supply London. What chaffings in hundreds of markets before this supply gets out of the hands of the producer, in its first stage towards the all-devouring metropolis of England! How various are the modes of transport to the place of shipment, and how great are the contrasts they present: in one case the train of rude bullock-waggons crossing the Russian Steppes, in another the equally rude barge on the Vistula, with its cargo protected only by an exterior coating of sprouted corn impenetrable to the elements! Nearly all the maritime ports of England, Scotland, and Ireland, contribute some portion towards our supply. In the months of July and August, 1841, there arrived in London 787 vessels from foreign parts laden with foreign corn, 306 being British and 481 foreign.

Kent and Essex were at one period almost the only counties from which London drew its supply of corn and grain; but before even the sixteenth century this was no longer the case. Stow remarked that London "maintaineth in flourishing estate the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex, which, as they lie in the face of our most puissant neighbour, so ought they, above others, to be considered as the greatest strength and riches; and these, it is well known, stand not so much on the benefit of their own soil as by the neighbourhood and nearness

they have to London." The total importation of corn, grain, and seeds into London averages at the present time about three and a half million quarters, or about 28,000,000 bushels, annually, besides about 50,000 tons of flour and meal, the weight altogether being at least 530,000 tons. What a vast amount and variety of industry is involved in the creation of this large quantity of agricultural produce and in the preparation of it for consumption! Next to coal, the trade in corn gives the most extensive employment to shipping in the port of London of any other commodity.

Without the stimulus of self-interest the task of supplying London would be beyond the reach of human effort; and the operations of the "speculator" conduce, in the end, solely to the public advantage. The slightest interference with him is not unattended with danger; but the jealous spirit of the sixteenth century, if it were now possible to give effect to it, would once more place London at the risk of those serious dearths in the first necessary of life which were of frequent occurrence, and for which, in part, corn-dealers were ignorantly blamed. We may notice here a few of the restrictions under which the corn-dealers were placed three centuries ago, and also one or two regulations which attempted to deal with the producers in the same spirit. In September, 1549, a proclamation was issued which prohibited corn-dealers from having more than ten quarters in their possession at one time; and it directed justices of the peace to look into the barns, and so much as to them seemed superfluous was to be sold at a reasonable price, persons being appointed to attend in every market to see that this was done.* Two years afterwards the substance of the above proclamation was embodied in a statute † which subjected persons buying corn to sell again to heavy penalties. Farmers buying corn for seed were required to sell an equal quantity of their corn in store. When wheat was under 6*s.* 8*d.* the quarter it might then be bought by dealers, but they were not to enhance the price or prevent the supply of the market. Corn "badgers," licensed by three justices of the peace, were permitted to buy in open fairs and markets for the supply of cities and towns. In 1562 there was another statute passed which affected them.‡ They were to be householders, not less than thirty years of age, and either married or widowers, and the licence was to be only an annual one, to be granted by the magistrates in quarter-sessions. The dealers were also to give securities not to be guilty of engrossing or forestalling, and not to buy out of open market, except under an express licence. These restrictions could not well be maintained without leading to other artificial arrangements, some of which, so far as they relate to the corn-market of London, we shall briefly notice.

For upwards of two centuries the authorities of the City and the principal Livery Companies were accustomed constantly to provide a store of corn against seasons of scarcity, and when prices rose the city granaries were opened for the purpose of keeping them moderate. This was doing nothing more than individuals would have done; but when large floating capitals ready for employment at a moment's notice were not quite so abundant as in these days, it was perhaps wise as well as benevolent in the City looking with a provident eye towards the means of mitigating the dearths which were so frequently occurring. The Lord

* Turner's Hist. Eng. vol. i. p. 172.

† 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 11.

‡ 5 Eliz. c. 12.

Mayor, as the head of the City, could not but extend his care to those who on such occasions were ready to perish but for his assistance; and it is most probable that the practice of forming stores of corn commenced immediately after some severe dearth; and humanity forbade it to be hastily abandoned.

Sir Stephen Brown, in 1438, appears to have been one of the earliest, and most likely was the first, Mayor of London who established a public granary, for which he is eulogised both by Stow and Fuller. The latter says of him, that "during a great dearth in his mayoralty he charitably relieved the wants of the poor citizens, by sending ships at his own expense to Dantzic, which returned laden with rye, and which seasonable supply soon sunk grain to reasonable rates;" and he adds, "he is beheld as one of the first merchants who, during a want of corn, showed the Londoners the way to the barn-door, I mean Spurmland, prompted by charity, not covetousness, to this adventure." About the same period Sir Simon Eyre, another Lord Mayor, established a public granary at Leadenhall. Nearly a century afterwards (1521) a succeeding Mayor found the city granaries almost empty. "There were not," says Stow, "one hundred quarters of wheat in all the garners of the city, either within the liberties or near adjoining, through the which scarcity, when the carts of Stratford came laden with bread to the city (as they had been accustomed), there was such press about them, that one man was ready to destroy another, in striving to be served for their money: but this scarcity lasted not long; for the Mayor in short time made such provision of wheat, that the bakers both of London and Stratford were weary of taking it up, and were forced to take much more than they would, and for the rest the Mayor stowed it up in Leadenhall and other garners of the city. This Mayor also kept the market so well, that he would be at Leadenhall by four o'clock in the summer mornings, and from thence he went to other markets, to the great comfort of the citizens."

Occasional memoranda in the City records show the manner in which the City authorities applied their stores of corn to reduce prices in the markets. In 1546 two aldermen were appointed weekly in rotation to purvey and to see that the markets were well supplied. In 1559 there is an order for the City's store to be ground and sold to the citizens. In 1565 the bridgemaster is directed to put to sale in the markets every market-day four quarters of the City's wheat-meal at 3s. the bushel, and four bushels of maslin (a mixture of wheat and rye) at 2s. 6d. the bushel. A memorandum appears in the year 1573, instructing the Lord Mayor and Aldermen not to allow corn belonging to the City to be sold "better cheap" than the cost price, with all losses and charges added, nor lower than from 2d. to 4d. the bushel under the market-price, unless with the consent of the City companies, and taking an equal quantity of each company. The part which the companies took in this matter will be hereafter noticed. In 1579 the companies were required to send into the market of Southwark fifteen quarters of meal per week, till they had disposed of all their old corn at the market-price; and a fresh stock was then to be provided. In 1580, on account of the high prices, they were directed to take into the market at Queenhithe, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, eight quarters of wheat, well ground, and to retail it at 3s. the bushel, "and not more, at their peril." The companies were called upon at two different periods in 1590 to purchase 18,000 quarters of corn. This would

supply 216,000 persons for one calendar month. In 1617 they were ordered to supply the markets at 4*d.* the bushel under the market prices. Under such a system the operations of private traders would often be attended with great hazard, and this of itself would create the deficiency and the consequent high prices which the City authorities endeavoured to remedy.

The money to purchase corn and grain for the City granaries was raised by loans and contributions from the Mayor and Aldermen, from the City Companies, and sometimes from the citizens. In 1521 there is a resolution in the City records to the effect that "the Chamberlain should become bound to persons lending money for provision of corn for the City;" and in another entry of the same year the bridgemaster is ordered to make the necessary purchases of wheat. This officer appears to have been intrusted with the office of buying the City's corn, which was at one period entirely stored at the Bridge-house. Mr. Herbert, in his 'History of the Livery Companies,' says that the Companies were first required to assist in provisioning the City in 1521. The Common Council passed an act "for 1000*l.* to be borrowed on account of the great dearth and scarcity of wheat which had then lately been, and was more like to ensue, if good and politic provision were not shortly made and had;" and it was in consequence agreed that "in all goodly haste the said sum should be levied and paid by the Fellowships of sundry mysteries and crafts of this City, by way of a prest and loan." The Lord Mayor and Aldermen fixed the sums to be contributed by each Company; and the Wardens of the Companies were to assess the members of their respective Fellowships. In 1559 the Aldermen agreed to advance a sum of 10*l.* each towards raising a permanent corn-fund. About the same time the Companies were called upon to assist in purchasing "the wheat that is now come beyond sea." There being need of a further provision, a second application was made to certain of the twelve Companies, in consequence of an offer made to the Common Council, from an English grower probably, who was "minded to send" certain wheat, "if he might be ascertained of the price thereof." He was offered 14*s.* the quarter for as much "good and sound wheat" as he could supply. The following year the Wardens of the principal Companies offered, on the part of their respective Fellowships, to provide certain sums of money towards purchasing wheat from abroad. In March, 1552, the Wardens of the greater part of the Companies, in obedience to the precepts of the Common Council, "did lovingly grant, assent, and agree to disburse and lay out, by the way of loan, for the provision and buying of certain wheat in France to and for the City's use," the several sums respectively agreed upon. In June they were again called upon to buy "some of the rye then at the water-side."

The Companies were not, however, always in a complaisant humour, and often grumbled sorely when their money was not repaid. The Drapers' Company, in 1560, having shown some reluctance to comply with a corn-precept, were peremptorily ordered by the Lord Mayor to collect and pay over the sum of 300*l.*, being the amount of their assessment. Next year they asked for a return of their money, but were offered instead wheat out of the Bridge-house at 23*s.* the quarter; and if this offer were refused, the Wardens were "to move and persuade them gently to forbear their said money" until the corn in the Bridge-house could be conveniently sold. In 1573 the Common Council called upon the Companies for

a larger sum than usual for the purchase of wheat, urging the existence of present scarcity, and the necessity of preventing "extremities;" and, as the following extract from the precept shows, the Companies were threatened with the Queen's displeasure in case of refusal: "By the Mayor.—Forasmuch as all common policy requireth the prevention of extremities, and considering, as you know, the urgent and present necessity, and the lack of provision and other grain for furniture of this so great and populous city, of the want whereof the Queen's Majesty and her most honourable Council are not ignorant, but, having special care and regard to the same, are not a little offended and displeased, with some grief that there hath been no better provision heretofore made, and that presently the city should be no better stored, by reason whereof the prices of corn and grain are much dearer in this city than in any other part of this realm, have not only at sundry times and with gentle means, but also with some terror, as well in the Star Chamber as in other places afore the Council, given as admonition that the same her Majesty's city and chamber may not be unfurnished for lack of good provision." In reply to this the Companies complained that former loans were still unpaid; but the City pleaded that losses had been sustained from the bad quality of some of the wheat they had purchased, and offered to repay the Companies in two thousand quarters of good wheat from Sussex, and the same quantity from their last year's stores.

In 1577 it was debated whether the City should provide stores of corn on loans from the Companies, by orders from the Court of Aldermen, or whether the Companies should provide and keep their own stores; and the result of negotiations on the subject was that the Companies were to find their own stores, which were to be laid up at the Bridge-house, and to be subject to the control of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Mr. Herbert, in the work already quoted, says that the garners at the Bridge-house were divided into twelve parts, which were appropriated by lots to each of the great Companies. They took possession on the 4th of November; and two days afterwards were required to purchase their annual stock, amounting to 5000 quarters, at 28s. the quarter. The City had ten ovens at this place; six of large size, and the remainder one-half less. One of the Sheriffs left 200*l.* in 1516 towards building these ovens. In 1596, the Companies built granaries at their own halls. Two years before there was a prospect of scarcity, and, as there had been large importations of wheat and rye from abroad, Sir John Spencer, the Lord Mayor, obtained an order from the Queen's Council to compel the Companies to purchase some of this foreign supply, but about the same time Sir John Hawkins applied for the use of the City granaries and ovens at the Bridge for the navy. The Lord Mayor urged that, if this request were granted, the Companies would cease to make provision of corn, on the ground that they had no place for storing it; and, for greater security in future, the Companies adopted the plan of keeping their stock at their respective halls.

Soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, the difficulty of keeping up the ancient practice of providing a store of corn appears greatly to have increased. In 1630 the Companies were to forfeit 3*s.* to the poor for every bushel which they had neglected to provide according to their due proportion. In 1631, when ordered to buy wheat and rye from abroad, they refused.

In 1632 the Wardens of some of the Companies who had neglected to store their granaries were committed. With the Tudors had departed many of those restrictions which perhaps had some use in their day; but the greater freedom of trade no longer rendered it necessary for the authorities to supersede the transactions of private dealers. At length, when the system had become almost entirely exhausted and worn out, the Great Fire destroyed the granaries, mills, and ovens at the Bridge and in other parts of the City, and the custom of providing stores of corn was not again resumed.

In undertaking the task of regulating prices in the markets the City authorities were under the necessity of imposing restrictions and framing arbitrary regulations, which at once created the excuse for their interference, and increased the difficulty of doing so in a beneficial manner. The general internal commerce of the country was subject to a host of impediments. Thus at one time the Lord Mayor and Aldermen could not contract with a person at Harwich to purchase wheat for the City in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, without first obtaining a licence from the Lords of the Council. Licences were at the same time required to enable them to contract "with other discreet persons, who were to purchase corn in other parts of the realm where they thought best." In one year of scarcity (1586) the magistrates in the country round London attempted to keep the supply of corn for the consumption of their respective neighbourhoods, and hindered its being brought to London. Strype says that on this occasion the Lord Mayor applied for redress to Lord Burleigh, who was regarded as the City's patron. In 1551 the Lord Mayor wrote to the Lords of the Council to borrow a thousand quarters of wheat for victualling the City, and prayed that it might be exempted from the grasp of the purveyors. The Council agreed to lend the above quantity for three months. To carry out their plans fully, it was necessary for the City to pry narrowly into the operations of the bakers and others. In one year "straight commandment" was given to the bakers not to buy any meal but of the City's store at the Bridge-house, when the quantity which each of them was allowed to take, and the price, were fixed by the Lord Mayor. In 1546 there is an entry to the effect that Henry Hoke, brewer, is to have but 200 quarters of the wheat to be bought of the merchants of the Steel-yard, "albeit that they have sold him more, as they say." These merchants were at one period the sole importers of foreign corn, and in times of scarcity were not allowed to sell either to bakers or brewers without the City's licence. In 1600 no chandler or other person was to harbour in his house any corn but for his own spending, merchants importing corn excepted.

In 1622 the Court came into the City as borrowers of corn. The letter addressed on this occasion by the Duke of Lennox to the Wardens of the Grocers' Company is given in Mr. Herbert's '*History of the Companies*;' and we here reprint it, as a curious illustration of the times:—"To our loving Friends the Wardens and Assistants of the Company of Grocers of the City of London. After our hearty commendations: Whereas, by the neglect of his Majesty's purveyors, his house is at this time altogether unfurnished with wheat, by means whereof there is a present want of one hundred quarters of wheat for the service of his household: we do therefore pray and desire you that out of your stock his Majesty may be supplied with thirty or forty quarters of your best and sweetest wheat

until his own provision may be brought in, the which we do faithfully promise shall be paid unto you again in November next at the furthest; and because it is intended that by the exchange thereof you shall have no loss, we have therefore committed the care thereof to Mr. Harvey, one of his Majesty's officers of the Green Cloth, who shall see the same duly answered and brought into your granary at the time appointed; and so, not doubting of your willing performance upon so present and needful an occasion, we bid you heartily farewell. Your loving friends, Lennox, T. Edmond, J. Sucklinge. Whitehall, 27th September, 1622." The Wardens had either no great quantity of wheat in their granary, or had very little faith in the promises of courtiers, for they debated on the subject a considerable time; and Mr. Harvey, who was in attendance, being called in, he promised "so to mediate that ten quarters should be taken in satisfaction of the whole demand." Whether the loan was repaid or not does not appear.

The following trick was very likely to occur in transactions amongst parties who had not the strong impulse of personal interest to open their eyes to imposition and fraudulent collusions. In 1631 some cunning speculators, who had imported a quantity of rye which did not sell very readily, obtained the ear of the Lords of the Council; and the Lord Mayor being applied to by them, he wrote to the Companies, urging them to buy the importer's stock. He stated that "divers merchants trading to the east countries had of late brought into the kingdom great quantities of corn, being rye, which for quality was as good or better than the growth of this kingdom, though they had no need for it;" but, on the suggestion of the Lords of the Privy Council, the importers were contented to sell it at 8*d.* per bushel less than it cost them; and, for the encouragement of future speculators, the said Lords recommended the Lord Mayor to press the City Companies to buy it at the prices offered, and blamed him for not having compelled them to do so. The Lord Mayor accordingly directed the Companies to buy some of this rye. The Grocers' Company, in reply, prayed to be excused, on the ground that the act of Common Council orders the provision of wheat only, and not rye; they had already furnished the markets at a loss of 400*l.*, and had still 400 quarters in store; and they stated that, even in times of dearth, the poor would not eat barley or rye, either alone or mixed with two-thirds wheat, so that 500 quarters of rye, the proportion they were now called upon to purchase, would require 1800 quarters of wheat to mix with it; and they added that the stores mixed in this way were still on hand; and, lastly, they remarked that both Dutch and English merchants were offering rye at a lower price than that which they were urged to buy.

The ancient ports for landing corn were Queenhithe and Billingsgate, where the customs duties were paid. According to an inquisition in 1302, bakers and others buying corn at Queenhithe paid 1*d.* for the metage, portorage, and carriage. There was a principal meter and eight master-porters, each of whom had three porters under him, who were bound to provide each a horse with seven sacks for carrying the corn away when purchased. The charge for metage and for portorage as far as Newgate, Fleet Bridge, Cripplegate, &c., was 1*d.*, and for places nearer a smaller sum.* A new warehouse was built at Queenhithe

* See No. L., 'The Custom House,' vol. ii. p. 404.

during the sixteenth century for stowing the corn craned out of the barges and lighters, to the building of which Sir John Lion, who had filled the office of Lord Mayor, left the sum of 100*l.* in 1554. In 1565 this warehouse was enlarged at the cost of the City. It appears, however, that quite at the close of the century the corn-market at Queenhithe was nearly deserted, and the meters and porters no longer "lived well of their labours," as they had formerly done. Stow says, writing at this time, that "the bakers of London and other citizens travel into the countries, and buy their corn of the farmers after the farmers' prices."

The corn-market on Cornhill, which gives its name to one of the City wards, and that of St. Michael-le-Quern were the ancient corn-markets of the City. Stow speaks of the one on Cornhill as having been "time out of mind there holden." The proper name of the other was St. Michael-ad-Bladum, or at the Corn, "because," says Stow, "in place thereof was sometime a corn-market." It was at the west-end of Cheapside; and the parish is now united to that of St. Vedast in Foster Lane.

Bread Street, which also gives its name to one of the wards of the City, was anciently the market for bread, though in Stow's time it was wholly inhabited by "rich merchants, and divers fair inns be there." Stow had read, but where he does not state, that in 1396 Basing Lane, a little to the eastward of Bread Street, was once called the Bakehouse, "whether meant for the king's bakehouse, or of bakers dwelling there and baking bread to serve the market in Bread Street, where the bread was sold, I know not." To force traders of all kinds to vend their commodities as far as possible in the open market was the common policy of the middle ages, founded upon a considerate regard for the interests of the poorer classes of consumers; and the tolls were, no doubt, an object of some importance. In 1302, according to Stow, the bakers of London "were bounden to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but in the market." An ordinance of the year 1318 states that they were bound to take the bread in a basket into the King's market, so that, if it were not "competent according to the market of corn, the baker's body should answer for it." The Fellowship of Bakers held four hall-motes during the year to determine respecting "enormities" of which the members of their craft had been guilty. In 1370 a Stratford baker, for making bread less than the assize, was drawn on a hurdle through the streets of the City, with a fool's-cap on his head, and about his neck were suspended his loaves of deficient weight. In the Assize of Bread, given in Arnold's 'Chronicle,' the penny wheat-loaf of Stratford-le-Bow was to weigh six ounces more than the penny wheat-loaf of London, and the penny loaf of Stratford was to be equal in weight to the three-halfpenny wheat-loaf of London. The object of the assize of bread was to compel the bakers to increase the size of their loaves in proportion to the fall in the price of wheat. Thus, according to the assize fixed at the commencement of the last century, when wheat was 30*s.* the quarter the penny loaf was to weigh rather more than sixteen ounces; and when wheat rose to 66*s.*, the weight of the penny loaf was reduced to about seven ounces; a margin of 12*s.* the quarter being allowed for the cost of baking and other charges. The assize of bread for the City of London was regulated by statute in the reign of Queen Anne, and was finally abolished in 1815. It was an ancient

custom of the Bakers' Company to present a loaf of wastel and one of cocket out of the oven to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in which state it was to be weighed. The materials were purchased by four "sworn and discreet men" in the sack, upon the pavement, in each of the three markets of Gross-church, St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and Queenhithe,—a quarter of bread-corn or meal being purchased at each market. The bakers of London were forbidden by ancient ordinances to bake loaves of household bread to sell at more than twopence each, except at Christmas, under the penalty of forfeiting such larger loaves to the poor; and neither they nor others were to utter or sell by retail, except at funerals and at Easter and Christmas, either spice-cakes, buns, biscuits, or other spice-bread.

The bakers of Stratford, to whom allusion has been made, were for several centuries engaged in supplying the city with bread, but they had ceased to frequent it about thirty years before Stow wrote. They bought the corn which came by the river Lea. Stow gives the following account of them:—"Ye shall understand that of old time the bakers of bread at Stratford were allowed to bring daily (except the Sabbath and principal feasts) divers long carts laden with bread, the same being two ounces in the penny wheat-loaf heavier than the penny wheat-loaf baked in the city, the same to be sold in Cheap, three or four carts standing there, between Gutherans (Gutter) Lane and Foster Lane, and one cart on Cornhill, by the Conduit, and one other in Grass Street." The Cheap, or market (now Cheapside), presented scenes as varied and animated during the middle ages as the Toledo of Naples in the present day. The shops in the Cheap resembled sheds, and many of the dealers had simply stalls or standings, for which they paid a rent of from 11*s.* to 28*s.* a-year. Around the old cross of Cheap the mercers sold their spices, drugs, toys, and small wares generally. A number of other dealers had their shops or stalls in the street of Cheap, the appearance of which in the fourteenth century resembled a market or fair. In a time of scarcity the Stratford bread-carts would be surrounded by a clamorous throng, or there would be uproarious hilarity at the sight of the dishonest baker drawn on a hurdle through the busy thoroughfare.

Of the other class whose avocation brings them to the corn-market—the millers—we have not much information. The monks of Rochester had a mill at Southwark before the Conquest, and the Templars had mills on the River Fleet, which, on the complaint of the citizens, were removed in 1199, after inspection by the Mayor and the Constable of the Tower, in consequence of their diverting the stream. In 1255 there were floating mills for grinding corn on the Thames, which were set in motion by the tide. In 1588 the Lord Mayor permitted four corn-mills to be erected on the river at the Bridge-house.

The other ancient corn-markets, besides those of Cornhill and St. Michael-le-Quern, were those at Leadenhall, Newgate, Queenhithe, Graschurch, and Southwark. The situation of the City granaries has already been mentioned. First they were at Leadenhall and the Bridge-house; at the latter place in the first instance for the City only, and then for the twelve great companies, until they kept their stores of corn at their own halls. At one time the City had granaries at Bridewell and at Christchurch.

At the beginning of the last century the metropolitan corn-market was held

at Bear Quay, in Thames Street; Queenhithe was the great market for flour and meal; and the White Horse Inn meal-market, near Holborn Bridge, is mentioned, and is doubtless the one alluded to by Strype as appointed to be held near the river Fleet. The present system of factorage in the corn-trade is stated to have existed only about one hundred and fifty years. The traditional report of its origin ascribes it to the custom of a number of Essex farmers, who frequented an inn at Whitechapel, leaving with the landlord or waiter samples of the corn and grain, of which they had small parcels unsold, with a commission to sell for them, and thus they were not compelled to attend the next market. The predecessor of one of the oldest houses now in the trade, in beginning to sell by commission, had a stand on Tower Hill, and in the course of a few years the number who were profitably engaged in the same way had so much increased, that the old Corn Exchange in Mark Lane was projected and opened in 1747. Eighty years afterwards a second Corn Exchange was contemplated, and was opened in 1828. The two buildings adjoin each other, in Mark Lane.

The lower part of the Old Corn Exchange consists of an open colonnade, with modern Doric pillars very singularly placed. There are windows in the two stories forming the upper part of the building. The interior forms a court in which the factors have their stands. In a critical work on the 'Edifices of London,' by W. H. Leeds, Esq., it is remarked of this building that it might pass for the model of the *atrium*, or place of audience, in a Pompeian house, with its *impluvium* (the space in the centre in which the rain fell). The New Corn Exchange is in the Grecian Doric style. It is favourably situated for so narrow a locality, being placed at a bend of the street, so that the stranger comes upon it unawares, and it presents several features of originality in design and other points of interest to the architectural student, which are elaborately criticised in the work of Mr. Leeds just alluded to. The interior is lighted by a lantern with vertical lights in the centre space within the columns, and the compartments on each side have skylights in their ceilings. The stands of the corn-factors, to the number of eighty and upwards, are along the sides of the building. On them are placed small bags and wooden bowls with samples of different kinds of grain, and behind is a desk for the factor or his clerk, with something of the convenience of a counting-house. Lightermen and granary-keepers have stands as well as corn-merchants, factors, and millers. The seed market is held in another part of the building. In the north wing is a tavern and coffee-room, and the opening in the south side of the other wing communicates with the Old Corn Exchange.

The metropolitan market for corn, grain, and seeds is now entirely confined to Mark Lane. The market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the first being by far the busiest day of the three; and the hours of business are from ten to three. A bargain does not become valid until an hour after the commencement of business on the next market-day. The general commercial reader will perhaps be interested in knowing that wheat is paid for in bills at one month, and all other descriptions of corn and grain in bills at two months. But the Kentish "hoymen," who may be distinguished by their sailors' jackets, are privileged by the custom of the market to sell for ready money, though of course they sell only what they bring up themselves. They have stands free of expense, and pay less for metage and dues than others. The Essex dealers also enjoy some privileges.

Their origin, in both cases, is said to have been in consideration of the men of Kent and Essex having continued to supply the City at a time when it was ravaged by the plague.

On the arrival of a cargo of corn or grain in the river it is subject to a variety of regulations which are but little known out of the trade. Whether it be from our own ports or from a foreign country, a number of dues are collected by the City authorities, under the several heads of water-baillage, groundage, Lord Mayor's and cocket dues. The city claims by prescription the right of measuring corn, as well as several other articles which enter the port of London, and the crew are not permitted to undertake this duty, but it is performed by the sworn corn-meters and the fellowship porters. In 1833 the total charge upon the public for metage of corn was 23,626*l.*, out of which the City derived a net profit of 5819*l.* The number of corn-meters is one hundred and fifty. They are appointed by a committee of the corporation of London, called the Coal and Corn Committee, and attend daily at their office in Tower Street and Brook's Wharf, to be at all times ready for whoever requires their services. The senior meters have the choice of work, and the junior is obliged to undertake whatever is offered, though he may sometimes be a loser by the job, as he may be required to measure a small quantity of corn in any part of the river between Staines and Yantlet Creek. The fellowship porters are three thousand in number, and are appointed by the Alderman of Billingsgate Ward, who is ex-officio Governor of the Fellowship. They have a prescriptive right to the portorage of all corn, fruit, salt, potatoes, &c., coming into the port of London; and the number always at work is about fifteen hundred. The seniors have the choice of work in the same manner as the coal-meters. These two bodies show what the ancient state of industry was in England when nearly each sort of employment was surrounded by certain privileges and monopolies. A provision is made for the corn-meters when they become old and infirm, and this is done out of the metage charges. All the corn and grain from Kent, most part of that from Essex, and part of that from Suffolk, is brought to London in sacks. Foreign and Irish corn, English oats and barley, and peas and beans, are brought in loose bulk. The quantity brought in each ship varies from 200 to as many as 2500 quarters, and even 3000 quarters. The vessels from Kent and Essex bring from 300 to 500 quarters at a time; those from Norfolk and Suffolk average 500 or 600 quarters; and from Ireland



[Thames Corn Barge.]

the quantity varies from 700 to 1100 or 1200 quarters. The largest cargoes are brought from the Baltic and Odessa. About $37\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of wheat, or 4 quarters $5\frac{1}{2}$ bushels, weigh a ton—about 45 bushels of barley, and 55 or 56 bushels of oats, while beans and peas are rather heavier than wheat. The cargo of a Kentish hoy sometimes belongs to as many as twenty different farmers.

When the ship is ready for delivery, the meter, and seven or sometimes eight of the fellowship porters, go on board. Two of the latter dip into the bulk with their concave wooden shovels, and the meter completes the filling up of the bushel, when one of the two porters passes the strike over the surface, and a third holds the sack into which the other two pour the contents of the bushel, which is hoisted up by the three porters on the deck, one of whom bears it over the ship's side. It is shot into the lighter in loose bulk, and, on arriving at the granary, it is again measured, and carried in sacks to the floor where it is intended to be stored, when it is again shot loose. When sold, the buyer sends sacks for it to the granary, and another measuring takes place. The meter and his attendants are able to measure 600 or 700 quarters of oats a-day, and even 800 quarters a-day are occasionally measured; but it is a good day's work to measure 450 quarters of barley or 400 quarters of wheat. When wheat arrives in sacks it is measured at the rate of 70 an hour, containing 35 quarters. To accomplish this the meter and his seven or eight men are required to be very active. Four men are employed in the hold, and three men and the meter are on deck. Two of the former raise the sack, and at the same instant the other two place the slings under it, and immediately those on deck hoist it up, the contents are poured into the bushel, and the meter passes the strike over the surface. Two of the three men hold the bushel, the third holds the sack, which, as soon as filled, is hoisted over the side of the vessel.

The granaries are lofty and spacious buildings of six or seven floors or stories, those of the largest kind being capable of holding from six to seven thousand quarters of corn on each floor; but the granaries, of course, vary in size, some only being able to contain two or three thousand quarters. They are numerous about Bermondsey and Shad Thames, where the largest are; but there are granaries on each side of the river from Greenwich to Vauxhall. Those in which foreign corn is bonded are places of greater security, and admit of the regulations of the Custom House being strictly followed. The granaries adjacent to the Commercial Docks are chiefly used for foreign corn, and some, though not any large quantity, is stored in the warehouses at each of the docks. The peculiar restrictions relating to the importation of foreign corn sometimes render it expedient to keep it in the granary for several years, the fluctuating duty ranging so high that, with all the charges upon it, it cannot be liberated at a profit. Four or five years ago above 2000 quarters of wheat were thrown into the river rather than the owners would submit to pay the high duty or keep it for a longer period subject to granary rent and other charges. In the last four years the duty has sunk to the lowest point during one week in each year, and this event being foreseen, or perhaps being designedly brought about by the merchants and importers withholding supplies in anticipation of the rise of prices and the fall of duty, an immense quantity of corn is suddenly taken out of bond the moment the duty sinks. Above two million quarters of wheat were

liberated in September and October, 1841, a large proportion of which would be bonded in the port of London. The week in which the duty falls to the lowest point is the harvest of the speculator, to which he has long looked anxiously forward. The arrival of ships from abroad is now an object of the utmost solicitude, as a few hours may make a difference of several thousand pounds to a large importer. The number of corn-vessels which do arrive is so great that warehouses, granaries, and the river itself in many places, is completely blocked up; but the large quantity suddenly brought into the market depresses prices, the duty mounts again, and a vessel which arrives on a Friday instead of a Thursday not only loses the advantage of the low duty and high prices, but the cargo may have to remain for months in the granary. The expense of granary-rent and fire-insurance is about 5s. per week on one hundred quarters of wheat. Corn and grain, the produce of our own soil, is kept in the granary as well to improve its condition as to wait the chance of favourable markets. By being frequently turned and screened it becomes hard and better adapted for grinding, and though it loses in measure it gains in weight. The expense of turning and screening a hundred quarters of wheat is about 2s. per week.

The number of establishments which are engaged in supplying the metropolis with corn and grain, seeds, malt, flour, meat, and bread is as follows, according to the Post-Office Directory for 1842:—Corn-merchants 75; corn and flour factors 138; corn-dealers 243; millers 26; bakers 1375; confectioners 285. The number of bakers in Paris is about 600, and, the population of London being twice as great, there is about the same proportion of bakers to the inhabitants in each capital; but the proportion of the latter is rather greater in Paris, and the baker there does not enjoy that profitable part of the business which his brethren in London do, namely, that of baking the dinners of thousands of families, but he confines himself to his loaves and “fancy” breads. The bakers of Paris are compelled to have a certain quantity of flour in store at the Grenier de Reserve ou d’Abondance, besides keeping up the stock in their shops to a fixed amount. This is the commercial policy of an age which has not yet learnt to rely upon the ever-active agency of self-interest. All such regulations are mischievous, since they are attempts to supersede a principle which operates more advantageously for society than any artificial rules devised by human wisdom. Dr. Whately remarks of this principle, that, “if the time should ever arrive when the structure of human society, and all the phenomena connected with it, shall be as well understood as astronomy and physiology, it will be regarded as exhibiting even more striking instances of Divine wisdom;” and he bids us mark the insuperable difficulties which ensue when an attempt is made to set it aside, and the admirable order which results from its being allowed perfect freedom of action in all commercial operations. “Let any one,” he says, “propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city as our metropolis. Any considerable failure in the supply, even for a single day, might produce the most frightful distress, since the spot on which they are cantoned produces absolutely nothing. Some, indeed, of the articles consumed admit of being reserved in public or private stores for a considerable time; but many, including most articles of animal food, and many of vegetable, are of the most perishable nature. As a deficient supply of these, even for a few days,

would occasion great inconvenience, so a redundancy of them would produce a corresponding waste. Moreover, it is essential that the supplies should be distributed among the different quarters, so as to be brought almost to the doors of the inhabitants; at least within such a distance that they may, without an inconvenient waste of time and labour, procure their daily shares. Moreover, whereas the supply of provisions for an army or garrison is comparatively uniform in kind, here the greatest possible *variety* is required, suitable to the wants of various classes of consumers. Again, this immense population is extremely fluctuating in numbers; and the increase or diminution depends on causes, of which, though some may, others cannot, be distinctly foreseen. Lastly, and above all, the daily supplies of each article must be as nicely adjusted to the stock from which it is drawn—to the scanty, or more or less abundant, harvest—importation—or other source of supply—to the interval which is to elapse before a fresh stock can be furnished, and to the probable abundance of the new supply, that as little distress as possible may be undergone; that, on the one hand, the population may not unnecessarily be put upon short allowance of any article, and that, on the other hand, they may be preserved from the more dreadful risk of famine, which would ensue from their continuing a free consumption when the store was insufficient to hold out.”



[Interior of the Old Corn Exchange.]



[The Chapel.]

LXXIV.—ELY PLACE.

PAUSING the other day on Holborn Hill to mark the gallant efforts of a team of horses to draw some more than usually heavy load up the steep acclivity, and wondering if this dangerous nuisance would ever be removed, our eyes, as they turned away from the contemplation of the painful and apparently hopeless task, fell upon a printed notice, which stated that divine worship was duly performed at certain periods in *St. Etheldreda's Chapel*. The notice was attached to the iron gates enclosing the quiet and respectable-looking locality known as Ely Place, immediately opposite *St. Andrew's Church and Churchyard*, where rests in death poor Chatterton. And who was *St. Etheldreda*? A Saxon saint? And why had a modern Chapel been dedicated to such an antique personage? Or was the Chapel of *St. Etheldreda* a relic of the once famous Palace of the Bishops of Ely? We may here observe that it is a peculiarity of London, that whilst few cities are richer with the "spoils of time," there are none which, having such wealth, present to the cursory glance fewer evidences of it. The progress of street improvements, the rage for building wherever a vacant space could be pounced upon, and the little reverence felt for edifices having no claims of the strictly useful kind to put forward, have all conspired to destroy a thousand

interesting vestiges of the past, and to shut up the remainder in all sorts of corners and bye-ways. In passing from one extremity of London to another, say from Whitechapel to Hyde Park Corner, or from Kennington Common to Islington, one scarcely sees half a dozen edifices that directly remind us of events above a century or two old; but, at the same time, let us suddenly stop in almost any part of our wanderings, and inquire what memories of an older time do hang about the neighbourhood, and we are almost sure to find it rife with associations of the deepest interest; and if we step into the next solitary-looking street or alley, there is a very fair chance of our lighting upon some building which, however previously unfamiliar to the material eye, has often risen upon our imagination, crowded with the actors in a memorable story.

In looking on St. Etheldreda's Chapel, which stands a little back from the houses, near the centre on the left hand, we perceive very plainly in its age and the beauty of the single but very large window which forms the front before us, that its antique name is no pretence, and that it is doubtless the episcopal and palatial building. But how altered in every other respect is the entire aspect of the neighbourhood, even from what it was only seventy years ago! Let us imagine ourselves entering the precincts from Holborn at some such period. The original gate-house, where the Bishop's armed retainers were wont to keep watch and ward in the old style, was now gone, and we entered from Holborn at once upon a small paved court, having on the right various offices supported by a colonnade, and on the left a wall dividing the court from the garden. The garden of Ely Place! Does not that word recall to our readers the incident which, having found its way into the pages of our great poet, has made Ely Place a household word, and given to the locality a charm that will outlive all local changes, and make it still famous when not one stone shall remain upon another of anything that belonged to Ely Place? We allude of course to Richard III. (then Duke of Gloucester) and the strawberries. How closely Shakspeare followed the historical truth, we see in the following passage from Holinshed, where he describes the scene in the Tower which ended in the sudden execution of Hastings:—"On the Friday (being the 13th of June) many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the King's (the young Edward V.'s) coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the Protector (Gloucester) came in amongst them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily, that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, 'My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly,' my lord, quoth he; 'would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that!' And therewithal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries:" a curious preliminary to the murderous act which the Protector was then meditating. The Bishop himself was that same morning arrested with Lord Stanley and others by the strawberry-loving Gloucester. This garden seems to have been altogether an object of care with the episcopal owners; for, at a later period, we

shall find the Bishop, when obliged to grant it on a lease to Sir Christopher Hatton, stipulating for the right of walking in it, and of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.

Passing from the court we reached the entrance to the great hall, which extended along in front and to our left. This fine edifice, measuring about 30 feet in height, 32 in breadth, and 72 in length, was originally built with stone, and the roof covered with lead. The interior, lighted by six fine Gothic windows, was very interesting. It had its ornamental timber roof, its tiled and probably originally chequered floor, its oaken screen at one end, and its dais at the other; and when filled with some of the brilliant and picturesque-looking crowds that have met under its roof, must have presented a magnificent spectacle. Here "old John of Gaunt," when driven from the Savoy by Wat Tyler and his associates, who burnt it, exercised no doubt the hospitality common to the great barons of the feudal ages, in all its prodigality: he died in the palace, in 1399. And here have been held some of the most memorable of feasts: those formerly given by the newly-elected serjeants of law. The one of Michaelmas Term, 1464, is only noticeable from the circumstance, that when the Lord Mayor came to the banquet, and found a certain nobleman, Grey of Ruthin, then Lord Treasurer of England, advanced to the chief seat of state, instead of himself, as according to custom he conceived ought to have been done, he marched off with all his aldermen to his own house, where he compensated his faithful adherents by a splendid banquet. But some of the other serjeants' feasts at Ely Place were attended by features of greater interest. Thus at the one which took place in 1495, Henry VII. was present with his Queen. This was one of the occasions on which the victor of Bosworth strove to correct a little the effect of his sordid habits, his general seclusion, and his gloomy, inscrutable nature, which altogether prevented him from obtaining the popularity which is agreeable to most monarchs, even to those the least inclined to purchase it at any considerable cost. "The King," says his great historian Bacon, "to honour the feast, was present with his Queen at the dinner; being a prince that was ever ready to grace and countenance the professors of the law; having a little of that that as he governed his subjects by his laws, so he governed his laws by his lawyers." The last incident of this kind that we shall mention was also one of the most splendid; and the particulars preserved in connection with it afford some curious glimpses of the economy of a great dinner in those days. In 1531 eleven new serjeants were made at once, and it was determined that the feast should be proportionably splendid. As Stow remarks, it were "tedious" to set down the entire "preparation of fish, flesh, and other victuals spent in this feast, and would seem incredible" if we did: we therefore extract a few only of the items which composed this gigantic bill of fare, and which are interesting as showing how the relative value of money and provisions have altered. There were twenty-four "great beefs," or oxen, at 26*s.* 8*d.* each, and one at 24*s.*; one hundred "fat muttons," at 2*s.* 10*d.*; fifty-one "great veals," at 4*s.* 8*d.*; thirty-four "porks" (or boars), at 3*s.* 3*d.*; ninety-one pigs, at 6*d.*; ten dozen "capons of Greece of one poultier," 1*s.* 8*d.*; nine dozen and six capons of Kent, at 1*s.*; innumerable pullets, at 2*d.* and 2½*d.*, pigeons at 2*d.*, and larks 5*d.* the dozen; and, lastly, there were fourteen dozen swans at a price not mentioned. The entertainment lasted five days; and on Monday, the principal

day (13th November), the King, Henry VIII., and his Queen, Catherine, dined with the Serjeants, "*but in two chambers,*" parenthetically remarks Stow. At this very time the final measures were in progress for the divorce of the unhappy Queen, and the marriage with Anne Boleyn. Besides these distinguished personages, the foreign ambassadors honoured the Serjeants with their presence, who had also a chamber to themselves. In the hall sat, at the chief table, Nicholas Lambard, the Lord Mayor; the question of precedence having evidently been decided in favour of the civic dignitary. With him were the Judges, Barons of the Exchequer, and certain Aldermen. The Master of the Rolls and the Master of the Chancery were supported at the board on the south side by numerous worshipful citizens; whilst on the north side of the hall sat more aldermen, with merchants and others. And these filled the lower part of the hall. The remainder, comprising knights, esquires, and gentlemen, were placed in the gallery, in the cloisters, which extended round a large quadrangle behind the hall, and, still more room being demanded, in the chapel. At the same time all the different crafts of London banqueted in their halls; whilst, curious enough, the parties chiefly concerned, the Serjeants of Law and their wives, kept in their own chamber.

Animating and picturesque as must have been the hall of Ely Place at such times, there was yet one other period when it must have exhibited a scene almost without parallel. Here were arranged all the details of that famous masque, with its attendant anti-masque, which we have already briefly noticed in our account of Whitehall* (reserving the detailed description of its principal features—the arrangement and the procession—for the present paper), and from hence it departed. Not the least interesting circumstances attending this splendid pageant are the character and position of the men who, as we shall presently perceive, had the management of the affair, and of him who has made himself its historian. This is Whitelock, the learned and estimable lawyer, who, during the period preceding, comprising, and following the Commonwealth, enjoyed the respect of all parties, and has left us one of the most valuable records of the momentous events he witnessed and participated in. His heart was evidently in this masque and anti-masque, from the pains he takes to describe it, and the space he devotes to it in his great work. The year before the getting up of the masque Prynne had published his '*Histrio-Mastix*,' just mentioned—a tremendous invective against plays and players, masques and masquers, and generally against sport and amusement of every kind. The Queen Henrietta Maria, about the same time, acted a part in a play or pastoral with her maids of honour, so that Prynne's remarks told personally against the court; and to this circumstance, as well as to his being in Laud's hands, may be attributed the infamous severity of Prynne's punishment. But before that punishment took place, the members of the four Inns of Court designing a masque "as an expression of their love and duty to their majesties," it was whispered to them from the court "that it would be well taken from them; and some held it the more seasonable, because this action would manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning, and serve to confute his '*Histrio-Mastix*' against interludes." So the benchers "agreed to have this solemnity performed in the noblest and most

* Vol. i. p. 351.

stately manner that could be invented." Two members from each house were accordingly chosen to form together a committee, among whom were Whitelock himself, Edward Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon), and Selden. These set to work; each member undertaking some particular portion of the important whole, Whitelock's share being the music, and very indefatigable in his vocation, as well as proud of it, he seems to have been. He thus shows us how he performed his task. "I made choice," he says, "of Mr. Simon Ivy, an honest and able musician, of excellent skill in his art, and of Mr. Lawes (a name familiar to every lover of Milton), to compose the airs, lessons, and songs for the masque, and to be master of all the music under me." He goes on to say what meetings he had of "English, French, Italians, Germans, and other masters of music; forty lutes at one time, beside other instruments in concert." At last, all being prepared, one Candlemas day in the afternoon, "the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, according to order, met at Ely House in Holborn; there the grand committee sat all day to order all affairs; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall." In reading the following description, we must not forget to keep in view all through it the dark background of a winter evening, and the crowds of spectators lining the whole way from the gates of Ely House to those of Whitehall:—

"The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries, with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other: these were the Marshal's men, who made way, and were about the Marshal, waiting his commands. After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the Marshal, then Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the King: he was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman. He was mounted upon one of the King's best horses and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious; his horsemanship very gallant; and, besides his Marshal's men, he had two lackeys who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him carrying his cloak. After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the inns of court, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies; every one of them was mounted on the best horses and with the best furniture that the King's stables and the stables of all the noblemen in town would afford, and they were forward on this occasion to lend them to the inns of court. Every one of these hundred gentlemen was in very rich clothes, scarce anything but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys waiting on him in his livery by his horse's side: the lackeys carried torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England. After the horsemen came the anti-masquers, and, as the horsemen had their music—about a dozen of the best trumpeters proper for them, and in their livery, sounding before them,—so the first anti-masque, being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs, and the

like, snapping, and yet playing in a concert before them. These beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest, leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt-carts or elsewhere : and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses as went before them, unto their proper music and pitiful horses, made both of them more pleasing. The habits and properties of these cripples and beggars were most ingeniously fitted (as of all the rest) by the committee's direction, wherein (as in the whole business) Mr. Attorney Noy, Sir John Finch, Sir Edward Herbert, Mr. Selden, those great and eminent persons, and all the rest of the committee, had often meetings, and took extraordinary care and pains in the ordering of this business, and it seemed a pleasure to them. After the beggars' anti-masque came men on horseback, playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert, and were followed by the anti-masque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster about the owl, gazing as it were upon her : these were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them with torches in their hands, and there were some besides to look unto the children ; and this was very pleasant to the beholders. After this anti-masque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music, speaking the following anti-masque of projectors to be of the Scotch and northern quarters ; and these, as all the rest, had many footmen with torches waiting on them. First in this anti-masque rode a fellow upon a little horse with a great bit in his month, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a projector, who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with such bits as they should buy of him. Then came another fellow, with a bunch of carrots upon his head and a capon upon his fist, describing a projector, who begged a patent of monopoly as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this anti-masque ; and it pleased the spectators the more because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law ; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this anti-masque of projectors." After this and the rest of the anti-masques were passed followed chariots with musicians, chariots with heathen gods and goddesses, then more chariots with musicians, " playing upon excellent and loud music," and going immediately next before the first grand masquer's chariot. This " was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved, and painted with an exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion." Its colours were silver and crimson, " the chariot was all over painted richly with these colours, even the wheels of it, most artificially laid on, and the carved work of it was as curious for that art, and it made a stately show. It was drawn with four horses, all on breast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks ; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion of the same stuff and

colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn, their habits, doublets, trunk-hose, and caps of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed, large white silk-stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which with the torches gave such a lustre to the paintings, the spangles, and habits, that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious." Similar chariots similarly occupied followed from each of the other three inns of court, the only difference being in the colours. And thus the procession reached Whitehall, where the king, from a window of the Banqueting House, (perhaps the very one through which he passed afterwards to the scaffold,) beheld, with his queen, the whole pageant pass before him; and so delighted were the royal spectators, that a message was sent to the marshal, requesting him to conduct the procession round the Tilt Yard opposite, that they might have a second view. This done they entered the palace, where the masque, to which all this was but as a preliminary, began; "and," says Whitelock, "was incomparably performed in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes; the dances, figures, properties; the voices, instruments, songs, airs, and composures; the words and actions were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts." Henrietta Maria was so charmed with everything, that she determined to have the whole repeated shortly after. The night, or rather, we presume, morning, ended with dances, in which the queen and her ladies of honour were led out by the principal masquers. The expenses of this spectacle were not less than 21,000*l.*; "some of the musicians had 100*l.* a-piece, so that the whole charge of the music came to about 1000*l.*"

Continuing our view of the palatial remains as they were seventy years ago:—



[Remains of the Palace, 1772.]

beyond the hall, and touching it at the north-west corner, were the cloisters, enclosing a quadrangle nearly square, of great size, and having in the midst a small garden, made perhaps after the grant of the principal garden to Hatton. Over the cloisters were long, antique-looking galleries, with the doors and windows of various apartments appearing at the back: in the latter traces of painted glass, the remnants of former splendour, were still visible. Lastly, at the north-west corner of the cloisters, *in a field* planted with trees and surrounded with a wall, stood the chapel, now the only remain of all that we have described, and of the still more numerous buildings that at one time constituted the palace of the Bishops of Ely. From this description we perceive the changes that seventy years have wrought; and we may here observe, as a passing illustration of the general history of the neighbourhood, that in the maps of London, of the date of 1560, we see on this side of Holborn only a single row of houses with gardens at the back; we see Field Lane, as a lane, merely opening to the fields; whilst Saffron Hill stands in a fair meadow, with a footpath across it, and bounded by Turnmill Brook and the wall of the garden of Ely Place.

The subjects that have hitherto engaged our attention—the feasts and the masque—were incidental occurrences in the records of the Palace, having no connexion with any of the objects of its foundation. These we have accordingly dismissed first, and may now pursue, without interruption, the more direct history.

The earliest notice of Ely Place refers to the concluding part of the thirteenth century. John de Kirkeby, appointed Bishop of Ely in 1286, left by will a messuage and nine cottages to form the foundation of a residence for his successors, suitable to their rank. The next bishop, De Luda, who died in 1297, still further carried out the views of his predecessor, and most probably erected the chapel; as we find that a bequest, contained in his will, was accompanied with the condition that his immediate successor should give one thousand marks for the support of three chaplains: De Luda himself left houses for them. The chapel was dedicated to St. Etheldreda, the patron saint of the cathedral church of Ely, and a noticeable personage. She was the daughter of Anna, King of the West Angles, and was born about 630 in Suffolk. She had two husbands, her first being Tonbert, an East Anglian nobleman, her second Egfrid, King of Northumberland; but she persevered, “with both husbands, to live in a state of virginity.” Having obtained Egfrid’s consent to her retirement from court, she took the veil; and, when her husband again brought her to his home, she fled to the Isle of Ely, part of her dower with her first husband, Tonbert. Here she began the erection of the cathedral, assisted by her brother Adulphus, King of the East Angles. “Bede informs us that from Etheldreda’s entering upon her office as abbess, she never wore any linen, but only woollen garments; that she usually ate only once a-day, except on the greater festivals, or in times of sickness; and, if her health permitted, she never returned to bed after matins, which were held at midnight, but continued her prayers in the church till break of day. Her sanctity, and the discipline observed in her monastery, recommended this austerity of life to the esteem of many, and gained abundance of converts. Persons of the noblest families, and matrons of the highest rank, devoted themselves to religion under her government; and some even of royal state thought

proper to quit their high station to become members of her society: as her eldest sister, Sexburga, Queen of Kent; Ermenilda, the daughter of Sexburga, Queen of Mercia; and Wurburga, the daughter of Ermenilda; all of whom are stated to have been members of the monastery in the lifetime of Etheldreda, and to have succeeded her in their order as abbesses of Ely.* She died, as good a saint as she had lived, of a contagious disorder, which she had foretold would carry away herself and a certain number of her household; and was buried, by her express orders, in a wooden coffin, in the common cemetery of the nuns.

Bishop Hotham was the next benefactor to the episcopal residence, and by him the whole appears to have been first brought into a state of completeness. Camden speaks of Ely Place as "well beseeeming bishops to live in; for which they were beholden to John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely under King Edward III." Among the other and subsequent prelates who have contributed largely to its extension or improvement is the well-known Arundel, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who expended great sums here in repairing and adorning the whole, and who erected a handsome and large front towards Holborn, in the stone-work of which his arms remained in Stow's time. And thus by various individuals, and at different times, was Ely Place at last made one of the most splendid of metropolitan mansions. And now, following the usual course of most history, which, as soon as it has described the rise and complete prosperity of its subject, whether empires, institutions, or, as in the present case, an individual edifice, has immediately to trace the successive steps of the decline and fall, we pass on to narrate the proceedings which form the most interesting portions of the history of Ely Place.

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth an act was passed, empowering the Queen, on any episcopal or archiepiscopal vacancy, to take any lands belonging to the see, paying the value in tenths and impropriate rectories. This bill was opposed by various ecclesiastics, and among them one who was destined to be a victim to the exercise of the power. This was Dr. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely. Whilst this prelate held the see, there came one day to court, in a masque, a gentleman who attracted Elizabeth's particular attention, it is said for his elegant person and graceful dancing, but also, probably, for the vivacity and entertainment of his conversation. This was a young Templar, who had already distinguished himself among his companions, as one of the authors of the tragedy of 'Tancred and Gismund,' performed by the society to which he belonged before the Queen in 1568. Elizabeth now made him one of her Pensioners, next a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, then Captain of the Guard, Vice-Chancellor, and Privy Counsel; and, lastly, to the astonishment of every body, Sir Christopher Hatton appeared as Lord Chancellor. The lawyers were unable to stifle their indignation. They thought, with Fuller, "he rather took a bait than made a meal at the inns of court, whilst he studied the laws therein;" and yet he was raised to the highest honours of the profession! Some of the serjeants at law refused to plead before him. But Hatton, though neither a deeply read nor an eminently practical lawyer, had sagacity and firmness enough to hold at

* 'Monasticon,' vol. i. p. 457.

once his place, and prove himself in effect qualified for it. In all doubtful cases he was accustomed to have the advice of one or two legal friends who possessed what he was deficient of; and the result was, after all, that Lord Chancellor Hatton's decisions held by no means a low reputation in the courts of law. It was whilst Sir Christopher was in the high road to prosperity, but some years before he attained the Chancellorship, that he took a fancy to a portion of Ely Place as a residence, and induced the Queen to be his negotiator. Bishop Cox was unwilling, but who can say "No" to a Queen, unless, indeed, in the last extremity? So, on the 20th of March, 1576, Sir Christopher's heart was gladdened with a grant of "the gatchouse of the palace (except two rooms used as prisons for those who were arrested or delivered in execution to the bishop's bailiff, and the lower rooms used for the porter's lodge); the first court-yard within the gate-house to the long gallery, dividing it from the second; the stables there; the long gallery, with the rooms above and below it, and some others; fourteen acres of land; and the keeping the gardens and orchards for twenty-one years, paying at Midsummer Day a red rose for the gate-house and gardens, and for the ground ten loads of hay and ten pounds per annum; the bishop reserving to himself and his successors free access through the gate-house, walking in the gardens, and to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly." Sir Christopher immediately entered upon possession, bought some little tenements near it, and laid out nearly two thousand pounds in the improvement of the estate. This done, Sir Christopher thought he should very much like to have the property in perpetuity, instead of by the tenure of a few years' lease, so he once more goes to the Queen, and desires her good offices. The mode in which "good Queen Bess" set to work is very striking: she simply wrote to the bishop, modestly desiring him to demise the premises to her, till he or his successors should pay 1995*l.* to Sir Christopher (the sum he had expended), as well as whatever he might afterwards expend on the property. The bishop's answer was straightforward, and befitting the dignity of his position. He said "that they should want an orchard and ground, and that they should be too much straitened; but that in his conscience he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege. That when he became Bishop of Ely, he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling. These he received by the Queen's favour from his predecessors; and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer. That he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of kings and princes, and, in effect, rescind their last testaments. He put the Queen in mind of that rule of nature and of God, not to do that to another which one would not have done to one's self; and that the profit of one is not to be increased by the damage of another—nay, he told her that he could scarcely justify those princes which transferred things appointed for pious uses unto uses less pious."* He was, however, obliged to submit to a conveyance of the property to the Queen, who was to re-convey it to Hatton, but on the condition that the whole should be redeemable on the payment of the sum laid out by Hatton. And this was all the bishop would do: no amount of persecution (and he was subjected to so

* Maitland, vol. ii. p. 978.

much that he more than once besought leave to resign) could bend him into a final alienation of the property. Sir Christopher, however, had succeeded to a certain extent in obtaining his wishes, and during the remainder of his life continued, when convenient, to reside here. Gray's picture of Hatton in his manor-house at Stoke Pogis would, no doubt, be equally applicable to many a scene in Ely House before the royal favour began to change.

“ Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.”

But Elizabeth, among a few other unamiable qualities, possessed more than a touch of avarice; and the Lord Chancellor being injudicious enough to put her love for him in the one scale, and a debt of some forty thousand pounds in the other, was at once cured of any conceit that her numerous favours might have generated. There is a touch of homely pathos in the passage in which Fuller alludes to the close of the Chancellor's fortunes and life, which makes one forget the apparently inherent weakness of character then exhibited. The quaint but excellent biographer of the ‘Worthies,’ says,—“It broke his heart that the Queen (which seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts) rigorously demanded the present payment of some arrears which Sir Christopher did not hope to have remitted, but did only desire to be forborne; failing herein in his expectation, it went to his heart, and cast him into a mortal disease. The Queen afterwards did endeavour what she could to recover him, bringing, as some say, cordial-broths unto him with her own hands, but all would not do. Thus no pulleys can draw up a heart once cast down, though a Queen herself should set her hand thereunto.” His death took place in Ely House in 1591.

The Queen had had much trouble in inducing Cox to consent to the arrangement we have mentioned, and his successor in the see, Dr. Martin Heton, seemed equally disinclined to fulfil it when it was made; so in a fit of fury the Virgin Queen sat down and penned one of the most characteristic of epistles. It was short, but it is difficult to see how more could have been expressed in the longest epistle.

“ Proud Prelate!

“ You know what you was before I made you what you are now; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by G—d I will unfrock you.

“ ELIZABETH.”

The exact nature of the request here referred to, or of the answer, does not seem to be recorded; but we find, during the term of the good Bishop Andrews, who was translated from Ely to Winchester, some attempt was made to pay off the mortgage; and finally Bishop Wren, the uncle of the illustrious architect, tendered the money and obtained a sentence in the Court of Requests against the

then possessor of the property, Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the widow of the Chancellor's nephew, who had inherited his estates and title. But this was in the time of the Long Parliament, before which Wren was impeached; and this arrangement (for Lady Hatton agreed to deliver up the property on payment of the sums laid out), coming to its knowledge, was stopped, and a resolution passed that "the estate of the Lady Hatton, being good in law, is not redeemable in equity, nor subject to the said pretended trust." Wren was imprisoned for nearly twenty years, during which time almost the whole of the palatial buildings, with the exception of those described in the early part of this paper as standing in the last century, were pulled down, and the famous garden built into the present *Hutton Garden*. In the same period certain parts of the edifice had been used by the parliament both as a prison and a hospital; so that when Bishop Wren, at the Restoration, was freed from prison and returned to his home here, we may imagine the desolate appearance of everything. He had begun his residence at Ely Place with the hope of restoring entire to the see the half-alienated Hatton property; he ended it with the conviction that it was not only for ever lost, but that the remainder of the property was so injured as to be really unfit any longer for its purposes. He commenced a lawsuit, which, after dragging its slow length along through the remainder of his life and the term of the next three bishops, was only settled in that of the fourth bishop, Patrick, by the latter consenting to accept a fee farm rent of the value of 100*l.* a-year.

We have incidentally referred to Lady Elizabeth Hatton, but that lady must not be dismissed so summarily. Ely Place, or rather the portion of it which she occupied, and which was called Hatton House, possesses some memorable recollections in connexion with her history. At the death of her first husband, Sir William Newport, who on the death of his uncle took the name of Hatton, she was young, very beautiful, of eccentric manner, and a most vixenish temper. She was rich withal, and wooers were numerous. Among them came two remarkable men, already rivals in their profession, and now to be rivals in a tenderer pursuit: these were Coke and Bacon. And some noticeable scenes must have no doubt taken place in Hatton House during the progress of this remarkable courtship. How Lady Hatton's two distinguished lovers hated each other we know, before this new fuel was added to the flame. Both were powerfully supported. Coke had been already appointed Attorney-General by the Queen, in spite of the most powerful efforts of the ill-fated Earl of Essex to obtain the appointment for Bacon, so that he was already on the high road to fortune; on the other hand, Bacon's ever-faithful friend—alas! that it should have to be remembered how ungratefully he was rewarded!—Essex, pleaded personally his cause with the beautiful widow and with her mother. To the latter he says in one of his letters, "If she were my sister or my daughter, I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you;" and again in another, "If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him than with men of far greater titles." Essex, in these last words, had hit the right mark; it was the "greater titles," most probably, that at last decided Lady Hatton to accept Coke, and, like many other clever people, lived no doubt to repent of a choice formed on

such considerations, when she found she had rejected a Chancellor. And what a marriage it was! After many years of continued quarrel and recrimination, a circumstance occurred which made them at once bitter enemies. In 1616 Coke, by his unbending judicial integrity, lost the favour of James, and with it the Chief Justiceship which he then held: his mode of obtaining a restoration of the first, and an equivalent for the second, stands in strange contrast. This was the marriage of his daughter to Sir John Villiers, afterwards Viscount Purbeck, brother to the haughty favourite, then supreme at Court. It is to Lady Hatton's credit that she determinedly refused, as long as she could with any prospect of utility, to consent to this bargain and sale of her child, then only in her sixteenth year, and who had a great aversion to the match. At first the mother and daughter ran away, and secreted themselves at Oatlands, where Coke, having discovered their retreat, came armed with a warrant, and broke open door after door till he found the fugitives. The Privy Council were now inundated with appeals and counter-appeals, and disturbed with brawls when the parties were before them. Mr. Chamberlain, writing to Carleton (May 24, 1616), says, "The Lord Coke and his lady have had great wars at the Council-table. The first time she came accompanied with the Lord Burghley and his lady, the Lord Danvers, the Lord Denny, Sir Thomas Howard and his lady, with I know not how many more, and declaimed so bitterly against him, and so carried herself, that divers said Burbage could not have acted better." We have also a glimpse of the domestic history of Hatton House at this period, in one of her appeals to the Council, where she speaks of her husband entering upon all her goods, breaking into Hatton House, seizing her coach and coach-horses, nay, her apparel, which he detained; thrusting her servants out of the doors without wages or any consideration, &c. However, she at last consented to the match, which was the principal cause of these unseemly proceedings, although she continued to live at Hatton House, separated from her husband; and, this unpleasant business settled, she returned, with as great a zest as ever, to the amusements she chiefly delighted in. Some years before she had played a conspicuous figure in the performance of Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Beauty,' when fifteen of the choicest Court beauties had been selected as actors for the solace of royalty; and now again, in 1621, we find her at the same vocation, in the representation of the 'Metamorphosed Gipsies,' at Burley-on-the-Hill—James again being the chief spectator. In this piece the fifth gipsy is made thus to address her:—

"Mistress of a fairer table
Hath no history, no fable:
Others' fortunes may be shown—
You are builder of your own;
And whatever Heaven hath given you,
You preserve the state still in you.
That which time would have depart,
Youth, without the help of art,
You do keep still, and the glory
Of your sex is but your story."

* Pryme, in his famous work, notices Gondomar's residence at Ely House; and his witnessing, with thousands of other persons, the performance of 'Christ's Passion' in the hall, probably the last of the dramatic mysteries exhibited in England.

As a specimen of the vixenish temper of this lady, we may observe that Lady Hatton, for a considerable period, had Gondomar,* the Spanish ambassador, for her next-door neighbour—he occupying, we presume, the palatial portion of the building. Howel, in a letter to Sir James Crofts, March 24, 1622, says, “Gondomar has ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially, yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton, whom he desired so lately that, in regard he was her next-door neighbour (at Ely House), he might have the benefit of the back gate to go abroad into the fields, but she put him off with a compliment; whereupon in a private audience lately with the king, among other passages of merriment, he told him my Lady Hatton was a strange lady, for she would not suffer her husband, Sir Edward Coke, to come in at her fore-door, nor him to go out at her back-door; and so related the whole business.”

We need not pursue her career any farther, as we have already noticed that she was still flourishing at the period of the sitting of the Long Parliament, when Hatton House was decided to be her own. Her daughter's marriage turned out as might have been expected: Viscount Purbeck went abroad only three years after, and she led a life of profligacy that had once narrowly brought her to the chapel of the Savoy to do penance in a white sheet.

The condition of the episcopal portion of Ely Place, after the final loss of that originally granted to Hatton, became more and more deplorable. In the Harleian MSS.* is the record of a statement which appears to have been made by one of the bishops about the period to which we allude. It declares that now, instead of the “spacious dwellings, house and manor, with gardens, closes, out-houses, and all conveniences, pleasantly situated,” which originally belonged to them, “the greatest part of the dwelling-house is pulled down,” and the bishops are “confined to less than half. Several cellars are possessed by others, even under those rooms of the house which the bishop hath now left to dwell in, and they are intermixed with the cellars he uses, having lights and passages into the cloisters; and the most private parts of the house, even half of the vault or burying place under the chapel, is made use of as a public cellar, or was so very lately, to sell drink in, there having frequently been revellings heard during divine service.” Under these circumstances any attempts at reparation seem to have been thought useless, and the buildings gradually fell into decay. In 1772, during the time of Dr. Edmund Keene, Bishop of Ely, an act of parliament was obtained, enabling the see to transfer the property to the crown for 6,500*l.*, which, with 3,600*l.* due for dilapidations from the family of the preceding bishop, was to be expended in providing a new town residence. And thus was founded the present episcopal mansion in Dover Street. An annuity of 200*l.* was also settled by the crown on the Bishops of Ely as a part of the arrangement. The property was resold by the crown, when the hall, cloisters, &c. were pulled down, and the present Ely Place built. The chapel alone was reserved, the lease of which, after passing through various hands, was purchased in the present century, and presented to the National Society, by Mr. Joshua Watson, its treasurer, for the use of the children of its central school in Bald-

* No. 3789.

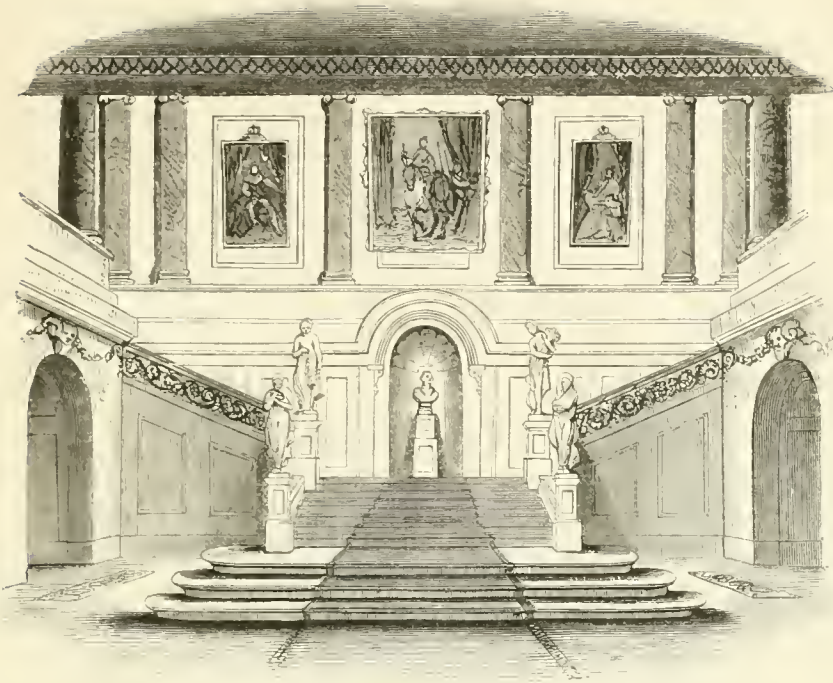
win's Gardens. This arrangement being given up, the chapel was for some time closed, but of late years it has again been re-opened, and is now regularly used.

In spite of patchings and modernisings, St. Etheldreda's Chapel retains much of its original aspect. On looking at the exterior (as shown in the engraving on our first page), if we shut our eyes to the lower portion, where a part of the window has been cut away and an entrance made where evidently none was ever intended to exist, we perceive the true stamp of the days when men built the cathedrals; works which no modern art has rivalled, and which yet seemed so easy to them, that the names of the architects have failed to be preserved. And in the interior the effect of the two windows, alike in general appearance, yet differing in every respect in detail, is magnificent, although the storied panes which we may be sure once filled them are gone. The bold arch of the ceiling, plain and whitewashed though now be its surface, retains so much of the old effect, that, though we miss the fine oak carvings, we do not forget them. The noble row of windows on each side are in a somewhat similar condition; all their exquisite tracery has disappeared, but their number, height, and size tell us what they must have been in the palmy days of Ely Place; and, if we are still at a loss, there is fortunately ample evidence remaining in the ornaments which surround the upper portions of the windows in the interior, and divide them from each other. We scarcely remember anything more exquisite in architecture than the fairy-like workmanship of the delicate pinnacle-like ornaments which rise between and overtop these windows. Of the original entrances into the chapel one only remains, which is quite unused, and is situated at the south-west corner of the edifice. Stepping through the doorway into a small court that encloses it, we perceive that it has been a very beautiful, deeply-receding, pointed arch, but now so greatly decayed that even the character of its ornaments is but partially discoverable. Here too is a piece of the wall of one of the original buildings of the palace—a stupendous piece of brickwork and masonry; and, on looking up, one of the octagonal buttresses, with its conical top, which ornamented the angles of the building, is seen. Descending a flight of steps, we find a low window looking into the crypt, the place which was so desecrated, according to the bishop's complaint. It is now filled with casks; and we can but just catch a glimpse of the enormous chestnut posts and girders with which the floor of the chapel is supported.

The chapel, like all the other parts of Ely Place, has its memories, though none of those recorded are of a very extraordinary character. Evelyn has two notices worthy of extraction on the subject. The first runs thus:—"Nov. 14, 1668. In London. Invited to the consecration of that excellent person the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester. It was at Ely House: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin (Bishop of Durham), the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and others officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached. Then we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord Keeper, Council, noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honourers of this incomparable man, invariably beloved by all who knew him." The other notice refers to a more personal matter, and

is interesting for that very reason, as connected with an estimable man:—"27th April, 1693. My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely House, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln, since Archbishop. I gave her in portion 4000*l*. Her jointure is 500*l*. per annum. I pray Almighty God to give his blessing to this marriage." Lastly, we may notice an amusing circumstance that occurred at the time of the defeat of the young Pretender by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746, and which Cowper thought worthy of notice in his 'Task':—

"So in the chapel of old Ely House
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the Third,
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce
And eke did rear right merrily two staves
Sung to the praise and glory of *King George*."



[Staircase, Goldsmiths' Hall.]

LXXV.—GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

WE will not say,—in imitation of the well-known phrase, He who has not seen Paris has seen nothing,—he who has not seen the Goldsmiths' Hall has not seen London; but it may be safely asserted that, without a glance into the interior of this noble building, no one can form a just conception of the wealth, luxury, and, we must add, taste, of some of our great civic companies; which, however they may now have ceased to be identified with any very large portion of the commercial greatness of London, were undoubtedly the originators of that greatness, and the guardians through all sorts of troublous times of the comparatively free and enlightened principles on which alone commercial prosperity can be based. But those times are now past; and the Companies generally, like the victors in a good fight, seem to have little else to do but to sit down, eat, drink, and make merry, and discourse of all the alternations of good and evil fortune by which the previous contest was marked. Grasping monarchs can no longer haunt their visions with fines and rumours of fines, as the price of the maintenance of their rights; needy ones can no longer hold out the expectation of fresh privileges to be obtained by the all-persuasive mediation of citizen gold. But with the conflict and the danger, the glory and the influence have passed away. Trade, so much indebted to them whilst yet but a young weakling, has grown

strong and robust, and can take excellent care of himself. The leading-strings of one day have become shackles at another; and so the giant throws them off, or bursts through them. Let him not, however, forget what he was; or be ungrateful to those who have aided so greatly to make him what he is.

The Goldsmiths' Company, more fortunate than most of its early brethren, is still essentially a business Company. It has so happened that the peculiar privilege intrusted to them from a very early period, of assaying and stamping articles made of the precious metals, has not been found to be attended with any important disadvantages; so in their hands the privilege still remains,* notwithstanding the enormous increase of business that must have taken place. This circumstance to a certain extent favourably distinguishes the Goldsmiths' Company† from the other great civic Companies, and promises to it a longer lease of power and consideration.

He who has once seen the present Hall of the Company will not forget its position at the back of the Post Office; for the very circumstance that such a magnificent building should be so curiously and badly situated strikes every one with surprise. There it is, however, not yet eight years old; and, consequently, there for the next two or three centuries we may be sure it will remain. Of course, this is a matter over which the architect, Mr. Hardwick, could have no control. Perhaps the best, or at least the most convenient way, to enjoy the view of its exterior, is to pass from St. Martin's-le-Grand through the Post Office, and there, standing on the top step, and leaning your back against the wall, the eye at once takes in two fronts of the building, the superb west or principal façade, one hundred and fifty feet broad, with its attached Corinthian columns and beautiful Italian windows; and the south, one hundred feet broad, with its decorating pilasters. In some respects the enforced proximity of the spectator to the building is advantageous; as, for instance, in following the details of the beautiful Corinthian entablature, which is supported by the entire front of the western façade, and continued quite round the edifice. The solidity of the Hall is as noticeable as its splendour. The plinth, six feet in height, is formed of large granite blocks from the Haytor quarries, Devonshire; whilst the walls are built of Portland stone. Some of the single blocks used in the shafts of the columns, and in the entablature, weigh as much as twelve tons. The roof is covered with lead.

Within, we enter first into a low square vestibule, where sits the porter in his old-fashioned high circular chair; a place which, though handsome, is unpretending, and enhances by contrast the lofty staircase partially seen through the glazed screen opposite. As we pass through the screen we find ourselves in a scene of true architectural splendour. The broad staircase ascends direct before us, then branches to the right and left to the landing or gallery at the top, which extends along the walls on either side and behind us. Above, at a great height, we look on the richly carved ceiling of the dome, where around a concealed opening in the centre play beams of green and golden light. Pendant from the

* This business is carried on in apartments at the back of the Hall, having a separate entrance.

† And, we may add, the Apothecaries': these two are the only Companies that retain the old right of control over their respective businesses.

dome hangs a massive lamp, revealing, when lighted on festive occasions, new beauties in this most beautiful of staircases. Among the other features of the place are the double screens of Corinthian columns with their classic ornaments, Diana and the Hart, and Apollo; the lofty pictures occupying the upper part of the wall before us, comprising portraits of George IV. by Northcote, and George III. and his Queen presented by William IV. from the Palace at Kensington; the bust of William IV. by Chantrey in the niche below; and lastly the sculpture on the four square pedestals which ornament the balustrade of the first flight of stairs. These are four youthful Cupid-like figures typical of the seasons, by Mr. Nixon, two only being yet completed in the marble. The first figure is intently examining a bird's nest, a circumstance suggestive of one of the most interesting of *spring* associations; the second has a wreath of *summer* flowers hanging gracefully round it, and leads a full-grown lamb; the third has its arms filled with goodly sheaves of corn, whilst *autumnal* fruits are wreathed about its body; and the fourth, a charming figure, is confronting the rude *winter* winds, and with difficulty holding close its drapery. Ascending to the gallery, pausing now on the stairs, leaning now over the balcony to admire the beautiful combinations of form which every fresh position commands, we find several doors; one at the top of the staircase on each side opening to the Livery Hall, situated beyond the staircase, and others through rich corridors or passages to a suite of apartments extending along the western front of the building, and over the outer vestibule through which we have passed. And first comes the Court-room on the right of the northernmost corridor. This is an apartment for the meetings of the Court of Assistants, and is handsomely decorated. The stucco ceiling in particular is of very elaborate workmanship; from it hangs a large glass chandelier, now covered up, but the nature of which is made known by the delicate tinkle produced by every passing vehicle. On a sideboard, carefully preserved beneath glass, is one of the most interesting remains we possess of the Romans in London, the little altar-piece engraved in the account of Roman London,* which was dug up during the late rebuilding of the Hall. It has evidently been a fine piece of workmanship, for, although the surface of the stone is greatly corroded, the beauty of the outlines of the figures still arrests the attention at the first glance: the position of the dog may be mentioned as exceedingly expressive and graceful. On the walls hang some interesting pictures. Here is Janssen's rich and beautiful portrait of Sir Hugh Middleton, with a shell in his left hand, typical of the great work of his life, the bringing the springs of Hertfordshire to London. The share that the unfortunate Sir Hugh presented to the Goldsmiths' Company, of which he was a member, is now worth, we believe, between 200*l.* and 300*l.* annually. Another portrait we may mention is that of Sir Thomas Vyner, Knight and Baronet, 1666, the gentleman referred to in the following title of one of the printed accounts of the annual Lord Mayor's pageants. We must premise that the Goldsmiths still make it a matter of etiquette to keep up some of the old state and ceremony on these occasions, which, but for them, would lose half the splendour that yet remains to them. They have, indeed, a very ancient reputation in matters of the kind. When Henry VI.

* Vol. i. p. 281.

expected the coming of the Queen Margaret of Anjou from France, he wrote to the Goldsmiths, as a craft which had at all such times "notably acquitted them," to prepare themselves to do her honour. And the splendour of their appearance at the appointed time showed how they appreciated the application. The title in question runs thus: 'The Goldsmiths' Jubilee; or, London's Triumphs, containing a description of the several pageants; on which are represented emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural drawings, with the speeches spoken in each pageant. Performed October 29, 1674, for the entertainment of the right honourable and truly noble pattern of prudence and loyalty, Sir Robert Vyner, Knt. and Bart., Lord Mayor of the City of London, at the proper costs and charges of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. The King's most sacred Majesty and his Royal Consort, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, several foreign ambassadors, chief nobility, and Secretaries of State, honouring the City with their presence. Composed by Thomas Jordan.' The procession and pageant together seem certainly to have been a handsome affair. We can only notice the last, which consisted of two parts, the one illustrating, in an ingenious manner, the Company's arms, the other its trade and history. The first pageant consisted of "a large triumphant chariot of gold, richly set with divers inestimable and various-coloured jewels, of dazzling splendour, adorned with sundry curious figures, fictitious stories, and delightful landscapes." In this is "an ascent of seats up to a throne, whereon a person of majestic aspect sitteth, the representer of justice, hieroglyphically attired in a long red robe, and on it a golden mantle fringed with silver; on her head long dishevelled hair of flaxen colour, curiously curled, on which is a coronet of silver; in her left hand she advanceth a touchstone (the tryer of truth and discoverer of falsehood); in her right hand she holdeth up a golden balance, with silver scales *équi-ponderent*, to weigh justly and impartially; her arms dependent on the heads of two leopards, which emblematically intimate courage and constancy: this chariot is drawn by two golden unicorns, in excellent carving work, with equal magnitude to the life, on whose backs are mounted two beautiful raven-black negroes, attired according to the dress of India; on their heads wreaths of diverse-coloured feathers; in their right hands they hold golden cups; in their left hands two displayed banners, the one of the King's, the other of the Company's, arms. All which represent the crest and the supporters of the ancient, famous, and worshipful Company of Goldsmiths." Of the Trade Pageant Thomas Jordan writes—"On a very large pageant is a rich seat of state, containing the representer of the patron to the Goldsmiths' Company, St. Dunstan, attired in a dress properly expressing his prelati- cal dignity, in a robe of fine white lawn, over which he weareth a cope or vest of costly bright cloth of gold down to the ground; on his reverend grey head a golden mitre, set with topaz, ruby, emerald, amethyst, and sapphire; in his left hand he holdeth a golden crozier, and in his right hand he useth a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Beneath these steps of ascension to his chair, in opposition to St. Dunstan, is properly painted a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire and gold in it, a workman blowing with the bellows. On his right and left hand there is a large press of gold and silver plate, representing a shop of trade; and further in front are several artificers at work on anvils with

hammers, beating out plate fit for the forgery and formation of several vessels in gold and silver. There are likewise in the shop divers wedges or ingots of gold and silver. And a step below St. Dunstan sitteth an assay-master, with his class frame and balance, for trial of gold and silver according to the standard. In another place there is also disgrossing, drawing, and flatting of gold and silver wire. There are also finers melting, smelting, fining, and parting gold and silver both by fire and water. And in a march before this orfery* are divers miners, in canvas breeches and waistcoats, and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twi^l bills, and crows, for to sink shafts and make adits.† The devil also appearing to St. Dunstan is catched by the nose at a proper Qu (cue), which is given in his speech. When the speech is spoken the great anvil is set forth, with a silver-smith holding on it a plate of massive silver, and three other workmen at work, keeping excellent time in their orderly strokes upon the anvil." Pageants of this character had meaning in them, and must have had at least one beneficial effect, that of making the handicraft arts interesting and their pursuit honourable: we wish we could say as much of the civic pageants of the present day. The connection of St. Dunstan with the Goldsmiths' Company is a curious subject, and one that meets you at every step in their history, as well as in still more palpable shapes in their Hall. Here, for instance, in the Court Room is a large painting, said to be by Julio Romano, but we should think incorrectly, devoted to the Saint's glory. In the foreground appears St. Dunstan, a large figure in a rich robe, and crozier in hand; in the background, by an amusing licence, we see him again, performing his memorable deed of taking the devil by the nose; and above appears the heavenly host, no doubt applauding the deed, and apparently signifying as much to the St. Dunstan in the front of the picture. Then, in the records of the Hall we read of St. Dunstan's almsmen; of St. Dunstan's feast on St. Dunstan's day; of St. Dunstan's eve; of splendid tapestry made at a great expense in Flanders in illustration of St. Dunstan's exploits, and used for the decoration of the Hall;‡ of St. Dunstan's statue, in silver gilt, set with gems, which formerly surmounted the screen of the Livery Hall, and which was broken up at the period of the war against images during the Reformation, and turned to the "most profit of the house;" of St. Dunstan's cup, in which the goldsmiths frequently drank to his memory; of "St. Dunstan's light" in St. John's Zachary Church; and of the chapel of St. Dunstan, with another image, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The origin of this connection is no doubt to be found in the circumstance that, when Dunstan left the court of Athelstan in disgust and retired to Glastonbury, he employed himself occasionally in the formation of articles useful to the church, as crosses and censers. Ecclesiastics were then among the most skilful of artificers, for Edgar had directed

* From the French, "*Orfèvrerie*," we presume, expressive of the goldsmith's art and ware.

† Modes of communication.

‡ The account of "Money delivered to Mr. Gerard Hughes for the rich arras for the hanging of the Hall," the tapestry in question, contains some interesting items: we extract the following. It appears there was "Paid for the devising of the story, for the exchange making of the money, and for costs and charges of Mr. Hughes's servant lying there (in Flanders), and for the canvas, &c., 29*l*. 8*s*. 8*d*." Then in the "charges for making of the stories in white and black," there was paid to "four masters, every of them for sixteen days," at a shilling a-day, 3*l*. 4*s*. A boy was paid to "sharp their colours," that is, point the chalk or charcoal with which they sketched, 2*l*. a-day; "the translating of the story out of English into Dutch," to enable the foreign workmen to understand it, cost 10*s*. The entire expense of the work was about 550*l*.

that priests, in order "to increase knowledge, should diligently learn some handicraft." And it was whilst Dunstan was thus employed that the devil, having, unfortunately for himself, tempted him once too often, was seized in the unpleasant manner already described. The holy man immediately became famous. The goldsmiths in particular, who seem to have looked on him as one of their craft, now, or soon after, adopted him as their founder and patron saint. We may here add that, in the list of jewellery belonging to Edward I., mention is made of a gold ring, with a sapphire, "of the workmanship of St. Dunstan." The business transacted in the Court Room is, of course, the ordinary business of the Company, as the management of estates, charities,* &c., and presenting, therefore, no interesting features. But it was not so once, when rebellious apprentices had to be whipped or otherwise punished, when offending members had to be reprimanded, sometimes kneeling before the assembled officers, or when the table was covered with goodly collections of gold and silver articles, and sometimes even "pieces of napery" and "cloths of gold," brought as *pledges* to the Company, who seem to have occasionally dabbled in the pawnbroking trade from a very early period. One of the entries on this subject, given in Mr. Herbert's valuable work on the Livery Companies of London, refers to the year 1386. Besides their ordinary duties, the Wardens were occasionally called in to decide matters of a less official nature between the different members of the Company, but where their knowledge or position were found useful. A great deal of jealousy existed at all times between the foreign and English goldsmiths, which sometimes led to serious disputes. A difference of a more friendly nature was that brought before the Wardens in the reign of Edward IV., when two workmen, Oliver Davy, citizen and goldsmith of London, and "White Johnson, Alicant stranger, goldsmith," of the same city, contended for the palm of superiority in the "cunning workmanship" of their craft. The honour of the respective countries was concerned in the struggle, and a high tribunal alone was thought worthy of giving a decision. So at a meeting at the Pope's Head in Lombard Street, in the presence of several distinguished members of the Goldsmiths' Company, the following arrangement, after due consideration, was made. First, that Oliver Davy should "make, work, and grave inward, by the hands of an Englishman, or 'prentice English, in four puncheons of steel, in the breadth of a penny sterling, a cat's face outward embossed in one of the said puncheons, and the same cat's face to be graven inward in another of the same puncheons, and a naked man outward embossed in the third puncheon, and a naked man inward to be graven on the fourth puncheon." White Johnson was to do exactly the same thing by the hands of an Alicant stranger, or Alicant's child, taking his liberty of what nation he would within the city of London, town of Westminster, or borough of Southwark. It was further agreed that the Wardens of Goldsmiths' Hall should decide between them, taking with them, to ensure impartiality, three English and three Alicant goldsmiths. The loser in the struggle was to pay the winner a crown, his costs for making his puncheons, and provide a dinner at the Hall for the

* The property of the Company and the estates it holds in trust for charitable purposes are matters not allowed to come before the public. The Company itself, we may here observe, consists of a master (the office is now held by the Sovereign), a prime and three other wardens, 21 assistants, and 150 liverymen. The chief officer is the clerk, whose position is generally considered to be highly lucrative and influential.

Wardens and for all parties concerned. "And whereas Oliver Davy brought into the Goldsmiths' Hall at his day, as is before limited by the said wager, four puncheons, in breadth of a penny sterling, . . . made by the hands of Thomas Cotterell, the apprentice of the said Oliver, and the said White Johnson brought, by the space of six weeks after that, contrary to his wager, but two puncheons, one of a cat's face graven inward, and another with a naked man graven inward, of a more breadth than his wager, made by the hands of little Court Dutchman, dwelling in the borough of Southwark," the wager is adjudged to be won by Oliver Davy. We do not see how, to use Mr. Herbert's phrase, the "honour of England" was advanced by the decision, as no opinion whatever seems to have been expressed as to the real merits of the respective works. Very proud, however, do the English goldsmiths appear to have been of the result, for when, after having kept the whole six puncheons five years, Oliver Davy brought them into the Goldsmiths' Hall, at the instance of the Wardens, and gave them to the Company, the former, with great solemnity, ordered them "to be laid in the chest with six keys, to that intent that they be ready, if any such controversy hereafter fall, to be showed that such traverse hath been determined aforesaid; and that no Wardens hereafter bear them out of the said Hall, but to remain perpetually in the said place for the cause aforesaid. And that this present writing be laid with the said puncheons in the said chest, that men may understand hereafter the cause of the making of the said puncheons." We may here add that the foreign goldsmiths had at an early period a quarter to themselves, and were regulated by members of their own nation, under the control, however, of the English company, to whose funds they contributed in the shape of fees for apprentices, for admission into the craft, and for licences, also for fines, just the same as the other goldsmiths of London. We have an interesting glimpse of the customs among the artificers in the fifteenth century in one of two documents presented by the German and Dutch goldsmiths to the Wardens of the Company in 1444 and 1452. The last consists of the "Information given to the Wardens by the Dutchemen Goldsmiths enfranchised in the City of London," and states that "the rule in their quarter of goldsmiths is such that there shall no man come to no good city nor town, but he shall be known from whence he cometh, for to occupy the craft of goldsmiths, and that he be true born, and not defective proved. And at his coming in he must put him in service with a master of the said craft. And if he will continue and dwell there a certain time for to set up a house or a shop of the said craft, he must present himself, or else the master that he dwelleth with must present him, to the masters of the craft to set the rule upon him how long space and time it shall be ere he take house or shop of the said craft, at the discretion of the masters, some more, some less, as they find him able, and well named, and of good bearing."

Before quitting the Court Room we must not forget to mention the white marble chimney-piece which was brought from Cannons, the former seat of the Duke of Somerset. The lateral supports consist of two very large and boldly sculptured terminal busts, attributed, we are told, to Roubiliac by a late eminent sculptor.

Leaving the Court Room, and crossing the corridor or passage, we enter the Drawing-room, a scene of almost unsurpassable luxury and splendour. Immense

mirrors cover a considerable portion of the walls, and the remainder, in panels, is hung with crimson satin bordered by white and gold mouldings; the white stucco ceiling is exquisitely wrought with an interminable profusion of flowers, fruits, birds, beasts, and scroll-work ornaments, relieved at the corners of the room by the gay colours of the coats of arms; the soft thick carpet, of a rich maroon ground, presents in the centre the Goldsmiths' arms in all the splendid and proper colours of their heraldic emblazonry, and is as splendidly bordered; the curtains are of crimson damask, gold-embroidered; the chairs and ottomans are covered with crimson satin and gold, the tables are of gold and the most beautiful marbles, and the chimney-piece and grate of an exceedingly sumptuous kind. Add to these features the chandelier hanging from the roof, with its thousand glittering pendants; imagine it lighted, and colours more varied and brilliant than rainbow ever presented shifting and glancing to and fro; behold the room itself thronged with fair and magnificently dressed ladies, their costume only the more impressive from the contrast with the sober dresses of the gentlemen;—and you have altogether as superb a scene of the kind as, with few exceptions, the social life of England could afford.

The chief object of interest in the Court Dining-room, the next of the suite, is the chimney-piece, where in the centre two boys hold a wreath enclosing a head, whose melancholy history is told in the thin, almost attenuated-looking features and sad expression. It is Richard II., the monarch from whom the Goldsmiths' Company may be said to have received their principal charter of incorporation; we say principal, for in all the Goldsmiths received from the time of Edward III. to Elizabeth no fewer than fifteen charters—some of confirmation only, which the Companies of an early day were accustomed to get from time to time, in order to refresh the memory of any monarch who might otherwise be suddenly requiring a very heavy fine,—and others granting new privileges. And we may here fitly pause awhile to notice the early history of this Company. The goldsmith's is perhaps, above all other manual arts requiring any considerable taste and skill, the one in which the English have excelled from a very early period. About 628 Bishop Wilfred built a church at Ripon, in Yorkshire, the columns and porticoes of which were enriched with gold, silver, and purple; and a sumptuous copy of the Gospels, in a case of pure gold set with gems, was among the donations then made. In the Ashmolean Museum a piece of ornamental workmanship in gold that was made for Alfred the Great is still preserved, and the workmanship is of a high order, though the design is rude enough. Again, among the plunder of the Conquest taken over to Normandy by William, on his first visit to his native country after the great event which has made his name so memorable, were a variety of articles, such as golden vases, chased cups of gold and silver, Saxon drinking-cups made of large buffalo-horns, and ornamented at the extremity, which filled the people of that country with astonishment, and shows how far before their conquerors were the Saxons of that day in the goldsmith's craft. William of Poietevin, whose whole account shows what a strong impression the wealth of England had made upon him, speaks expressly of the men excelling in every species of elegant workmanship. A still stronger proof perhaps is to be found in the admiration elicited from Pope Adrian (our countryman) when Robert, Abbot of St. Alban's, sent to him two golden candlesticks:

the Pontiff declared he had never seen more beautiful workmanship. Matthew Paris also describes a large cup of gold made by Baldwin, a goldsmith, for the same Abbot Robert, "which was adorned with flowers and foliages of the most delicate workmanship, and set round with precious stones in the most elegant manner." The service of the churches must have contributed greatly to call forth and to encourage talent of this kind; for, besides the numerous utensils required, there were the gorgeous shrines to decorate and enrich, labours on which immense quantities of the precious metals were lavished during the middle ages.

With the firm consolidation of the kingdom that took place on the cessation of those civil wars, which, owing their origin to the state of things produced by the Conquest, were only ended in 1265 by the fall of De Montfort, and the consequent increase of the general prosperity, the monarchs no doubt became more luxurious and expensive. The wardrobe account of Edward I.'s plate and jewels is exceedingly curious, and illustrates in various points the manners and customs of the age, as well as the state of the goldsmith's art. Ade was the King's artificer, no doubt the chief goldsmith of his day. The list comprises thirty-four pitchers of gold and silver, ten gold cups, ten cups of silver (gilt and plain, some having stands, and enamelled), and above one hundred other cups of silver; also a pair of knives with silver sheaths, enamelled, with a *fork* of crystal; a pair of knives with ebony and ivory handles and studs, a large ewer set all over with pearls, a comb and looking-glass of silver gilt, enamelled, and a silver bodkin in a leathern case; gold, silver, and crystal crosses, some set with sapphires, and enclosing relics, and one with emeralds and other precious stones, enclosing a great piece of the real cross of Christ; pikes of gold and silver, shrines, silver trumpets, gold clasps, rings, a large silver girdle ornamented with precious stones; a large image of the King in silver, habited in a surcoat, and with a hood over his head and a silver plate under his feet; and five serpent tongues in a standard of silver. Lastly, there are four royal crowns, one set with rubies, emeralds, and great pearls; another with rubies and emeralds; another with Indian pearls; and a fourth, a great crown of gold, with emeralds, sapphires of the east, rubies, and large eastern pearls—this was the coronation crown. Among this splendid collection was the "gold ring with a sapphire" before mentioned, which, we are told, was of the workmanship of St. Dunstan. A body of men, comprising among their members skill to accomplish works of the kind here indicated, and who, from the very value of the materials on which they worked, must have been persons of character and consideration, were not likely to be the last to seek the protection of the Guild, or general association of those engaged in their pursuit; indeed, if we had the means of knowing the early history of these associations, we should probably find the goldsmiths were among the first, if not the very first, to defend themselves, their properties, and their personal freedom in this manner. Not that we are to look upon the artificers of that period as so many peaceful citizens, who were nothing except when banded together. Not a man of them but knew how to defend himself, if he were attacked, by the skilful use of his own trusty weapon: a circumstance that made the members of the chief trades, when in union, truly formidable bodies. This is illustrated in an incident that has been preserved of a quarrel between the goldsmiths and the merchant tai-

lors about the middle of the thirteenth century, when their animosity proceeded so far that they, and their respective friends, met by mutual consent one night, to the number each of five hundred men completely armed, and commenced a regular battle, which was so fiercely maintained that, before the Sheriffs could succeed in bringing a great body of the citizens to put a stop to the proceedings, several were killed and many wounded on both sides. The combatants suffered severely, in the whole, for their display of martial valour—thirteen of the ringleaders perishing on the scaffold. The earliest mention of the goldsmiths as a guild occurs in the beginning of the century marked by this combat, when Henry II. fined the adulterine or unlicensed guilds; and among those who were the most heavily mulcted were the goldsmiths. From this time to the reign of Edward III. we find nothing particularly deserving notice in the history of the Guild, but in that reign they began to bestir themselves to acquire a new and more commanding position. The petition presented to Edward and his Council in Parliament, in the first year of his reign, gives us an interesting glimpse of the state of the trade at that time in London. In this petition they show “that no private merchant nor stranger heretofore were wont to bring into this land any money coined, but plate of silver to exchange for our coin. And that it had been also ordained, that all who were of the goldsmith’s trade were to sit in their shops in the high street of Cheap; and that no silver in plate, nor vessel of gold or silver, ought to be sold in the city of London, except at or in the Exchange, or in Cheapside among the goldsmiths, and that publicly, to the end that the people of the said trade might inform themselves whether the seller came lawfully by such vessel or not. But that now of late the said merchants, as well private as strangers, brought from foreign countries into this nation counterfeit sterling, whereof the pound was not worth above sixteen sols of the right sterling; and of this money none could know the true value but by melting it down. And also that many of the said trade of goldsmiths kept shops in obscure turnings and bye-lanes and streets, and did buy vessels of gold and silver secretly, without inquiring whether such vessel were stolen or lawfully come by; and, immediately melting it down, did make it into plate, and sell it to merchants trading beyond sea, that it might be exported. And so they made false work of gold and silver, as bracelets, lockets, rings, and other jewels; in which they set glass of divers colours, counterfeiting right stones, and put more alloy in the silver than they ought, which they sold to such as had no skill in such things.” They add, also, that “the cutlers, in their work-houses, covered tin with silver so subtilly, and with such sleight, that the same could not be discerned and severed from the tin; and by that means they sold the tin so covered for fine silver, to the great damage and deceit of the King and his people.” The answer to this petition was very satisfactory, granting to the goldsmiths, apparently, everything they desired. Merchants were no longer to bring any sort of money from abroad, but only plate of fine silver; goldsmiths were prohibited from selling gold or silver wrought, or plate of silver, to any such merchants to be carried out of the kingdom; “none that pretended to be of the same trade should keep any shops but in Cheapside, that it might be seen that their works were good and right;” and lastly,—and this was the most important concession of the whole,—those of the same trade might elect honest, lawful, and sufficient men, best skilled in the said trade, to inquire of the mat-

ters aforesaid, to reform defects, and inflict due punishment upon offenders. In this, the first charter, the Company are addressed as the King's "beloved, the Goldsmiths of London:" nor was the charter in question all the evidences of his love; he subsequently empowered them to purchase estates to the value of 20*l.* yearly for the support of decayed members: a gift of ten marks, it must be observed, had something to do with all this beneficence. In the reign of Richard II. the Company became, as before stated, essentially, though still not nominally, incorporated, as "a perpetual community," with "liberty to elect yearly for ever four wardens, to oversee, rule, and govern the said craft and community." Subsequent monarchs from time to time confirmed and enlarged their privileges, till Edward IV. in express words ordained them a "corporation, or body incorporate, by the name of Wardens of the Mystery of Goldsmiths of the City of London," and gave them the power of inspecting, trying, or regulating all gold and silver works throughout the kingdom. Lastly, we may observe that, being opposed in their trade search and assay, during the reign of Henry VII., that monarch gave them additional power to imprison or fine defaulters, to seize and break unlawful work, to compel the trade within three miles of the City to bring their work to the Company's common-hall to be assayed and stamped, and in case it was not standard to utterly condemn the same. The searches referred to must have led to some curious scenes. The trade was divided among foreigners and natives, whose chief places of resort at first were Cheapside and the immediate neighbourhood of the Goldsmiths' Hall, but who by the time of Henry VIII. had extended their shops to different parts of London and Westminster. The Sanctuaries were very naturally the resort of numbers of the dishonest portion of the trade; and in the Goldsmiths' books, under the date of 20 Henry VI., we find a not unamusing instance in point:—"Also it is to remember that the 20th day of April, the year of King Henry above written, the said Wardens went to Saint Bartholomew's, and there they spake with the Prior of the same place, of such untrue workers that were inhabiting in the same place, the which the Prior knew not. And while the Wardens and the Prior stood together came one John Tomkins, that was sometime a good workman of goldsmiths' craft. And there the Prior commanded him to go with him and with the Wardens, for to bring him to his chamber. And when they came there, he would not let them in. And the Prior made him to deliver his key to him. And then they went in; and there they found divers bandis of latten, the which to let in goblets forthwith. And also there was found a piece in the bed straw, the which was copper, and silver above; the which was likely for to have been sold for good silver. And while it was a-doing the said false varlet stole away out of the place, or else he had been set in the stocks." Besides general quarterly searches, we find the Wardens were always on the watch on the occasion of any unusual assemblage of persons likely to buy trinkets, and more particularly during fairs. Like some of the similar searchers of the present day with regard to weights, due warning was given to delinquents to hide whatever they chose. In reading the account of the array of the search, one sees very plainly that the worst rogues must have escaped amidst so much ceremony. First came the beadle with his insignia of office, and in full costume; then the wardens in their hoods and livery, the Company's clerk, two renter wardens, two brokers,

with porters and other attendants properly habited. These on "St. Bartholomew's Eve went all along Cheap, for to see what plate is in every man's desk and girdle;" then into Lombard Street. And on the following day they went through the fair "to see every hardware-man's show, for deceitful things, beads, gauds of beads, and other stuff; and then," adds the 'Manner and Order of Proceeding' from which we quote, "they are to drink, when they have done, where they please." The legislature had at different periods endeavoured to assist the searchers in the attainment of the common object, honest trade, by various regulations. In 1403 an act was passed, stating that, "whereas many fraudulent artificers, imagining to deceive the common people, do daily make lockets, rings, beads, candlesticks, harness for girdles, hilts, chalices, and sword-pommels, powder-boxes, and covers for cups, of copper and latten, like to gold and silver, and the same sell and put in gage to many men not having full knowledge thereof for whole gold and silver," in future no such articles shall be gilt or silvered, whether with or without intention to deceive, under a penalty of 100*l*. The only exceptions were articles for the use of the Church, most of which might be made of silvered copper or latten, "so that always in the foot, or some other part, of every such ornament so to be made, the copper and the latten shall be plain, to the intent that a man may see whereof the thing is made, for to eschew the deceit aforesaid." A curious and at the same time frightful incident of an earlier time is mentioned in Arnold's 'Chronicle,' where "all the goldsmiths of London" themselves are stated to have been the delinquents. In 1278 these, with "all those that kept the Change, and many other men of the City, were arrested and taken for buying of plates of silver, and for change of great money for small money [we presume, by recoinage and giving their own coin for the King's], which were indicted by the wards of the City; and on the Monday next after the Epiphany, the Justices sitting at the Guildhall to make deliverance, that is to say, Sir Stephen of Pencestre, Sir John of Cobham, and other which that these lust (pleased) to associate to them, and there were prejudged and drawn and hanged three English Christian men, and two hundred four score and twelve English Jews!" Such was the wholesale butchery dignified by the name of justice in the thirteenth century.

From the Court Dining-room pass we now through the passage and across the top of the staircase to the Livery Hall, the fitting conclusion of the whole we have beheld. This is a room of great size and noble proportions, measuring about eighty feet in length, forty in width, and thirty-five in height. Noble ranges of scagliola Corinthian columns insulated from the wall, and raised on lofty pedestals, support the roof, which is one dark but most rich mass of ornamental decoration, and from which hang numerous chandeliers. Five lofty windows in the side that faces you as you enter shed a rich light through the place, being more than half filled with armorial bearings; and the remainder of the unoccupied space is marked off into small square compartments of ground glass, which alone give a fine effect to the windows whilst excluding a bad view. A screen, and gallery above, ornament the one extremity, and a niche for the display of the Company's plate the other. This niche is an elegant contrivance. The back is lined with plain scarlet drapery, and in the centre is a wooden framework similarly covered, which, with the assistance of the light admitted from

above, displays the treasures of the Company in a pyramidal form with the happiest effect. Many of the separate articles of that pyramid have a history of themselves; we can only mention one of them:—the cup. This is by no less an artist than Cellini, and was presented by Queen Elizabeth (who Pennant observes was “particularly kind to the citizens, and borrowed money of them on all occasions”) to Sir Martin Bowes, whilst he was Lord Mayor, by whom it was presented to his brethren the Goldsmiths, with a charge to drink his health at certain periods in it, and to have a good dinner afterwards: we believe we are not hazarding too much to say that neither of these debts of gratitude are neglected. On each side of the niche is a mirror of unusual size, with busts in front, at their base, of George III. and George IV. Between the scagliola pillars, adorning the side opposite to the window, are lofty portraits, kingly or queenly subjects as usual (the loyalty and church-and-state pride of the Goldsmiths’ Company are well known): comprising portraits of Queen Adelaide by Sir Martin Archer Shee, William IV. in the appropriate costume of a “Sailor King,” and her present Majesty, by Sir George Hayter. In looking again at the richly stained arms which Mr. Willement has placed in the windows, consisting of the arms of the twenty-five Members of the Court of Assistants, at the period of the opening of the Hall in 1835, and of other assistants who have since died, a suggestion occurs which we think deserves consideration. In the annals of the Company, many are the worthies whose life and character must have an interest for the members; surely their arms should be here. There is Gregory de Rokesley, for instance, goldsmith, who was eight times Lord Mayor of London, keeper of the King’s Exchange, and chief Assay Master of all the English Mints. And if these recommendations are not sufficient, there is one better still. This is the man whom honest Stow praises for having refused to compromise the dignity of his office, by answering as mayor a mandate to attend the King’s Justices in the Tower, but who showed his individual respect for it by throwing off his civic robes at the Church of Allhallows, Barking, and then obeying the mandate as a private individual. The act led not only to his arrest, but to the arrest of the liberties of the City for a time. Then again there is Sir Nicholas Farindon, who gives name to the Ward of Farringdon, and the various benefactors of the Company, among whom Thomas Wood, sheriff in 1491, should not be forgotten. This gentleman built “the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops” in Cheapside, which Stow describes as containing in number “ten fair dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, all in one frame, uniformly builded four stories high, beautified towards the street with the Goldsmiths’ arms, and the likeness of *wood-men* in memory of his (the builder’s) name, riding on monstrous beasts; all which is cast in lead, richly painted over, and gilt: these he gave to the goldsmiths, with stocks of money to be lent to young men having those shops,” &c. These, we presume, were the goldsmiths’ stalls which Hall so oddly describes in connexion with the pageants on the occasion of the marriage of Henry VIII. with his first wife, as “being replenished with virgins in white with branches of white wax.” Numerous other members of still greater general reputation will readily occur: it will suffice to mention the admirable Sir Hugh Middleton, and Sir Francis Child, goldsmith, Lord Mayor, and founder of the first regular banking-house in England, the well-known and highly respectable establishment in Fleet

Street. The chief difficulty that might have been experienced in carrying into effect the plan proposed has been anticipated by the careful Stow; the arms of the oldest member we have here mentioned, Rokesley's, for instance, will be found among the engravings of the 'Survey.'

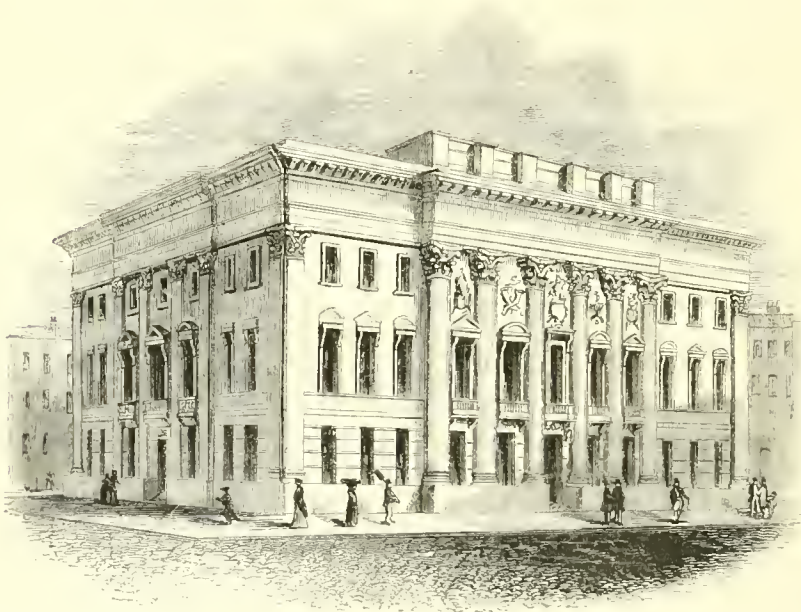
The mention of Sir Francis Child recalls one of the most important circumstances in the history of the Company,—its connection with the origin of the mighty system of modern banking. Our earliest bankers were, as is well known, the Jews; though, as their system seems to have been to receive deposits of goods, or title-deeds, &c., as security, they were perhaps more correctly called pawn-brokers. In the thirteenth century a more respectable class of men, the Lombards, or Italian merchants, then recently settled in England, began to obtain much of this trade. The goldsmiths, we have already seen, were occasionally bankers, in the only sense in which banking as yet existed, so early as 1386, in imitation, probably, of the Lombards. And till the seventeenth century matters remained in this state. At that time a concurrence of peculiar circumstances led them to embark largely in the business. In Anderson's 'History of Commerce' is given a curious account of these circumstances, on the authority of a rare pamphlet of the date of 1676, entitled, 'The Mystery of the new-fashioned Goldsmiths, or Bankers, discovered.' From this publication it appears that the London merchants had been generally accustomed to deposit their money in the Tower, in the care of the Mint Master. A little time before the meeting of the Long Parliament, Charles I. seized there 200,000*l.*, professedly as a loan, of course not only without the consent, but to the extreme indignation, of the unfortunate owners. No more money after that time found its way into the Mint for the sake of security. And then, according to the pamphlet, it became customary with merchants and traders to intrust their cash to their clerks and apprentices: a striking evidence, by the way, of the terrible state of insecurity of men's property before the breaking out of the civil war. When the latter burst like a storm over the whole country, many of these clerks and apprentices took the opportunity of relieving themselves of the dulness of the shop and desk, and their masters at the same time of the superfluous cash they had placed in their hands; and thus a new and better mode of disposing of such money became indispensable. At last, about the year 1645, the merchants began to place their funds in the hands of the Goldsmiths, who now first added this the essential feature of a bank to their ordinary occupations of buying and selling plate and foreign coins of gold and silver, of melting and culling these articles, some to be coined at the Mint, and the rest to be used in supplying the general dealers in the precious metals, jewellers, &c. The wealth and reputation of the Company would at once give confidence in the new mode, and consequently the business transacted increased so greatly in amount as to become a matter of very high importance and consideration. "It happened," says the writer of the pamphlet, "in those times of civil commotion, that the Parliament, out of the plate and from the old coin brought into the Mint, coined seven millions into half-crowns; and there being no mills then in use at the Mint, this new money was of very unequal weight, sometimes twopence and threepence difference in an ounce; and most of it was, it seems, heavier than it ought to have been in proportion to the value in foreign parts." What follows is a sad charge against the respectable Company which has a St.

Dunstan for its founder. "Of this the goldsmiths made, naturally, the advantages usual in such cases, by picking out or culling the heaviest, and melting them down, and exporting them. It happened also that our gold coins were too weighty, and of these also they took the like advantage. Moreover, such merchants' servants as still kept their masters' running cash had fallen into the way of clandestinely lending the same to the goldsmiths at fourpence per cent. per diem (about six per cent. per annum), who by these and such-like means were enabled to lend out great quantities of cash to necessitous merchants and others, weekly or monthly, at high interest; and also began to discount the merchants' bills at the like or an higher rate of interest." It would have been worth while to see the puzzled looks of the merchants when they first found the ingenious use their clerks had made of their money; and the whole affair must have occasionally led to some amusing scenes,—clerks perhaps sometimes discounting themselves instead of through the goldsmiths, and, possibly, their own masters' bills as they circulated in due course of trade, not for their masters, but with their masters' own money; but their impudence may not have ventured quite so far as that. Respecting the goldsmiths as bankers, the pamphlet continues,—“Much about the same time they began to receive the rents of gentlemen's estates remitted to town, and to allow them and others who put cash into their hands some interest for it (the clerks had taught them this, we suppose) if it remained but for a single month in their hands, or even a lesser time. This was a great allurements for people to put their money into their hands, which would bear interest till the day they wanted it. And they could also draw it out by one hundred pounds, or fifty pounds, &c., at a time, as they wanted it, with infinitely less trouble than if they had lent it out on either real or personal security. The consequence was, that it quickly brought a great quantity of cash into their hands, so that the chief or greatest of them were now enabled to supply Cromwell with money in advance on the revenues, as his occasions required, upon great advantages to themselves.” This system continued on the Restoration, the goldsmiths principally confining the lending part of the new business to Government, but borrowing, we presume, from whoever chose to lend. They gave receipts for the sums deposited, which, passing from hand to hand, became a virtual kind of bank-notes. In this brief detail we see in operation nearly all the parts of a modern banker's business. But concerns of such magnitude, and involving principles which, according as they are right or wrong, materially influence to prosperity or distress the entire nation, require all the thought and skill and capital of those concerned in its management. Some of the more intelligent goldsmiths soon perceived this, and also that magnificent fortunes would no doubt be realized by those who, possessing the requisite qualifications, should first devote their exertions solely to it. Francis Child was the first of these persons, and may, therefore, be very properly called the “father of the profession.”* He was originally an apprentice to William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, whose shop was on the site of the present banking-house. Child married his master's daughter, and thus succeeded to the estate and business. The latter, we presume, from the very circumstance of his being generally acknowledged to be the first regular banker.

* Pennant.

thenceforth, or at least subsequently, confined his business entirely to the banking department. He died in 1713 as *Sir Francis Child*, and after having served the offices of sheriff, lord mayor, and member of parliament for the City.

Having been so recently erected, of course the Hall has, properly speaking, no history, unless the splendid banquet which marked its opening on the 15th of July, 1835, be esteemed such, when the Duke of Wellington, and many other distinguished personages connected with the same political party, were among the guests. There was certainly one feature of that meeting worthy of notice—the declaration of the Prime Warden, who, in stating that the creation of a building-fund had long been in contemplation for the re-erection of their mansion, added, “by means of that fund they had been enabled to complete this great structure without trenching on the charitable funds of the Company: not one pension had been abridged—no charity was diminished—not one single petition for the relief of their poorer brethren was rejected.”



[Goldsmiths' Hall. Exterior View.]

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